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Abel C. Thomas

AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF
REV. ABEL C. THOMAS:
INCLUDING
RECOLLECTIONS
OF
PERSONS, INCIDENTS, AND PLACES.

We spend our years as a tale that is told.

THIRD THOUSAND.

BOSTON:
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1852.

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PREFACE.

THIS BOOK was written by repeated solicitation of personal friends, whose partiality for the author may have biassed their judgment in regard to the general interest of the publication. It was commenced in the early part of November last, and pleasantly occupied such winter-hours as could be spared from current duties.

There are many difficulties in writing a self-history, not the least of which is in the troublesome EGO. Even when circumlocution is resorted to as a means of hiding him, that respectable gentleman insists on rising up as a Saul among the children of Israel, even though it be on tip-toe or on stilts. He has, in some sort, a right to be seen and heard, and if he shall unreasonably obtrude in these pages, the reader, it is hoped, will charitably consider the infirmity of the EGO tribe.

The way-marks of youth are rarely forgotten. The order and dates of manhood-events were determined, partly by private memoranda, partly by the minutes of ecclesiastical bodies, and partly by the papers with which the writer has been connected, editorially or otherwise.

Some of the incidents have before been published, a few have been recalled by persons acquainted with the

facts, others have been revived by association, but chief reliance has been placed on a retentive memory. It is not pretended that the precise phraseology has been retained, in dialogue, but always the substance.

The book is not a journal, but a sort of hop-step-and-jump narrative. It is not a chain, but a succession of seemingly independent links. Every inch of the road has been travelled, but only a few foot-prints have here been registered. Every thought, feeling, and fact of the journey has had its part in the relations of cause and effect, but only the prominent incidents have here been recorded.

Many passages in the unwritten-diary of every man, are blotted out by Time—even many which might be reviewed with profit. The evil is compensated by the erasure of many paragraphs which would serve no useful purpose in the perusal of remembrance. Recollections themselves should always be subject to prudent discrimination when types are in prospect. Let good intentions apologize for any present mis-judgment in this respect.

The choice would naturally fall on incidents which have greatest interest with the author. With a spirit naturally gay, and a disposition to join the circles of consistent good-humor, he could readily have filled these pages with general instruction and amusement. He preferred, however, to indulge largely in elucidation and defence of those trustful views of the Supreme Being which underlie, embrace, and crown all Religion and Morality. The book would not be a faithful por-

traiture of the man, were it not distinctly doctrinal, and he has done injustice to his object if it be not eminently practical.

Undoubtedly there are sections in a merrier vein than may be agreeable to mono-maniacs in religion—such persons, namely, as expect a clergyman to be a loco-motive Creed or Psalm. The writer is neither. It would grieve him to give offence to any by departure from the standards of clerical propriety, but it would grieve him more sorely to learn that the mirror-symbol of his biography is doubted.

Few localities have been described in these pages, partly because the writer possesses small facility in that line, but mostly because the excitement or gratification of local interest was not an object. Places, whenever mentioned, are meant to be subordinate to the incidents.

Few names of persons have been entered of record. In his several pastoral locations, a large number of excellent people laid the author under perpetual obligation by uniform kindness and love; and in the wide range of his missionary service, and in attending Associations, Conventions, and the like, he formed many pleasing acquaintances and friendships, among both the ministry and the laity. Merely a register of names would be unsatisfactory, and any acceptable commentary of character, excepting incidentally, would occupy more space than could reasonably be allowed. He hopes the assurance will be generously accepted, that every once-familiar face is in the portrait-gallery of his me-

mory. On nearly all of them he looks with unmingled pleasure. Only a few have been turned to the wall.

It will be observed that the names of professional opponents, generally, have been withheld,—(sometimes perhaps when strict justice would demand their insertion)—especially when the incidents would presumably be disagreeable to their families or friends in the narration. There are cases of a different character, in which the mention of names might give offence without a countervailing advantage.

The author has written much in his day, with the intention of benefitting children, believers, and inquirers—also somewhat for the behoof of opponents. He feels entitled to some gratification on this score, forasmuch as he has received little else for the use of his pen.

He has been in seventeen States of the Union, and has travelled and preached, more or less extensively, in fifteen of them. If the mission to which he is now appointed shall be prospered in the way of health and life, he may publish a second volume of auto-biography. In any event, he hopes to be remembered as one who meant well, and who was always grateful for the generosity of his friends.

A. C. T.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1852.

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AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF A. C. T.

INTRODUCTORY.

Abel Thomas, my paternal grand-father, a Quaker preacher for 56 years—Some account of him and of his family—My parents—Quaker Marriage Certificate, and Witnesses—My maternal grandparents—Maiden-creek valley—Quaker Meeting-house.

ABEL THOMAS, my paternal grand-father, was a distinguished Minister in the Society of Friends, called Quakers. I remember having seen him once, and only once. I was a small lad, yet his short, thick-set figure—his penetrating yet kindly dark eyes—his solemnly-cheerful countenance—his plain garments, in both material and cut—his broad-brimmed hat, which he constantly wore, in winter to keep his bald head warm, and in summer to screen it from the flies—the string which he alternately twisted and untwisted, as he walked up and down the room in deep thought,—how distinctly are these characteristics of our good grand-father daguerreotyped upon my memory! The ‘bull’s eye watch’ which he carried from his youth upward, will not soon be forgotten, for it is in my possession, an heir-loom in the family.

He may certainly be pronounced a distinguished Minister in the Society of Friends. He commenced his testimony, in that capacity, about the year 1760,

being then very little past his majority, and continued in the same honorable relation until his decease in 1816—a period of 56 years.

During the first twenty years of his ministry, he had “visited the Meetings of Friends generally, from Nova Scotia to Georgia, and many of them several times over.” And so he continued throughout his life, preaching all over the land, the radius of the circle shortening as he approached the end of his course. At the date of his death, he had undoubtedly traveled more extensively as a Preacher, and had been heard by a larger number of people, and was more generally known, than any other Minister in that connexion. I have traveled much, myself, during the past twenty-five years, and have been treated with peculiar regard by many venerable Quakers, in widely-separated districts, on account of their personal remembrance of Abel Thomas. And numerous anecdotes, and pleasing and instructive incidents in his life, have been related to me by those who knew him well, and loved him.

These relations were not complimentary to *me*. On the contrary, I have often been questioned, in the most kindly way, as to what my grand-father would say to me, if he were now living, and knew me to be a Universalist? To which I have replied, that if he were now living he would be a Universalist himself! The inference is hardly logical, but the answer was about as sensible as the question.

In the extensive journeyings of the elder Abel, much privation was patiently endured for conscience sake. He was deeply attached to his family, and nothing but sternest conviction of duty impelled him to missionary service. Sometimes he resisted ‘the

spirit's call,' but home was always shrouded in darkness thereby, and obedience was the only means of bringing himself again into the light.

On several occasions he was in imminent peril during the War of the Revolution. In 1778 he was taken prisoner in the vicinity of New York, and sent under guard to Princeton for trial, on a charge of treason, as *he* expressed it, though probably on the accusation of being a spy in the garb of a Quaker. His defence (which is on record) is a plain straightforward narrative, bearing the truthfulness of honest sincerity. It proved so satisfactory that the Council of Safety, William Livingston, President, granted him as comprehensive a Pass as he desired.

In 1781 he was repeatedly a prisoner in the Carolinas and Georgia, and would not, on any occasion, accept freedom with the condition of turning back. He was on his Master's business, he said, and dared not return until he had finished it. Ultimately his case came to the knowledge of Gen. GREENE, who had himself been a Quaker. The Pass of that distinguished officer, saved the persevering Preacher from farther annoyance and peril, so far as the American Army was concerned. He seems to have kept out of the way of the British forces.

Let me not pursue his history. Persons who heard him preach very frequently, affirm that he was uniformly instructive in his discourses—which is more than can lawfully be said of his grandson. He was undoubtedly a man of sound understanding, and of as sincere a heart as ever throbbed. I think he was deceived in supposing that the Lord had specially enjoined him to be absent from his family, so large a portion of his life—but that he conscientiously obeyed

what he deemed the orderings of the Supreme Being, no one could doubt who had knowledge of the man.

Unless the particular above-mentioned be an exception, he was not superstitious. Being asked by one of his sons whether he believed in a personal devil, he replied, that he deemed it most judicious to quote the Scriptures as he found them—that it was *his* business rather to lead men into practical righteousness, than to dispute about things which he did not understand.

Being charged by a Presbyterian clergyman with breaking the Sabbath, by allowing his workmen to take care of a hay-crop on first-day, there being apprehensions of a storm, he replied that every-day was the Lord's day with *him*. “What special use dost *thou* make of one day in seven?” said he, in continuing the conversation.

“We meet on the Sabbath,” was the answer, “to worship God and seek the pardon of our sins.”

“Our people also love to worship the Lord on an appointed day of rest for man and beast,” responded the Quaker; “but we seek to be always in a worshipful frame of mind. If thou shouldst depart on seventh-day night,—wouldst thou not be a week in arrears?”

He thus expressed the rational sentiment that Religion is a perpetual concern, and he was accustomed to illustrate the thought by declaring that ‘the Lord is on his judgment-seat at all times.’ Consciousness of divine presence imparted proverbial cheerfulness to his manner, and no one passage of the Scriptures was more thoroughly exemplified in his history than this: ‘He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?’ Micah vi. 8.

His life was indeed a commentary on the text. It was a life of that true worship which is both a hymn and a sacrifice. A Hymn that reaches the ear of the Lord of Sabaoth while the anthem of the great cathedral goes away into silence. A Sacrifice, accepted when the cattle on a thousand hills have been burned to ashes, the smoke thereof going up as an abomination in the sight of God.

ABEL THOMAS was twice married. The second wife, ELLEN ROBERTS, from whom my lineage is recorded, was a woman of much determination and management—both of which qualities were needed in a mother whose husband was so frequently absent from home. She survived him several years, and is affectionately associated with my later-boyhood recollections. How kindly she spoke to us all, always—how concerned she was for our comfort—and what a perpetual knitter she was! Her undimmed eyes seemed not to be of service in the operation, the copartnership of fingers and needles being all-sufficient for the purpose. Nor was sight needed in her pilgrimage-journeying, for she walked by the habitual vision of faith, and passed happily through the dark valley to the land of light.

Two daughters by the first marriage, and four sons and one daughter by the second, constituted the family of Abel Thomas. The second of the sons, ABNER THOMAS, married ESTHER WORRALL. They had three sons and four daughters—myself being the third in the series of seven.

—Few persons outside of the Quaker connexion, have ever seen a Quaker Certificate of Marriage. As a matter of curiosity, I present the following. It is a *verbatim* copy of the original document.

WHEREAS ABNER THOMAS, son of Abel and Ellen Thomas, of Monallen Township, Adams County, in the State of Pennsylvania, and ESTHER WORRALL, daughter of George and Deborah Worrall, of Windsor Township, Berks County, in the State aforesaid—having declared their Intention of Marriage before two several Monthly Meetings of the People called Quakers, held alternately at Exeter and Maiden-creek, having previously obtained consent of Parents, according to the Decorum established among said People.

NOW THESE ARE TO CERTIFY whom it may concern, That for the full accomplishment of the said Intention, this twenty-eighth day of the Fourth Month, in the Year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Three, They, the said ABNER THOMAS and ESTHER WORRALL, appeared at a Public Meeting of said People, (held by appointment at Maiden-creek Meeting House;) and the said ABNER THOMAS, taking the said ESTHER WORRALL by the hand, did in solemn manner openly declare, That he took her (the said ESTHER WORRALL) to be his Wife, promising, thro' Divine Assistance, to be unto her a loving and faithful Husband till Death should separate them, (or words of the same import.) And then and there, in the same Assembly, the said ESTHER WORRALL did in like manner declare, That she took the said ABNER THOMAS to be her Husband, promising, thro' Divine Assistance, to be unto him a faithful and loving Wife till Death should separate them, (or words of the same import.)

And moreover, the said ABNER THOMAS and ESTHER WORRALL, (she, according to the custom of marriage, assuming the name of her husband,) as a further confirmation thereof did then and there to these Presents set their hands. }
 ABNER THOMAS.
 ESTHER THOMAS.

And WE whose names are hereunto subscribed as WITNESSES, were present at the Solemnization and Subscription of said Marriage, the day and year above written.

JEREMIAH STARR	MARY LIGHTFOOT	GEORGE ALLISON	GEORGE WORRALL
SIBILLA STARR	THOMAS LIGHTFOOT	SAMUEL JOHN	DEBORAH WORRALL
JOSHUA STARR	HANNAH LIGHTFOOT	ALICE HUGHES	RACHEL THOMAS
SIBILLA PILKINGTON	THOMAS WRIGHT	ELIZABETH PENROSE	DEBORAH WORRALL
ABNER STARR	DEBORAH WRIGHT	OWEN HUGHES	HANNAH WORRALL
ANTHONY LEE	SARAH WRIGHT	THOMAS PEARSON	SARAH WORRALL
JOHN WILLITS	MARY REED	SUSANNA PARVIN	REBECCA WORRALL
SUSANNA LIGHTFOOT	JOHN BARGER	SARAH STARR	HANNAH THOMAS
SARAH LIGHTFOOT	THOS. LIGHTFOOT, Jr.	LYDIA BARGER, Jr.	ABEL THOMAS
DEBORAH WRIGHT	MARY WRIGHT	JAMES STARR	JACOB HARRIS
SARAH WILLITS	EUNICE STARR	LEVI PILKINGTON	WM. WRIGHT
JOHN S. PEARSON	ROSE PILKINGTON	ANN PILKINGTON	REBECCA HUGHES
MORDECAI WRIGHT	ELEANOR WRIGHT	SUSANNA PARVIN, Jr.	LYDIA BARGER
JOHN STARR	JOSEPH WRIGHT	ISAAC PENROSE	JESSE THOMAS
JAMES STARR, Sen.	ELEANOR WRIGHT	JOHN HUTTON	GEORGE WORRALL, Jr.
PHEBE WILLITS			MORDECAI LEE

What here occupies two pages in print, is on an open sheet in the manuscript—an admirable specimen of round, distinct penmanship. The names of witnesses which occur twice, represent different persons of the same stock.

How rapidly the fashion of the world passeth away! Here are the names, we may say, of the entire Quaker settlement of Maiden-creek in 1803, together with two or three visitors. The old were there, and have long since departed. The young were there, full of the life which is expressed in the joys, and hopes, and loves of the youthful. Those groups, as overflowing with merriment as the presence of the staid elders would allow, were soon scattered in pursuit of business or pleasure: shortly they were diminished, and still further diminished, in numbers—and only four or five of the entire wedding-gathering remain on the face of the earth!

The first two names in the right hand column, by custom and courtesy, were the parents of the bride. They resided in Windsor township, close to the line of Maiden-creek. I remember them, distinctly and gratefully. Grand-father Worrall's once tall and straight figure was bent, and the hands that had been so ingenious in the construction of all sorts of useful things, in wood and metal, grasped only the staff which sustained him in personal inspection of his farm. Yet his eye, as black as jet, and sparkling, denoted the acuteness of the mind that looked out of those windows in his head.

“Men will yet travel rapidly over the land without horses,” said he, more than thirty years ago; and the neighbors declared that George Worrall was becoming crazy! It was but a fancy of his. He had no plan

to propose, no means to specify. He was not a reader of books of science, nor did many papers reach his dwelling. But he felt assured that what had been done on the water, would yet be done on the land.

“Can thee tell me,” said he to me one day, very near to the close of his life, and a helpless invalid in his bed; “Can thee tell me how far up in the air it is, at midnight, where the rays of the sun meet?”

I could not tell him *then*, though in my early manhood—and I could not tell him *now*; but his spirit shortly passed the point of convergence, far into the glories of eternal day.

His companion had preceded him, several years. In visible presence, she was one of your hale, motherly women, who are never so well pleased as when they can do something for the well or the sick, especially the latter. There were few flowers in her garden—she had not time to attend to *them*,—but balm, and thyme, and sweet marjoram, and the mints, and other medicinal herbs, were there in abundance; and dried bunches of them were always dependent from the rafters in the great open garret—at the service of whomsoever should need them. Her larder also was as full and as open as her heart, to minister to the necessities of the poor.

And so she joyously filled her mission in the household, and in the neighborhood, and in the solemn Quaker meeting, until, like Enoch, she “was not, for God took her.”

That ancient Quaker neighborhood—how it has been broken up since the earliest of my own recollections! By removals of families to the west, and by removals to “a better country,” many of the noble farms have changed hands, and *are* changing—the Germans being

mainly the purchasers. I cannot avoid regretting this supplanting operation in Maiden-creek valley. There stands the stone Meeting-House in which my parents were married; in the ground adjoining, they were buried; and it is a saddening reflection that the olden associations of the Quaker neighborhood are being broken up.

MARRIED—BURIED! There is but a dash between those words, as here printed—yet how much of life's alternations was crowded into the intervening space of time! Surely, 'we spend our years as a tale that is told.' Let me tell MINE.

FAMILY MEMORANDA.

ABEL THOMAS died in Monallen, Adams county, Pa., 16th of 3d month, 1816. A brief Memoir of his life was published in Philadelphia in 1818, and re-printed in London in 1824.—ELLEN THOMAS died on the 3d of 9th month, 1828.

GEORGE WORRALL died in Windsor Township, Berks county, Pa., 31st of 3d month, 1832.—DEBORAH WORRALL died on the 30th of the 8th month, 1825.

Children of ABEL THOMAS by his first marriage: REBECCA married George Allison—LYDIA married Daniel Richards. Children of ABEL and ELLEN THOMAS: RACHEL married William Wright—JACOB—ABNER—ELI—JOSEPH R.

Children of GEORGE and DEBORAH WORRALL: ESTHER, my mother—DEBORAH, married Abraham Brown—HANNAH, married Thomas Lee—SARAH, married Isaac Wiley—REBECCA, married Charles Lee—GEORGE, died young—ANN, married J. Thompson—ELIZABETH, married Daniel Lee.

Children of ABNER and ESTHER THOMAS: ELLEN, married Benjamin Walton—GEORGE W.—ABEL C.—AMANDA R., married Mordecai Lee—WILLIAM R.—SARAH ANN, married Joshua Lee—ELIZA JANE, married George W. Lee. These Lees are the sons of Thomas Lee, above named, the eldest of them by a former marriage. At the date of present writing, (1852,) my four sisters and younger brother reside in West Fallowfield, Chester County, and my elder brother in Lewistown, Mifflin County, Pa.

CHAPTER I.

Date of citizenship—Our Family Bible—Flood in York—Old Joe Wren—The higher law and the lower law—My school-days—Discipline—Crossing the River—Usherdome in Lancaster—Studies Medicine—Lampeter Quaker Meeting—William Webb's Farm—'The young Doctor' becomes a Pedagogue—Pine Barrens—Barring Out—Universalism first heard of—Removes to Marietta—Acquaintance with A. B. Grosh—Teaches School—Becomes a Universalist—Is opposed by sectarianism—Becomes a Printer—The Devil seen in my eyes—Is a journeyman-printer in Philadelphia—Universalist churches—Quaker crisis—Thos. Wetherill—Penn's Elm—Franklin's Grave—Returns to Lancaster—Determines to become a Preacher—The Deacon's opinion.

MY advent to citizenship in this world was in Exeter township, Berks county, Pennsylvania, July 11, 1807. The date is set down as the 11th of the 7th month, in the records of our Family Bible—an olden book which was much damaged in what is yet spoken of in York, Pa., as the Great Flood. This was in 1817—one of the memorable periods, in that region, of the 'Seventeen Year Locusts.'

Every man has recollections of his earliest life which, though pleasing to himself, would be little interesting to others. In the present case, let me compromise with the reader—*he* allowing me to mention *a few* incidents, and *I* guaranteeing to save him the necessity of skipping *the many*.

—The creek called Codorus runs through the borough of York, to which place my father had removed in 1811. We lived on the western side of the stream—the eastern and western portions of the town being connected by a massive stone-bridge. At this point the creek flowed northward at right angles

with the street, but a fourth or a third of a mile above, it came round in a rapid curve from the south-west. The portion of the town-plot thus nearly half-embraced, was somewhat low, the land beginning to rise at about 200 yards from the bridge, following the main street westward.

There had been a heavy rain. I remember it well, for I was thoroughly drenched in going home from school at noon. The creek was swollen to the utmost capacity of its banks; drift-wood, stacks of hay afloat, &c., choked at the bridge; mill-dams, two or three miles distant, broke away, and the wild current spread on every hand. Especially was there overflow and wreck on the western side of the creek. Our dwelling was in the midst of it. Father was absent from home on the eastern side, and knew not of the difficulty until it was too late to cross. O how distinctly I remember my mother and her children escaping just in time to the higher ground, by wading through the rapidly-rising waters!

This was about the gathering of dusk. What a night was the one that soon set in! People collected shavings, and light wood, and all the tar-barrels within reach, and kept up great bon-fires, to give light and encouragement to the many families who did not think of leaving their houses until it was too late. And still the whirling, rushing, moaning flood increased, until that awful midnight.

The scene was tersely described by old Joe Wren. He was a little old man, a bachelor, of vigorous constitution, who had been a sailor, and was now knitting nets for a living. He occupied a one-story stone building, free of rent, and the neighbors were all kind to him, notwithstanding he was frequently drunk—

not *noisily* so, for he was a man of very few words—but *sadly* so, for either a young man or an old.

On the day of the great rain, old Joe seems to have taken his grog unusually strong, for before the middle of the afternoon, he was fast asleep in a neighbor's garret. The basement of the house was of brick, the upper part of framed-timber. It was situated in the deeply-flooded part of the town, a fierce current setting directly toward it from an open lot on the southern side of the street. The upper part of the building floated away, and presently was driven into an eddy, and lodged on a stout apple tree. As it parted from the lower section, the proprietor and his wife, a highly respectable couple past the meridian of life, were drowned. Old Joe was fast asleep in the garret, perched on the tree!

About midnight, the waters began to subside, and by day-dawn the Codorus was within its banks. Up the street old Joe waded through the deep mud, to reach his home on the higher ground. His adventure was related in few words. He said he was awakened in the night by a roaring, rushing noise; and looking out at the trap-door in the roof, he saw great fires and great waters. Not understanding what it meant, he concluded to lie down again, and sleep till dawn.

Alas! twenty-three persons (if I rightly remember) never saw the day-light who had seen the sun-set of yester-eve. Several houses were destroyed. Even when the buildings stood firm, there was wreck and ruin to furniture within. This was the case with *our* dwelling. Little of any value was saved entire, on the main floor. The Family Bible was lying in the muddy slime and water, its binding perished and its leaves saturated and sullied. But its associations were too

sacred, in our view, to abandon it thus; and so, with patient nicety of labor, it was restored and rebound.

Even after the lapse of thirty-five years, I cannot hear the creaking of a tavern-sign in the wind, without revival of the scenes of that terrible night, and the desolation visible the next day. There was a tavern five or six doors east of our house, and the creaking of the sign, as it swayed to and fro on its hinges, has been fastened in my mind as the symbol of all things bleak and lonely and sad.

The first use made of that Family Bible, after its restoration, was at the dedication of the Bethel African Church, and we prize it the more on that account, because the circumstances expressed our father's independence of character. Clerical aid was denied to the church, on the score that it had no connexion with sectarianism, and two Quakers, my father being spokesman, attended and dedicated the building to the worship of *God over ALL*.

His interest in the colored people was no new thing. His early manhood was spent in a county bordering on Maryland, and fugitives from slavery were sometimes traced to the neighborhood, for the usual purpose. On one occasion, the young Quakers (among whom my father was distinguished for strength and activity) were congregated for customary gymnastics, and a stout negro rushed by at full speed, followed by a constable in full chase.

"Abner Thomas," said the latter, "I command you in the name of the Law to pursue and aid me in the capture of that absconded slave!"

Here was a difficulty—"the higher law" and "the lower law" being in decided conflict. To be tossed on the horn of the latter, would be uncomfortable—to be

goaded by the other would be a serious business—and so the dilemma was avoided by a between-position. He ran, as commanded, without any reservation as to *how fast* he should run, his reputation in that line being established—and soon outstripped the constable, his own companions being in the wake.

The worst of it was, that a few more leaps would place the terrified fugitive in the grasp of ‘the lower law’ by proxy—and so, in obedience to ‘the higher law,’ the pursuer providentially tripped at a root, and fell! The pursued party was out of sight in an adjoining woods ere the rear of the chase closed up to the prostrate foreman, and much sympathy was excited by his symptoms of suffering.

It was a *ruse* which some may condemn in theory, but it is doubtful whether there is a man of any soul in the Commonwealth who would not seek, in some such way, to avoid both the whip of the law and the scourge of conscience.—

My school-days in York had nothing to distinguish them. Like many other boys, I sometimes got a whipping that I did not deserve, and sometimes deserved a whipping that I did not get. The cases of escape did not seem to off-set the cases of injustice, and I remember having silently vowed to thresh the master sorely when I became a man. He had smitten me so severely on my right hand with a ferrule, that my fingers were benumbed for hours—and that too for a slight breach of order; and when next I was called to the judgment-seat, he bade me bring my fingers and thumb into a group, so that he might smite me on their ends! Silently refusing to obey, he grabbed at me, but I escaped into the street, and shortly ‘reported progress’ at home, begging ‘permission *not* to sit

again.' Never before had I seen my father wroth—not expressed in angry words, but in that form of solemn indignation which even a child can understand. He visited the Teacher in 'the cool of the day,' and the pupil who resumed his seat the next morning, was not rebuked for the flight of yesterday.

Another evil was visible to me in those early school-years—an evil which might be expressed by a crossing of the Teacher's wrists when he pronounced a blessing. Personally I had no cause of complaint, for a liberal share of the benediction fell undeservedly to my lot—but its unphilosophy is worthy a few paragraphs of illustration. Even in this age of reformed school-instruction and discipline, it is often visible. The same lessons are given to children of unequal natural capabilities, with the implied conviction that what *one* can do, can as easily be done by another, with equal diligence; and if the accompanying expectation be not realized, scourging, or some ignominious privation, is administered to him who is lacking—whereas in every thing that is really meritorious, he may be the worthiest pupil in the class.

I see the same wrong—perhaps of ignorance—in many departments of society, and in some families. Thanks, however, to the labors of Combe, and many others, the evil is diminishing, and will sometime be utterly abolished.

If the reform shall reach the Churches, it will be well. There is many a Pulpit Ignoramus who treats mankind as though they were all precisely alike in their mental and moral organization—constitutionally, I mean,—and who announces heaven as the inheritance of those who are convinced and converted by his instructions, and hell as the portion of those who are *not*.

Undoubtedly there is difference in the degree of merit of any two men; but I question whether there is a thousandth part of the difference between the worst man on earth and the best, when viewed by the eye of Omniscience, as when viewed by the most searching human vision.

One child is born of parents who are constitutionally, (or at all events, habitually) vicious. His natural bias, his associations, the examples placed before him, and the precepts thus made legible, all operate to make him what he is in the meridian of life, a gross criminal. —Another child is born and trained under entirely different circumstances, and at mid-life he is renowned for his virtues.

Any theology which shall seek to reform and redeem the former, (possibly by the agency of the latter, and of a Being better than he—possibly by a course of painful discipline,) must meet the approval of both principle and expediency: any theology that abandons him to perpetual blindness and misery, is an abomination in the sight of both justice and charity.

In the spring of 1818, my father (who had been engaged in the manufacturing of edge-tools during the late War) removed to Lancaster, Pa., having made arrangements to resume the vocation of his early manhood, namely, teaching a school. The distance was 24 miles, and we must needs cross the Susquehanna River, at Columbia, by means of a bridge. It was nearly one mile and a fourth in length, and had two passage-ways, to accommodate people traveling in opposite directions. The structure rested on many stone pillars, firmly built on the rocky bed of the River, and was covered in and enclosed on both sides

from end to end, there being occasional openings for light and ventilation.

My father had me by the hand, the carriage and wagons being a short space in the rear. After entering the bridge from the western side, there was a gentle descent for a few yards, and then the floor was level the whole distance. On looking straight ahead, I saw at the other end, a hole that seemed to be no larger than my fist; and I was troubled to know how we should get through it.

“Father,” said I, “how in the world shall we ever get through that little hole?”

He laughed at my difficulty, and said he had no doubt that we should find a way of getting through it in due time.

As we journeyed along, the opening seemed to grow larger and larger, and by and bye we passed through an arch as large as the one we had entered at the other end of the bridge. It was only because of the distance, that the arch appeared so small.

This incident, very trivial in itself, has ever been of great service to me; and if Franklin was more than pardoned for his story (and accompanying moral) of buying a whistle, a person of less consequence may be excused for briefly moralizing on crossing the river.

Whenever a difficulty in the future has presented itself to my vision, the incident of passing that bridge has been recalled, and my father’s encouragement has given me hope of finding a way to get through it in due time. The thought is associated with religious trust. “Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be thou not dismayed, for I am thy God. I will strengthen thee, yea, I will help thee,” saith the Lord; and the believing soul confidently responds, “Though I walk

through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me: Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me."

The moral of that bridge-crossing was needed in Lancaster. A spacious room had been secured for the school, in the old Quaker Meeting-house. The building stood back from the street, on rising ground, and the large well-shaded lot was an admirable playground. The location could not be equalled anywhere in the city, but the new-comer was unknown, excepting to a few—he was not disposed to make large pretensions, but simply announced his purpose, and waited for scholars. Only five appeared on the first day! Confessedly, the opening was rather small for a large family to pass through. It gradually widened, and ere long the school-room was crowded.

When I was about 12 years of age, I was exalted to the station of Usher, in the branches of Grammar and Arithmetic; and about one year afterward, was transferred to the office of Dr. Samuel Humes, as a compounder of simples and student of medicine. 'Anatomy' was at first as dry as the skeleton in the closet, but became more interesting as knowledge increased of how wonderfully and fearfully we are made. *Materia Medica* was not tedious, but Chemistry was attractive from the beginning, perhaps because it enabled me to play pranks upon my fellows with explosive compounds.

Meanwhile my father was himself a student in earnest, but not so as to neglect his school. How diligent he was, no one knew so well as myself. He had the encouragement and enjoyed the personal friendship of the most distinguished men of Lancaster, both in the medical profession and out of it.

— Our Lancaster experience of the kind of religious worship we preferred, was small. There had formerly been a Society of Friends in the city, but during the Revolutionary War their fine large meeting-house had been despoiled by a section of the army—Dragoons, I believe—and the peaceful Quakers all removed.

A few times in the course of a year, a carriage was hired to convey the family to Lampeter, a settlement of Friends about 7 miles east. More frequently, father and the elder children would walk—more frequently still, the children went alone—sometimes to and fro the same day, but generally we went on Seventh-day afternoon and returned on First-day evening.

It may as well be acknowledged, for it will naturally be inferred, that my elder brother and myself thought more of the social visit than we did of the religious meeting. I will not speak for the girls, but am suspicious that *they* were not widely different, in that respect. We were uniformly welcomed and affectionately treated by the families of Friends, and never returned to Lancaster without seasonable presents for those who remained at home.

Hannah Gibbons and Sarah Parry were the principal speakers in meeting. They were among the excellent of the earth, well-educated, and impressive in their delivery. Both of them long since joined the congregation above. So also have nearly all the venerable worthies of that day.

How distinctly I remember them! John Ferree sat at ‘the head of the meeting.’ He was far advanced in life, and mostly sat with his eyes closed. How we boys, on the back bench by the south window, watched to ascertain whether he was asleep! how we waited for his movement to dissolve the assembly, by

‘shaking hands’ with the elder who sat next to him! how we noted the shadow approaching the mark we had made on the window-sill!

Our visits were less frequent at Lampeter than at the farm of William Webb, a mile east of Lancaster. He was a widower, without children—of the Dr. Franklin type of economy. He was nevertheless generous, in granting us access to fruits in their season, both for home-gratification and present consumption. Usually, however, he made the pre-condition with *me*, that I should solve some specified problem in Arithmetic or Geometry.

This was done in his spacious kitchen. It was kept as neat as wax by his matronly house-keeper. How I remember the tall old clock in the corner, with its solemn pendulum—none of your modern rattle-brained ticking of time away, as if by a high-pressure-steam clock, but a slowly-moving pendulum, marking the solemn march of time. On the rug, slept the fat brown dog—and by his side the tortoise-shell cat. Brightly-burnished brass and tin utensils were on the wall; and on the table, Poor Richard’s Almanac, an antiquated ink-horn, and a turkey-quill pen. In the straight-backed, slat-bottomed arm-chair, sat William Webb. How distinctly every thing is before me when I shut my eyes!

—Meanwhile, my father’s studies occupied his attention, without any relaxation. His opportunities for acquiring the experience of practice were singularly great. His tutor was Physician to the Hospital, Alms-House, and Jail—and there, nearly every form of disease was presented for medical treatment. The Lord forgive me for my aversion to acting even as Apothecary in the midst of so much pitiable

humanity! Especially may the Lord pardon the ignorance of that day, as exemplified in confining lunatics in gloomy cells!

In 1822, my father established himself in the Practice of Medicine at Elizabeth-town, in the north-westerly part of Lancaster county. Established *himself*—for though high testimonials introduced him to leading citizens of that region, he was established only by eminent success in the medical profession. It was a country practice mainly—the average diameter of his circle being fully twelve miles. Very laborious it was, as any one acquainted with the Conewago hills will testify. Yet he was a man of vigorous constitution, and stood more travel, by day and by night, than suited the comfortable condition of two good horses.

My own cognomen throughout that country, was “the young Doctor.” Small claim had I to any such title, and it grew ‘smaller by degrees and beautifully less’ from month to month. It was a pleasurable duty to obey orders with alacrity, in the preparation of medicines, and in such other ways as I could relieve my indefatigable father—but my feelings were not in a profession which, as I had many proofs, so severely tried *his* sympathies. Often did I know him walk the floor of his office during the night-watches, intermitted only by hourly visits to a village-patient whose disease was approximating its crisis. No temptation of fame or fortune could induce me to persist in a study which would involve me in similar tribulation; and I told him very plainly that I wished to be at something else.

He tried to shake my purpose, by reminding me of the knowledge already acquired as a foundation—

spurred me with hints of my adaptation to the profession—addressed me on the usefulness and respectability of the vocation,—but all would not serve his design. I wished to be at something else.

“What does thee propose to do?” he inquired.

“I will teach school,” said I.

“Does thee remember that thee is only seventeen? And does thee hope to be employed, a mere boy, as a Teacher?” was his interrogative rejoinder.

“Suffer me to try it,” was my answer; and I *did* try it, by letter to an uncle in York county, who applied for a neighboring school in my behalf. Encouragement being given, behold “the young doctor” traveling south-west, on foot, with a staff in one hand, a bundle in the other, a little money in his pocket, and a confident heart, to seek his fortune as a Pedagogue!

The distance was little more than 20 miles. At the end of the first six, there was an insignificant village called “Hard-Scrabble!” most significant of my coming experience; but, crossing the Susquehanna at that point, directly below the Conewago Falls, I entered “York Haven,” which sounded more auspiciously. Thence to my uncle’s house the road was merrily passed. A cordial welcome awaited me among my kindred—but the Trustees were to be visited to-morrow, and the issue was not certain.

A mile or so brought a cousin and myself to the honest yeomen, of German extraction, who controlled the log school-house, as to its occupancy. Of course, the applicant for favorable consideration put on as much of the man as possible, but his beardless chin was clearly against any large pretensions in that way.

“You look rather young, to take charge of a school

of our big, rough boys," said one of the Trustees—evidently a good-hearted man of middle age.

"No matter how big and rough they are," was my reply; "there is a better way than to be rough with rough boys. I hope they will all be my friends very soon."

The answer seemed to hit, and there only remained the question of my competency as a Teacher.

"What can you teach?" said the spokesman.

"Spelling, Reading, Writing, Grammar, Arithmetic, and Trigonometry, including Surveying. I am ready for examination," was my answer.

Whether it was the matter of this reply, or the confidence of the manner, which decided the case in my favor, it is certain that a verbal diploma was forthwith granted me as "Master" of whomsoever could be attracted to the Log School-House in the Pine Barrens of York, at the enormous compensation of One Dollar and Fifty cents per quarter for each scholar!

The locality indicated must not be literally construed by its popular name. It had indeed been covered with pines, and patches of forest yet remained—but the space that had been cleared was not a barren waste. It yielded fair remuneration for culture, and was susceptible of permanent improvement. One of the finest apple orchards I ever saw, was on the farm adjoining the school premises, and humble though comfortable buildings were not farther apart than is usual in a farming section.

The distance from York, by the Baltimore turnpike, was three miles, the school-house being twenty rods or so from the main line of travel, on a bye-road. My "wigwam" (as we called it) was substantially built of hewn logs, and situated precisely on the

margin of the road, so that the children should not take an unnecessary step, as in passing, namely, through a front yard. There were no shade-trees around or near it, and therefore no temptation for the scholars to lounge out of doors, in a hot summer's day, even at intermission. There were no fruit trees, excepting one old reprobate of the apple species, which ought to have been cut down—because there was danger the youngsters would eat the green fruit to their damage, or break their *own* limbs by attempting gymnastics on the limbs of the tree.

Equal thoughtfulness was displayed in the interior. The continuous desks, consisting of an inclining board with a narrow strip of level at the upper edge, were fastened to the wall around three sides of the building,—one of the advantages being, that the Teacher, who sat at a flat table on the open side of the square, could see the scholars without their seeing *him*, forasmuch as their faces were toward the wall.

These arrangements, outside and in, were not peculiar to the attractive centre of the Pine Barrens. In many parts of these Christian Commonwealths, there are similar bake-oven illustrations of how a considerate people attend to the science of school-house economy. They bear general analogy to the custom (in former times at least) of devoting the poorest and least valuable corner of land in the neighborhood, to the purposes of burial—the ends accomplished being, negatively, that no fruitful farm-land was abstracted from a living use—and positively, that the living might have such desolate associations of death, as to prompt due preparation for the life beyond.

In these later years, a change of thought is visible in the fine localities and adornments of Cemeteries—a

change attributable to an enlightenment which is fast erasing the landmarks of ancient orthodoxy,—and convenience and taste will yet be consulted in respect of school-houses, so as to perpetuate the olden analogy in a new direction.

During the two quarters of my Pedagogueship in the Pine Barrens, the maximum of pupils was twenty-six, the average about twenty—making less than \$60 gross for six months' diligent and successful instruction of pupils, varying in age from 8 years to 20. After paying for my board and washing at the extravagant rate of one dollar per week, and the cost of very few incidentals, the balance enabled me to renew my clothing in the spring. Extra compensation, that is, apart from bread and butter, was embraced in the two items of current enjoyment and experience for future advantage. The latter must speak for itself in the progress of this narrative: of the former I can treat with greater definiteness.

My patrons and the young people of the neighborhood had little education beyond the simplest rudiments, and few books aside from Bibles, Psalmody and Almanacs. Our intercourse was necessarily of the ordinary social description, in every-day chat, merriment of occasional gatherings, and evening groups, with the accompaniments of nuts, apples, and cider. Such sources of enjoyment were not less fitting for *them* than acceptable to a merry-hearted lad of seventeen, albeit the latter had enjoyed the advantages of a good education. By reason of his position, he was placed on the footing of a man, and "the young Master" was of large consideration in the entire range of his school-dom. Let me make this general, grateful

acknowledgment of the uniform kindness and respectful regard of the people.

My school was well conducted—such at least was its reputation. It was managed on the principle of making learning attractive by developing its value. Few punishments of any sort, positive or privative, were administered. Some of the larger boys could have pitched me out of the window, had they been so inclined—but even the certainty of their power, in the way of force, debarred any inclination to resist my authority. Knowledge imparted in kindness put them involuntarily under pledge of honor, and cheerful, prompt, exemplary obedience, was the natural result. There was not a “big, rough boy” among them that would not have fought for me, against any odds.

Nevertheless, the scamps once played me the customary trick of “barring out.” They had all antiquity as authority, and I was not in a position to prevent its exercise. It was on St. Valentine’s Day. I had spent the evening previous in a company of young folks at a farmer’s house, and was late in my arrival at the ‘wigwam’ next morning. I saw the smoke cheerfully issuing from the chimney, and half a score of happy faces at the window. Springing up the steps, I smartly applied my thumb to the door-latch—but all was fast, and the rebels shouted within. They had taken advantage of my late nap, and had barred me out! The girls had come as usual, but seeing how matters stood, had returned home.

“You won’t get in there to-day, unless you agree to their terms,” said one of my patrons who was passing by; and he laughed heartily as he added, “They understand the business. Every master we have had

these five years has been barred out, and *kept* out; and they were all older and stronger than you are."

"I'll throw brimstone down the chimney, put a board over the top, and so smoke them out," said I.

"Look first that they have not water to put out the fire," was his reply.

I looked in at the window, and saw several buckets by the fire-place; and the rogues mocked me as they witnessed my disappointment.

"I'll besiege the fortress till I starve out the garrison," said I.

Immediately the rebels pointed to sundry baskets of provisions standing on my table. And they grinned at me most provokingly as they took off the white napkins, and showed me pies and cakes and cheese in abundance. It therefore behooved me to try 'a stratagem of war.'

About an hundred and twenty yards distant was the smith-shop of a young friend. Thither I repaired, and being joined by several companions, we commenced pitching quoits as though nothing extraordinary had happened. Presently came a messenger with a flag of truce, offering terms of capitulation. The paper was duly drawn up, and stipulated as follows: They would agree to surrender on condition, 1st. That I should pardon all hands; 2d. That I should grant a holiday; 3d. That I should furnish the garrison, with all convenient dispatch, with two buckets of cider, a bushel of apples, fifty ginger-cakes, and one hundred cigars! Large supplies were demanded with a view to entertain sundry invited guests.

I returned a verbal answer that I would not treat with my subjects in rebellion, and that I would accept of nothing short of an unconditional surrender.

In the course of half an hour the lads were out in the field at play. They had posted a sentry to watch the movements of the hostile party. There were about fourteen in all, some of them fully my own age. After calculating the chances of cutting them off from the open window of egress, I started and ran with all speed. The alarm was instantly sounded, and they tumbled in, some of them ‘heels over head.’ Nevertheless I should have been in time to tumble in among them, had it not been for an intervening fence. I caught the last of them—a lad of about eight years—by the leg, the sash was pressed down by the party within, until he shrieked with both pain and fright, and I retired a few paces, so that he might be released. The straggler was drawn in, and the window secured as before by nails over the under-sash.

Meanwhile I scanned ‘the port,’ and discovered that were the outer casing removed, the sashes might be withdrawn, with little danger to be apprehended from the besieged. They had however provided themselves with stout sticks, sharpened in the fire, and these they brandished in high glee. Procuring an axe, I removed the casing, then the sashes, and ‘the port’ was open.

“Boys,” said I, “I am coming in at that window, in a run-and-jump, heels foremost: so look out, and stand from under.”

I leaped in boldly, the rebels standing aside lest they should harm me with their sticks, or *be* harmed by my heels—reserving the resolution to pick me up and thrust me out. But I was too quick for them. Reaching my desk, and rapping on it, my authority was acknowledged, according to the established usage of ‘barring out.’ Every one went to his seat in silence,—and then, in obedience to orders, two of the largest

pulled out all nails, removed all barriers, and put in the sashes. Shortly a hearty laugh from ‘the master’ was rapturously joined by the late rebels, and the affair ended in my compliance with the first two stipulations, namely, pardon and a holiday. They lost the cider, cakes, apples and segars, and I assisted them in eating the nice pies and other provisions prepared for the extremity of a siege.

—The lad who brought me the axe, as aforesaid, was a son of Robert Hammersly, a gentleman who had been several years in public life in the borough of York, a few miles distant, and who had recently retired to the country, with humble means and a generous spirit. I should have mentioned him before, as an exception in the neighborhood, in the matter of a good education. His dwelling was less than a hundred yards from my ‘wigwam,’ (as we were accustomed to call my log school-house.) For lack of more intelligent company, and also, I presume, because of his acquaintance with my father and some small merit of my own, he sought my companionship. It ripened into such friendship as may be expressed by parental regard and filial reverence, in conjunction, and I shortly became a member of his family.

This opened the way for closer intimacy, and I look back with peculiar pleasure to the evenings we spent in my “kingdom by day.” The hours passed by, both merrily and instructively—for he had a vast fund of humor, besides a well-stored mind. It is presumable that *he* learned little from *me*, and *I* was certainly much indebted to *him*.

We used the New Testament in my school, as a reading-book for classes, on appointed days. One evening Mr. H. picked up a copy, and opening it,

“Here is a passage that the Universalists frequently use to prove their doctrine,” said he.

“What doctrine?” was the natural inquiry.

“The doctrine of the final salvation of all mankind,” was the reply.

The thought was perfectly new to me. I had never before heard the word Universalist used, and so I begged him to read the passage.

“For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive, 1 Corinthians xv. 22.”

Not another word was said on the subject, by either of us. If Mr. Hammersly was himself a Universalist in sentiment, the most probable explanation of his silence would be, that he felt delicate about even indirectly attempting to proselyte a boy, the son of a Quaker friend. Be this as it may, my conviction was settled that Universalism was merely a generous falsehood, not susceptible of proof by even a thousand texts, however worded—and so I dismissed it, as unworthy of inquiry.

The winter passed pleasantly away in the companionship of this excellent man and his interesting family, and my kindred in the neighborhood. When the time approached for adjourning the school, *sine die*, a request was presented that I would dispense with the attendance of the scholars on the last day of the term, and meet with them in the school-house in the evening.

Surprise and gratification were about equal, when I entered the room on that occasion. The walls had been decorated with evergreen by the lassies and lads, and over my table, a chandelier was suspended,—namely, a hoop twined with living green, the periphery containing many lights. The scholars were all pre-

sent, accompanied by many of the fathers and mothers; and baskets of cakes and apples gave evidence that a festivity was intended.

It would be difficult to describe the scene—present enjoyment being so strangely mingled with grateful remembrance and sorrowful anticipation. A speech was made, in due form, by John Strebig, a pupil of mine though several years my senior. He had been deputed as spokes-man of the people. The portion of his speech addressed to the parents and scholars, was preliminary to the portion addressed to myself—the whole being more complimentary than would have been pleasant, had it not been for the personal friendship and sincerity of the speaker. The reply may be imagined.

The hour for adjournment arrived. Standing at the door, I grasped each one of the company by the hand as they severally passed out—and the next morning “the young Master” departed from the Pine Barrens of York.

Wearied by a country practice, in a region so hilly as to debar the advantageous use of wheels, together with an increasing infirmity which rendered horse-riding distressing, my father removed from Elizabethtown to Marietta, and my footsteps naturally tended home-ward in the spring of 1825.

Marietta is situated on the Lancaster bank of the Susquehanna, three miles above the Bridge at Columbia. The situation of the town-plot is admirable, and the surrounding scenery cannot easily be excelled in quiet beauty, contrasted with the sublimely rugged.

On the southerly side of the river, and stretching

away in a westerly direction, there is a range of high steep hills. Opposite the lower end of the town, the river bends rapidly to the south, the hills referred to being protracted easterly, evidently a continuation of the same range. Undoubtedly the gap, through which the river here rushes over a rocky, broken bed, was once the scene of a great water-fall, the outlet of a lake above.

Persons who now travel by Rail-Road from Columbia to Harrisburg, and who notice the Canal along one side of the track, and Iron Furnaces on the other, the hills being steep to their right, and the river wildly flowing on their left, can have no conception of the ruggedness of that route in 1825. There was not even a foot-path then, unless by dangerous passes along the hills, which sharply sloped to the water. This path was over "Spinning Wheel Rock," through which there is now a short tunnel. The only horse-road was over the greatest elevation of the hills or on their eastern descent.

The first improvement was a turn-pike following the river, and passing around the point of the Spinning Wheel. It was a gala-day to the citizens of Columbia and Marietta when this road was completed for travel.

The next improvement was the Pennsylvania Canal, made partly by heavy stone walls in the edge of the River, and partly by pushing the Turn-pike somewhat farther up the hill. The latter has lately been entirely vacated to accommodate the Rail-Road—a new carriage-way having been completed near the old route, over and around the elevation aforesaid.

This elevation terminates abruptly at the Chicques Alunga Creek, below Marietta; and the bold, forest-crowned hill at that point is termed the Chicques

Rock—a famous resort for the adventurous young people of that day. Here, AARON B. GROSH and myself first met, and were introduced.

He was my senior about four years, and had a small family—school-craft being his occupation. He had commenced that vocation in, I think, his nineteenth year, in the eastern part of Lancaster county. There, a German book on the Restitution, (Peterson, if my memory rightly serves me, was the author) fell in his way, and he returned to the parental home in Marietta nearly if not quite a convert to Universalism. His father, as it proved in an interview on the heretical theme, had long been of that way of thinking, but had deemed the sentiment unfitted for general belief until men became better in morals—and therefore withheld the communication. This erroneous idea was soon dispelled as but the shadow of a departed spectre, and father and son were shortly known, to a few of their intimate friends, as Universalists.

Having established a school in Marietta, it was natural that my earliest intimacies should follow the usual order of “birds of a feather,” and the introduction before mentioned brought me into acquaintance with another of the Pedagogue profession.

George Briscoe was a fat man, of medium height, a bachelor of about 35—very competent in his vocation. Despite of an irritable temper and occasional profanity, he was a really estimable man. He had suffered many reverses in fortune, and was now acquiring an humble livelihood by teaching school. “Alas, poor Yorick!” as we were accustomed to address him, as a means of cheering. Where be thy jibes now? Gone away into silence. Yet we shall not forget thy kindly heart, nor thy own chuckling laugh when illustrating thy

own infirmities. It was decidedly rich to hear him tell of how he was sometimes boiling with vexation, to which he would not give vent in the hearing of his pupils—(he was too conscientious and prudent for *that*,)—and so, as he said, he lifted the lid of his desk, put his head as far into it as he could, exploded his wrath in a few hard words—and then felt easy!

But my chief intimacy was with Aaron B. Grosh. Incidentally introduced on Chicques Rock, and drawn together by our professional position, we were shortly established on the Rock of Friendship. And there we stand yet, after all the ups and downs of twenty-seven years.

Our earliest intimacy was wholly social. On the holidays sanctioned by custom, we roamed over the hills, and along the river, and by Chicques Alunga—conversing by the way, of all things profitable or merry within the range of knowledge or circumspect fancy; and, in the order of harmony, spiritual affinities brought up the sublime theme of Religion. UNIVERSALISM was broached as *his* faith—QUAKERISM was *mine*—and we joined, with hearty good-will, in brotherly discussion.

Little time was needed to show me that he had clearly the advantage in the argument, and *my* candor and *his* generosity united in conceding that it was because he seemed to have the right side of the question. Confessedly, however, he was often sorely puzzled, not by *my* knowledge, but by *his lack* of knowledge of the true interpretation of the Scriptures. But, having begun with an acknowledgment of no interest aside from that of truth, our inquiry was mutual, and it ended in unity of faith, universal restitution being the main thought.

What a realm of beauty, because of concord, was opened to us in the boundless universe of the God of Love! We were not as the dreamers noted in Isaiah xxix. 8, for we were not fighting against the city of the great King. Our visions were of the living bread and the living waters. We drank, and the spirit of prayer was satisfied: we ate, and hungered no more.

We had few books at first. The Bible was of course the standard, and Ballou on Atonement and Ballou's Eleven Sermons were its earliest subjective commentaries. Balfour's Inquiries came afterwards, and proved an invaluable aid in the way of textual exposition. And thus we traveled into the noon-glory of the New Jerusalem.

In our journeying, we must needs speak of the good news, for it was like a fire kindled in our bones. And we had willing hearers, for our social position secured attention. Believers, jointly with inquirers, were gradually increased; and the next step was, to meet for social worship. This we did, in the house of our excellent father, Jacob Grosh, and the Eleven Sermons constituted the preaching—myself being usually appointed the reader.

This thing was not done in a corner, and a storm came down upon us, when the heretical doings reached the uppermost seats in the synagogue of Presbyterianism. We should have rejoiced at this had it come in the shape of open warfare by reason, but it came in dark innuendoes of infidelity and the like.

The parson was behind the screen, pulling the wires of automata irresponsibles—and we told him so, plainly, and warned him to cease from his mole-operations and come forth like a man to the light of day. Neither of these would answer his purpose. Having small

confidence in honorable principle as a guide of his own conduct, he deemed that others could best be influenced by policy—and so he invited me to become a teacher in his Sunday School, leaving my Universalism out of doors! ‘You cannot imagine how much good you would do in that way, nor what a respectable standing would be the consequence!’ I was not so polite as Michael was when he disputed with the devil, for I rebuked my adversary to the face, submitting him afterwards to the righteous judgment of God.

An attack of pleurisy brought me to death’s door in January 1826, and the ghostly counsellor came, without invitation of course, to try me spiritually in the extremity of physical weakness. He professed deep astonishment when I said to him, substantially, “Sir, the hour of my departure may be at hand. It probably is. If I shall recover, very gladly will I discuss this matter with you, as I have frequently desired to do heretofore. I am too weak to do it now. But let me tell you, that my mind is clear and my faith is strong in the doctrine of a world’s salvation.”

He departed in good season for his personal comfort, for my father shortly came in. If they had met, the parson, in all likelihood, would have gone out of the door at a speedier pace than he entered it—not because he was *there*, but because he was there under such circumstances, with a view to proselyte a son whose life was in peril.

Slowly recovering, I gave my ghostly visitor repeated opportunities to convert a Universalist on his feet—but he was of the subterranean order, and preferred to work in the dark. To such of my patrons as he could influence, he hinted dreadful things of Universalism—it would not do to encourage Teachers

who held such notions—the minds of children were easily corrupted, &c. One worthy lady, a disciple of his, removed her children from my care for a reason which amused me by its singularity. “If he only didn’t believe in a God and a heaven, I wouldn’t mind it so much—but to believe in a God and a heaven, and deny a devil and a hell, makes him dangerous!” Without doubt, the clue to this discovery was derived from the acute parson.

My school was diminished by withdrawals of pupils, and the sectarianism of the parents so withdrawing, was clear proof that my activity in Universalism was the offence. Aaron also suffered somewhat, but not so greatly. He had been born and bred in Marietta—his family was influential, and he was better established in the vocation than I was. Seeing the tendency of things in my own case, and hoping that *my* course would benefit *him*, I resolved to abandon school-craft in the spring of 1827.

For some time previously, we had both written considerably for the village paper, *The Pioneer*—mostly in rhyme, which read pretty well in print, in *our* estimation! Most of my pieces, and some other matter, were put into type by myself, before and after school-hours, and considerable facility was thus acquired in the art of ‘composition.’ And so I determined to become a printer—and have never regretted it.

Perhaps it is superstition—perhaps it is presumption—but it has often appeared to me, as matters finally turned out with Mr. Grosh and myself, that we might lawfully appropriate the declaration, “Surely the wrath of man shall praise Thee; the remainder of wrath shalt Thou restrain.” Psalm lxxvi. 10.

My father gradually acquired a like aversion to the practice of Medicine which his son had expressed a few years previously; and having devoted much attention to Dental Surgery, he resolved to 'throw physic to the dogs' and hang out his 'shingle' as a Dentist. He was abundantly competent, as the issue proved. A wider field than Marietta was needed for profitable practice, and so he removed to Lancaster, our former home. I accompanied the family, and entered an office as a learner in 'the art preservative of all arts.'

Universalism was ever with me, as a chief delight, and both feeling and thought spoke out on all proper occasions. Earnestness to attain proficiency in my new vocation kept me closely at work, throughout the week—with an occasional holiday—and on Sundays, the churches were visited all round, with commendable impartialism. There was much terribly hard preaching to *hear*, but there was consolation in the thought that it was still harder to *believe*. There was scarcely the choice affirmed of Jeremiah's figs—the *best* being horrible enough, in all conscience. It was the same tune, as of a trip-hammer, which some one interpreted to say, "a pound a penny, a penny a pound," continually repeated. In that Lancaster preaching, be the variations what they might, I heard the perpetual dirge-strain of the merciless judgment of God! And I abhorred it.

My reason assured me that the fault was not in myself—yet a venerable gentleman told me, one day, that "he saw the devil in my eyes"—which provoked the reply that my eyes must be a mirror! It was said pleasantly; the humor of the man changed from ill to good, and we had an interesting conversation. The substance of it was as follows:

My whole soul rises up in hostility to the doctrine of endless woe, and you have more than intimated that the cause of this hostility is in my unrenewed (and therefore still depraved) nature. Is this your ground distinctly?

“It is,” said he. “The carnal mind is enmity against God, and is not subject to His law.”

You mistake me, my friend. My soul does not rise in hostility against *God*, but against the doctrine of endless woe. It is in the Lord’s DEFENCE my soul rises up, and this is the evidence that it is subject to His law.

“But His law denounces *the judgment* against which your soul rises up,” he replied; “and in being hostile to His *judgment*, you are in rebellion against *Him*.”

Ah, sir, *you assume* that your view of God’s judgment is correct—whereas *I deny* any such assumption. This alters the case materially. But for the present you shall have it your own way. Let us consider your proof of my depravity, by itself. From the fact that my soul revolts at the endless continuance of sin and sorrow, you infer that I am an unrenewed man. Tell me, now—Is not *your* soul in unison with *mine* on this point? Would it please you to *know* positively, that your worst enemy will always be a miserable enemy of God? Answer me plainly.

“You put the case very strongly,” said he, “but I am sure I would not be pleased with such a result, *in itself considered*.”

Then, sir, have the goodness to state such connexions of it as please you.

“It is my duty to submit to God’s judgment,” he replied, though with some hesitation.

But that does not answer my question. From a sense of duty we may outwardly submit to what does not please us. You begin by acknowledgment of your duty to submit to God's judgment; then you assume that endless woe is God's judgment; next, you confess that such a judgment does not please you, *in itself*—and when I ask for such *connexions* of it as *do* please you, you begin again at the beginning, and, for aught I can see, you would thus go round the circle of assumptions for ever.

The truth is, the carnal or sensual mind is pleased with the misery of others, and this is the worst form of depravity I have any knowledge of. It is not *total*, for the total absence of good and the presence of all evil, is *the devil* outright; and such an one could not be renewed, for the simple reason that there is nothing to renew. Only an absolute devil, and nothing short of it, could have any pleasure in the endless misery of any soul, under any circumstances. *I* could not. Could *you*? My heart rises up in hostility against it—so also does yours. Yet this is your proof that *I* am unrenewed! That is, I am utterly against what pleases the Devil; and this, according to your showing, proves that I am in rebellion against *God*! Surely you made a mistake in the term. You meant that I am in rebellion against *the Devil*!

“But do you not see that there is punishment in *this* world?” queried my venerable friend. “You say that this is God's judgment. Are you pleased with it?”

No, I am not pleased with it—*in itself considered*!

“Will you mention such *connexions* of it as *do* please you?” was his answer, with a smile, as though he would press me as closely as I had pressed *him*, and with the same question.

God is not pleased with punishment, in any shape, in itself considered—was my answer—and I am like Him, in that respect. The connexions of punishment which please both Him and Universalists, are prominently two: 1st. It is appointed to check wickedness in those upon whom it is inflicted; and 2d. It is appointed as a check upon others, in the way of example. Endless punishment has neither of these connexions. In itself considered, it does not please either you or me; and unless you can specify what connexions of it *do* please you, you must either abandon it, or be in rebellion against God and in fellowship with the Devil! I am beginning to suspect that you *did* see the latter in my eyes! You would have seen the former had you looked into my heart—or into your own.

My printer-craft was in the establishment of the ‘Lancaster Intelligencer,’ a paper formerly published by Mr. William Dickson, and continued by his widow. She was a member of the Presbyterian Church, an intelligent, sincere Christian, and she is so still. May the evening of her days be as happy as her life has always been exemplary.

The printing-office was in a two-story back building,—the upper room being for the types and the lower for the press—and never have I seen another establishment kept so clean and tidy. The credit did not belong to the printers, but to the neatness and care of the proprietor. How could we put pi, and broken leads, and battered types on the window-sills, or paste pictures and scraps on the wall, of a room that was fit for a parlor!

The press was one of the ancient order. It was a

super-royal, stone-bed, wooden-platten, two-pull ‘Ramage’—all the elasticity of the return motion being in pieces of felt inserted in the frame. The form was inked with balls. Many a weary arm and sore hand tested the qualities of that olden affair and its accompaniments. Printers will understand my description—and only for *them* has this paragraph been written.

Those of them who have gone from country offices to a great city, seeking employment, will also understand how I felt in entering Philadelphia for that purpose in the autumn of 1827. Only one person was known to me in the peopled wilderness, and him I sought and found in William Brown’s printing-office in Wagner’s Alley—a narrow street which runs south from Race Street between 7th and 8th. The building was formerly a Church, and a motto over the door attracted my attention: “How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts!” The quotation was hardly appropriate to the place in its original use, for it had been the scene of the Rev. Thomas H. Skinner’s operations, and his themes and discourses were mostly of the terrific kind.

This divine was specially hostile to Universalism. On one occasion his zeal was certainly not according to knowledge. He published a very affecting account of the death-bed of a Universalist woman—one who had departed this life in appalling despair. Unfortunately for the writer and his object, he mentioned such circumstances as determined the locality, personality and date of the alleged facts. The affair was traced—and lo! the woman was alive, and in good health!

It appeared that every ‘stand’ in the (now) printing establishment was occupied—but the proprietor was a

Quaker, and I was not faint-hearted in relation to employment. Seeking an interview, my name and object were mentioned. The former was recognized without the middle initial, and the latter was promptly obtained. A 'compositor' was needed at 95 Chestnut Street, where Friend Brown printed a large daily paper, and I was notified to appear on Second-day morning next. The kind manner of that worthy man is very dear to my remembrance.

The winter of '27-'28 passed very happily, especially as I had opportunity of attending Universalist meeting thrice a week—once in each of the two Churches on Sunday, and on Wednesday evening in the Hall of the Franklin Institute. In this place, the two pastors (Rev. S. R. Smith and Rev. T. Fisk) preached alternately, in the lawful spirit of Propagandism. It need scarcely be added that I was a delighted and instructed auditor; but I must not omit the fact that the thought was meanwhile gaining ground until it became a fixed determination, that I should some day be a Universalist Preacher.

That winter was memorable as the crisis in the affairs of the Society of Friends. Old School and New School were full of zeal and spiritual fight. The leaders indeed preached peace and forbearance, yet it was plain that the ancient principles of Quakerism were not practically in the ascendant. In the melancholy strife, much property and reputation of 'orthodoxy' were at stake. The lines were not distinctly drawn as yet, and there was stout and eloquent preaching by the prominent ministers.

My fatherly friend, Jacob Grosh of Marietta, will remember the meeting we attended one Sunday evening in the spring of 1828. A temporary frame

building had been erected in the Northern Liberties by the New School party, and on the occasion referred to there was the largest religious gathering I ever saw. Inside and outside was a mass of thousands, and those on the edge of the great circle were so distant from the centre, that they could scarcely distinguish the words of the speaker, though uttered by the mighty voice of Thomas Wetherill.

He was truly an eloquent man, not in delivery merely, but in vividness of thought and force of reasoning. He resided at that time in Georgetown, D. C., and was frequently heard by the most distinguished members of Congress. Henry Clay once said of him, that he was the greatest natural orator he ever listened to.

The commotion among the Quakers subsided in a few years, and they resumed their previous position of a luminous example of moderation and forbearance. Nevertheless their moral power was diminished by the separation. The sacredness associated with unity was lost, and the peculiarities of the sect are passing away, especially with the youth.

There were two things in Philadelphia which had peculiar interest with me—as a Quaker and a Printer—during the winter referred to, and that interest still remains. One was the locality of the Great Elm in Shackamaxon, (Kensington.) A small monument marks the spot. Men erect magnificent and costly structures, in memory of Warriors and Battles, yet William Penn and his Deeds of Peace, in the shade of that Elm, tower immeasurably above all the Conquerors and bloody victories recorded in the annals of time. Perhaps we should accept the absence of a costly memorial as an acknowledgment of this fact.

The other peculiarly interesting locality was Franklin's Grave, close in the south-east angle of Arch street and Fifth. A flat stone bears the simple inscription, "BENJAMIN AND DEBORAH FRANKLIN, 1790." It would cost an insignificant sum to erect a few feet of iron-railing in lieu of that blank brick wall; and it would certainly do no harm to allow the spot to be seen where rest the remains of that remarkable man.

In the spring of 1828, I accepted a station as Foreman of the 'Lancaster Reporter' printing-office. During the six months next ensuing, I had opportunity to hear one, and only one Universalist sermon. It was delivered in the Market House by Mr. Fisk, whose main errand to that region was a visit to Marietta. Partial friends in that borough commended me to him in such a way as to result in an overture to accompany him to the West in the autumn, on a missionary tour.

My determination to enter the ministry had been previously announced to my father, namely, on the day I became of legal age. He was not offended—he was too sensible a man for that—but he was disappointed. Leading men in Lancaster wished me to study Law, and a position of commanding influence was offered me in connexion with a political press. He had been the medium of these communications, and was mortified that I should be insensible to their attractions.

The truth is, my heart was full of the joy of Universalism, and though incompetency to proclaim it was keenly present in my thoughts, the hope of *becoming* competent to dispense the word of truth acceptably, was large encouragement. I could at all events find

some nook or bye-place of the great western country, in which my defects would either be not visible, or be tolerated for lack of a more competent advocate of Universalism.

Let me also acknowledge that it did not *appear* a very difficult thing to preach—that is, if you had the plain truth on your side. Ministers who had studied theology for twenty years and still pronounced it a mystery, evidently had up-hill work of it—but my ignorance presumed that most of the difficulty was in an inconsistent, monstrous creed. I had forgotten the anecdote (or was not profited by the experience and testimony) of the Deacon who, having complained of the minister's pulpit defects, was invited to officiate as a substitute. He accepted—but after struggling through a few sentences of exordium, meanwhile wiping the perspiration from his face, he suddenly closed. “My brethren,” said he, “if you think it an easy thing to preach, come up here and try it !”

And so I concluded to go up and try it.

CHAPTER II.

Preaches in Philadelphia—New Brunswick—Quaker prejudice—Factotum in New York—My privileges—The old serpent in Masonic Hall—Preaches in Lancaster and Marietta—Controversy—Ye shall die in your sins—Complacency and Compassion—Tempted of the Devil—Ague and a hot sermon—Visits interior New York—Elias Hicks—My enemy pursues me—We part company—Settles in Philadelphia—Lorenzo Dow—George Rogers—Preaches in Theatre, Market House and Woods—My mother's views—Suffering and Punishment—Innocence and Righteousness—Subordinate Issues—Love of God—Distinctive Universalism—A modal Trinity—Dr. George De Benneville.

ARRIVING in Philadelphia about the middle of October, 1828, I learned that Mr. Fisk had abandoned the projected missionary tour to the West, and in lieu thereof had issued proposals for the publication of a Universalist paper in New York city! And who but *I* must be *factotum*?

The change of destination did not please me. It was clear that I was well fitted for the new position, especially by reason of my printer-craft—but it was equally clear that a great city was not well fitted for *me*, as affecting my determination to preach. Mr. Fisk's enthusiasm and energy pleased me, but his readiness of change in plan was an unpleasant off-set. Nevertheless, the advancement of Universalism was evidently his main object—I was fairly out in the world—my scruples were overcome—and I consented to make trial of New York. Whereupon he insisted that I must commence the public ministry forthwith!

My first attempt at preaching did not end so inauspiciously as the Deacon's. A written sermon was

before me, and I went through it respectably, (so I was told)—but with trepidation, (and *that* was *not* told.) It was in the Lombard Street Church, in November, 1828. My third sermon was delivered in the same pulpit about the middle of December—the second being uttered in the Callowhill Street Church a few weeks earlier.

The Sunday before Christmas I preached thrice in New Brunswick, N. J., and felt greatly complimented by being invited to remain and preach again on Monday evening. Very fortunately, I had engaged to meet Mr. Fisk on his route from Philadelphia, and accompany him into New York that afternoon. *Very* fortunately—for I had used up all my stock in the way of sermons!

On parting with a worthy Universalist at the steamboat, he put into my hand a three-dollar bank note. It was the first remuneration I ever received for ministerial service, and so strong was the Quaker prejudice within me, that the reception of the money awakened emotions of shame—almost of guilt. The poverty of the service was not taken into my reckoning. ‘Poor preach poor pay,’ is a rule of justice if not of charity; but the trouble arose, not from the ‘poor preach,’ but from the fact of *any* pay, however poor.

It was some time before the experiment was tried upon me again; and when it *was* tried, and repeated, it came in such a gentle way, in both manner and amount, that scruples of feeling gradually gave way to the enlightenment of reason.

It was only *a feeling*, at the best—a feeling engendered and perpetuated by a false education.

In popular estimation, no man should preach unless

specially called—which, as meaning special fitness for the work, is certainly not an objectionable thought—but apart from this, and in a super-ordinary sense, *inspiration* seems to be implied. He who makes pretensions to this, acts inconsistently in stipulating for any recompense, or in receiving any support in that shape. He however who makes no pretensions of the sort, but is a Preacher only in the sense of a Teacher, is as much entitled to equitable compensation for time and talents employed in that direction, as in any other. It is as much the duty of a Counsellor at Law to advise without a fee, or the Professor of any Science to lecture without a *quid pro quo*, or a Physician to prescribe without reward, as it is the duty of any man to preach gratuitously. Each is under obligation *as a man* to benefit his fellows—but every man is also entitled to a fair equivalent, if he devotes his life and abilities to any calling considered useful.

“But cannot a Clergyman earn a support by the labor of his own hands—as Paul did for a brief space by making tents?”

Certainly; and so a Lawyer might earn a livelihood by making shoes, or a Professor of Science by tailoring, or a Doctor by pushing a jack-plane.

Any answer to these suggestive analogies is based in either superstition or mistakes of fact. Will it be said that Lawyers, Lecturers, and Physicians must be educated for their several professions, and continue to study, but a Clergyman need *not*? I reply, that this resolves the Christian Ministry into a thing of *direct inspiration*, as affecting subject and manner and grammar and doctrine. In such a case, if there be any such in this age, compensation for preaching is an inconsistency, as before admitted; and any support

such a person may receive, whether resident or traveling, must be regarded in the light of a charity.

“But Lawyers, Professors, and Physicians are engaged throughout the week—and Clergymen are *not*.”

This is a prevalent mistake of fact. It assumes that all a minister's duty is comprehended within twelve hours of Sunday, at the most—whereas this is the smallest department of his vocation. Saying nothing of expected visitation in families, and attention to the poor, and to the sick, and to burials, there is a wide range of preparation for the pulpit. A man who spends his life in traveling from place to place, preaching, might get along with a stock of three sermons, (as *I* did for one Sunday in Brunswick,) but he who stately ministers to any intelligent congregation, must either study diligently, or run down utterly.

Let it also be considered that Theology embraces all Science. Revelation of God through Christ is undoubtedly the *essential centre* of the Christian Minister—but he is not chained to a post. He is the Lord's free-man, and from every department of nature, and in the whole range of man's history, he will seek both truth and fact, for promotion of reverence of the Supreme Being, trust in the principles and issue of his moral government, and conformity to his laws. Compared with this scope of study and preparation, the preparation of the Lawyer, the Physician, the Professor of any branch of Philosophy, sinks into nought.

No one pretends that Clergymen generally are what they *should* be in the specified respects. There are ignorant men in all professions, and in the mechanic arts, and in the fine arts—not quacks merely, who make undue pretensions—but sincere men, who are

quite as competent and useful as they claim to be. All that is here insisted on, is, that a Clergyman must needs employ his time and talents faithfully, if he would "make full proof of his ministry." This being so, no valid reason can be given why he is not equitably entitled to compensation for his services—subject to the same conditions as the salary of any Teacher or Minister in any other department of social life.

In the first week of 1829, the "GOSPEL HERALD and UNIVERSALIST REVIEW" was commenced—edited by T. Fisk, and published *nominally* by Abel C. Thomas. No part of proprietorship was vested in *me*, the use of my name being simply permitted.

At that date, Universalism, as to any organization of life, was nearly extinct in New York. Rev. Edward Mitchell was still preaching to a handful of people in Duane Street; the Prince Street Church was closed, though not yet passed into other hands; and the light of Mr. Kneeland was fast going away into the darkness of Atheism, in the Masonic Hall. And nowhere in the vicinity of the city, was there any appearance of vitality among Universalists, excepting in a very small congregation at Middleville in New Jersey.

The "Olive Branch" list of subscribers and the printing materials, were bought from Mr. Kneeland by Mr. Fisk; and there, in an uncouth office, 6 Centre Street, in a neighborhood that smelt of Sodom, was issued the "Gospel Herald." We had printer-help *for pay*—but my humble self was factotum of the establishment *without* pay, excepting board and lodging, at the northwest corner of Chatham Street and Duane, my quarters being in the attic.

Most of the time I was alone, for Mr. Fisk was still Pastor in Philadelphia. My privileges were numerous, comprising "composition" at the type-case by day, and composition of sermons on a pine-board by night—writing editorials, mailing the paper to subscribers, attending to correspondence, &c. But financiering was the most interesting section of my privileges, especially as it had to be done among "the shavers," and on one occasion at least I considered it skinning alive, because it was at the rate of more than *cent. per cent. per annum*. These operations however were not frequent, and there was consolation in the thought that they might have been worse, though the conception was rather difficult. Times improved with rapid increase of the list of subscribers, and we presently sailed in reasonably smooth water, in a latitude not infested by "sharks."

Occasionally I preached at Middleville and in Newark, N. J. Once also, by urgent importunity, I preached in the Masonic Hall in Broadway. Mr. Kneeland had obeyed a notice to quit the premises, and was lecturing in a Hall in Pearl Street. To occupy the stand he so lately occupied, was an act of temerity, certainly not of my own seeking—but being once in the rostrum, with a considerable audience before me, I struck my axe into the largest tree in the forest—(a common error with young woodsmen and young preachers)—that is to say, I ventured a solution of the problem of evil! Of course it was done in a crude way, and the old serpent might have justly complained that I hacked him all over, instead of attempting to bruise his head genteelly.

Our printing-office, meanwhile, was a natural place of resort for such Universalists as had remaining hope

of the cause. Plan after plan was talked over for reviving it, and early in the spring, a small frame meeting-house, in Grand Street near the head of Division, was purchased by a few zealous friends, mainly residing in the neighborhood. It was refitted in a plain but neat style, and dedicated—and there, on the 5th of April, 1829, commenced my regular ministerial life. On the first of the ensuing month, the printing materials were removed to a frame building in the rear, and the establishment became the head-quarters of Universalism in New York.

A society was not yet organized, but our congregations nearly filled the house in the forenoon, filled it in the afternoon, and in the evenings, when the weather was pleasant, the building was crowded, and many were hearers outside, and in the printing-office adjoining, there being communication by folding doors.

How I managed to write three sermons a week, such as they were, is more than I can now understand. But it was done, excepting when relieved by the kindness of Rev. O. Whiston, who preached his first sermon in that house. He was a noble-hearted brother then, and he is so yet. Besides this help, the month of May was spent in Philadelphia, in pulpit-exchange with Mr. Fisk.

During that month I visited and preached in Lancaster, and some wonderment was expressed by unfriends of Universalism that one so lately from the printing-office should have the hardihood to appear in the same locality, as a preacher. A large congregation attended, prompted presumptively by curiosity. Beyond the gratification of this feeling, and the expression of personal respect on the part of the citizens, there was no opportunity of judging of the effect at the

time. My own share in the pleasures of that visit was chiefly in the family circle of 'home, sweet home.'

A visit to Marietta, during the same week, could not be otherwise than interesting and joyous. It was so to *me*, and to many personal friends outside of the circle of religious sympathy. The same could hardly be affirmed of the Presbyterian dynasty, whose persecutions had indirectly brought me into the ministry.

Let me not speak harshly of the Presbyterians of Marietta, *en masse*. There were a few noble souls among them, and even those who opposed my friend Grosh and myself so earnestly, were mainly sincere people. The trouble was with the parson, who fawned in the daylight and struck in the dark—together with a few satellites of the same ancient but not honorable stock.

I could not debar myself the privilege of calling upon him in my capacity as a clergyman. He was glad to see me—of course he was—how could it be otherwise?—but the religious portion of our conversational interview, he was happy to refer to a reverend brother of his, who was providentially present.

This brother was decidedly more of a man than was his host. The latter was cold within and genial without, while the former was evidently as hot within as he was testy without. My invitation for them to attend my meeting in the evening was met by a prompt refusal by the deputed spokesman.

"I could not stand up while you prayed," said he, with the energy of an insulted spirit.

"Then, sir, you shall *sit* during prayer," I replied, pleasantly.

"I would not be inside the house while you prayed," he added, with still stronger emphasis.

“Then, sir, you can remain outside the door until prayer is concluded,” was the rejoinder.

His countenance relaxed its sternness into a smile, indicating that there was something really good in the man, but he rallied on the accusation that I would not preach Christ as God. “How was Christ tempted?” he inquired of me, in a quick, sharp voice.

“Every man is tempted when he is drawn away of his own lusts, and enticed. . . . He was tempted in all points, like as we are tempted, yet without sin.”

This answer brought a storm about my ears, which was only increased when I suggested that “being shown the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them,” signified simply the temptation of ambitious thought.

The host perceived that the guest was out of soundings, and so concluded to bring his visitor into shoal water, in hopes of wreck.

“Do you not know,” he quietly remarked, “that Christ said to the Jews, ‘If ye die in your sins, whither I go ye cannot come?’”

“And do *you* not know,” I replied, “that Christ said the same thing to his own disciples?”

This was a mistake of mine. Christ never said to his disciples, “If ye die in your sins”—neither did he ever say so to the Jews. Both of us were in error, literally, and his attempt to correct *me*, by accurate quotation, only served to correct himself. As the point is interesting, and the passage frequently misquoted, let me set the matter forth distinctly, substantially as unfolded in the conversation :

John viii. 21, 24 : “Ye shall seek me, and *shall die in your sins* ; WHITHER I GO, YE CANNOT COME.....I said therefore unto you, that ye shall die in your sins ; for

if ye believe not that I am he, ye shall die in your sins." This was said to the Jews.

John xiii. 33: "Ye shall seek me; and *as I said unto the Jews*, WHITHER I GO, YE CANNOT COME, *so now I say to YOU*." This was said to the disciples.

Any one can see that the force of these passages is not in the declaration, "Ye shall die in your sins," nor on the contingent *if*. Universalists know, as well as any other people can know, that thousands of mankind *do* die in their sins; but the question of immortal destiny does not rest on how a man *dies*, but on what he shall be *after* death, namely, in the resurrection state.

Accordingly the whole force of the cited passages rests on the expressions, 1st. Ye shall seek me; and 2d. Whither I go, ye cannot come—and both these expressions were addressed alike to the unbelieving Jews, and the believing disciples. That they must be understood in the same sense, is evident—for Christ expressly declared, "And as I said, *unto the Jews*, so now I say TO YOU."

If it be replied that he subsequently said to Peter, "Whither I go, thou canst not follow me *now*, but thou shalt follow me *afterwards*," xiii. 36, this is my answer: He said so to *Peter*, but to no one else—leaving all others under the absolute declaration aforesaid.

Finding that a scriptural subject did not answer the intended purpose, the host resorted to a topic which might give him a metaphysical advantage. It related to *the love of God for sinners*, and the pious objector was horrified by the thought, that there should be no difference between *saints and sinners*, regarded as objects or subjects of divine benevolence. What! do you believe that God looks with equal complacency on the holiest saint and the vilest sinner?

No, sir ; nor is such sentiment implied in the universal love of God. There is a distinction between the love of *compassion* and the love of *complacency*.

There was not time to enter largely into any theme, but the distinction here recorded was plainly expressed. It might have been clearly illustrated, as follows :

The first commandment, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart," is of universal and perpetual obligation. Being based in equity and reason, it implies that the Lord our God loves, and perpetually *will* love every individual of our race with all *his* heart. There must be a *beginning* somewhere—there must be some *standard*—some *cause* with which the effect is linked. And where shall that beginning, standard, cause, be discovered, unless it be in the universal, perpetual love of the Creator? The precept follows, of love to God supremely: "We love *Him*, because he *first* loved us." The precept also follows, of love to man universally: "If God so loved *us*, we ought also to love one another." 1 John, iv.

But the divine love for man must be distinguished, as of *compassion* or *complacency*, according to moral character—the latter including both act and motive. The same distinction obtains with the love of a father for his children—for he views the trustful, willingly obedient child with *complacency*, indicating that the parties are in harmony; whereas he looks upon the child of opposite character, not with *complacency*, for there is no harmony, but with *compassion*. Jesus *loved* the disciple who lay in his bosom, that is, with *complacency*: he had "*compassion* on the ignorant, and those who are out of the way." It was this compassion which prompted all his efforts in behalf of sinners, the ungodly, enemies, enduring even to the death of the

cross,—the whole being referred to the corresponding love of the Supreme Being. Rom. v. 6–8. Had he loved a sinful world with the love of complacency, there would have been no Saviour sent, for none would have been needed. Love of compassion does not interdict even severe judgments, provided they be employed as a means of final recovery ; and so, through all evils of every sort, faith looks to the love of the universal Father of spirits. All clouds, with fearful flashings and dread thunderings, are restricted to the atmosphere surrounding the earth : high above all darkness and gloom, the glorious sun shines on for ever.

These illustrations were not presented on the occasion referred to. It was, as we may say, a skirmish, and not a pitched battle ; but, as before remarked, the distinction specified was clearly expressed, and the conversation turned to other topics, the details of which are not remembered. Suffice it to say, that the whole matter was rehearsed, immediately after, to a number of intelligent friends, and their opinion coincided with my own, that the cause of Universalism did not suffer in the interview. Let me also acknowledge frankly, that it was somewhat gratifying to my “human nature,” to confront my quondam assailant so soon, in my new capacity, and put him to his mettle.

It is scarcely necessary to add that Zion’s Church was literally crowded in the evening, from mixed motives, chiefly of the right sort. There was one man in the congregation, as a layman, whom I hoped never again to address in that relation to our cause. I refer to my valued friend and brother, A. B. Grosh. He had already preached several times, by way of usual experiment, and he shortly afterwards entered a ministry of which he has long been an ornament.

On the sixth evening following the above meeting, the reverend brother of the Presbyterian parson announced from the same pulpit, that on the next Sabbath evening "he would deliver a discourse on *the divinity of Christ*. He was led to do so," he said, "by having been told by a young man that Christ was tempted by his *devilish* ambition and stood on the mountain of his own pride."

This announcement was communicated to me by Mr. Grosh, who was present, and whose letter, dated May 19, 1829, narrated the amusing scene that immediately ensued. He stood on a bench, and so catechised the reverend gentleman, in the presence of the congregation, as to compel the open acknowledgment from the parson that he heard the whole conversation between his guest and myself, and that "he heard no such words mentioned as *devilish ambition*." These were the words of offence, alleged by that guest, and the account given by the host resolved the whole into merely this,—that Christ, in *my* view, was tempted by the spirit of ambition in man!

Six years and a half afterwards, (for the story may as well be completed now,) this same unscrupulous parson brought up the accusation against me, (in my absence of course,) that I "had stated to him, some time ago, that Christ was tempted by his devilish ambition, and that God looks with equal complacency on the murderer and thief as He does on the saint!"

The manner in which this re-vamped falsehood was exploded by the accused party, in person, was put in print at the time. Recapitulation would be a waste of space, and the conduct of that 'accuser of the brethren' is mentioned in these pages, merely as an example of the tortuous path of the snaky tribe.

The sermon which pleased the people best, in my New York engagement, was delivered under singular circumstances. It was in July. Remittent fever had seized me a few days previously, but hope that the paroxysm would be delayed until after service, led me into the pulpit on Sunday. Nervous excitement accelerated the visitation, and during the prayer and second singing my teeth chattered with the ague. Fever grew hotter and hotter as the sermon progressed, and little did the auditory imagine of the fire that was burning within me. The *words* were written down, and were *mine*: the *manner* was decidedly extempore, and was *not* mine. It was the latter that pleased so well, not the former—and therefore this paragraph is not self-laudatory.

A severe attack of illness followed; and gratitude impels me to record my indebtedness to Mr. Whiston for his unremitted personal care in my necessity, and to Dr. Downer for his kind medical attendance.

An exchange with Rev. B. Whittemore took me to Troy at a time peculiarly interesting to me. Elias Hicks, then returning from Canada, his last ministerial tour of any kind, had appointed a meeting for the afternoon. Of course I attended, and several of the brethren accompanied me. After dismissal, I tendered my hand to the old man, with a remark expressive of my pleasure in meeting an ancient personal friend of my grand-father. On being asked for and announcing the name, he pressed my hand very cordially, looked me in the face with fatherly tenderness, and said,

“And is *thee* a grand-son of my old friend, Abel Thomas! Well, if thee will walk in *his* footsteps, thee will be a very good man.”

Even had he known my profession, he would scarcely have varied his phraseology, for the testimony concerning my ancestor was *absolute*, whereas the accompanying counsel was *hypothetical* of me.

Elias Hicks was undoubtedly one of the great men of this century—not great in learning, but in native talent, independence, energy. Not great in logical method, such as may be acquired, but in a searching appeal to the understanding by the force of stirring thoughts. Not great in the oratory of training, but in the vigorous speech of a soul that feels the dignity and value of truth. He has left his mark on the age.

After his death, a cast of his face and forehead was taken, by stealth I believe. He was opposed, as many of his elder brethren are, to taking likenesses, by painting or otherwise; and it is doubtful whether any thing of the kind, excepting as obtained from remembrance, is extant. Something more accurate was once sought by an artist. “Can thee suggest any way,” said he to a venerable Friend, “by which I can obtain a sketch of Elias from life?”

“There is only one way that I can think of,” was the reply. “Possibly thee might succeed by taking a position behind the door in the meeting-house; but I admonish thee to be discreet in thy attempt, for if Elias sees thee at it, he will kick thee into the sea!”—meaning that a withering rebuke would be administered on the spot.

—My enemy, the ague, kept me company to Saratoga. Even my decided preference for the company of our worthy brethren, Rev. Stephen R. Smith and Rev. Lucius R. Paige, whom I met at the Springs, could not alienate his personal attachment. Had he merely shook hands with me, I could have borne it

with some show of courtesy, but he shook me all over for an hour at a time, and did not leave me till he had kindled an internal fire that almost consumed me. Every day the process was repeated, nor did a journey to Oneida county, with Mr. Smith, release me from persecution. It almost seemed as if he was bent on ultimately fulfilling the prophecy of a shaking among the dry bones.

Returning to New York, I had provoking evidence of his presence; nor was it until the close of August, while attending an Association in Philadelphia, that he gave me a farewell salutation. It would have grieved me to hear that he had taken up his quarters with my next worse enemy.

—Mr. Fisk, with whom I exchanged in September, discovered, what indeed his society had long deplored, that his interests in New York conflicted with his duties in Philadelphia, and he forwarded a letter resigning his pastoral charge. It was accepted reluctantly. My own standing with that worthy people was first revealed to me by an unanimous invitation to the vacancy.

Surprise and conscious incompetency for the station prompted a sincere protest. “As a Society of attached believers,” said I, “you are few in numbers, and you need a better-instructed and more experienced Pastor than I am. Your late preacher attracted great crowds to his evening lectures, and you must look elsewhere for one who can continue such a state of things.”

“Such a state of things is not our choice, though it has done good,” was the reply. “The fewer we are, as to membership and supporters, the fewer you will have to please. You preached your first sermon in our meeting-house. We invite you as a young man,

knowing what you are, in hopes that you will grow up with us, and remain with us, as a son of our adoption."

Resistance was overcome by such kindly considerations, and the invitation was accepted. The connexion, unanimous in the commencement, was harmonious and happy from first to last, during a period of nearly ten years.

It would have been singular had my interest ceased immediately in the Grand Street Church, New York. It did not. That humble tabernacle is very dear to my remembrance still, notwithstanding its appropriation to another use, a year or so subsequently to my removal. There, my stated ministerial life began, and despite of privations, because of low finances and even poverty, and despite of close confinement to study and some illness, I had enjoyed myself finely.

In that house, by my invitation, Rev. C. F. Le Fevre (having withdrawn from the Episcopal Church in Canada) preached his *first* sermon to a professedly Universalist congregation. His text was Psalm cxlv. 9. There also I had heard Rev. Thomas F. King preach for the first time, and the charm of his rich, round voice, as he read the 107th Psalm, can never be forgotten. The former has ceased from the ministry, leaving the unction of his loving spirit as a blessing to our order; and the latter, who departed to the better country in 1840, is shining as a star in the firmament of Truth.

That humble meeting-house was very near to my thoughts, notwithstanding my removal to Philadelphia. The untoward circumstances of its ensuing winter's history were learned with sorrow; but the harps were taken from the willows in the spring of 1830—for

Rev. Thomas J. Sawyer, who was both a promising and *doing* young man, assumed the pastorate of the Society. The old hive was shortly abandoned, and a new one obtained in Orchard Street. Prosperity attended the combined fidelity of Pastor and People, and they rejoiced abundantly in the blessing of God.

Settled as Pastor in Philadelphia, in the church in which I preached my first sermon less than one year before! Sincerely doubting my competency for the station, I sincerely endeavored, by diligent study and earnestness, to prove the contrary. Whatever success attended my ministry must be attributed to these facts in conjunction.

It is not my purpose to enter into details. A volume would not suffice to relate the history of Universalism in Pennsylvania, from 1829 to 1839. There must necessarily be a selection of incidents; and I shall aim, in these pages, to introduce only such, at intervals, as will serve to mark the pathway of my personal journeying. Vastly more will be omitted than inserted.

— During the early part of my ministry in Philadelphia—as early as the spring of 1830—LORENZO DOW preached several times in our meeting-house, by permission. He was an eccentric, sincere man, of good talents and delivery, a perpetual traveler—literally a pilgrim in the earth, though not a stranger. Few preachers were so widely known as he, and few will live so long in tradition.

He was a religionist of no sectarian tie. Once, in my desk, he announced himself as a Free Thinker, belonging to the class of people who take the liberty of thinking for themselves, and who, if they discover their

thinking was wrong, take the liberty of thinking again. He was particular to mention, however, that 'he had broken away from the apron-strings of Orthodoxy.'

He certainly was not a Universalist in doctrine, though he sometimes lost the centre of 'orthodox' gravity in leaning that way. 'People sometimes ask me,' said he, 'how large a proportion of the human family I believe will be saved? I have uniformly replied, that I believe all infants and all idiots will be of the number; and these, in my opinion, constitute a large majority of mankind!'

He was an oddity in all respects, excepting perhaps in his current of religious thought. In that, he coincided with the more enlightened Methodists. He was quaint in his illustrations. 'Evil thoughts,' said he, 'may come to you in flocks. They come as birds of prey. You may not be able to prevent them from flying across your fields, but you can certainly prevent them from making nests in the bushes.'

He was quaint in his texts. Standing on a butcher's block in a Market House, a large congregation awaiting the sermon, he pulled a time-piece from his pocket, held it up by the chain for a few moments, meanwhile looking intently around with his penetrating eye, and said, 'Watch!' After a brief pause he added, 'What I say unto *you*, I say unto *all*: WATCH!' He then proceeded with an admonitory discourse, in three parts. 1st. Watch against your own hearts, or they will deceive you. 2d. Watch against the priests, or they will mislead you. 3d. Watch against the devil, or he will devour you!

He sometimes omitted both singing and prayer. 'We will omit singing to-night,' said he on one occasion, 'because we may not know the same words and

tune, and you have not come hither to hear *me* sing alone, nor *I*, to hear *you* sing. We will also omit vocal prayer, for most of you have come hither out of curiosity, and are not in a praying mood.' Then he announced his subject, and proceeded to discuss it in his eccentric but instructive way.

His sincerity was never doubted, and he was unquestionably a useful man in his generation. He has departed to his long home. I mention him in these pages to record my sense of his worth, from personal knowledge—and also for the purpose of introducing another eccentric preacher, with whom I was more intimately connected. He was like Lorenzo Dow in being an almost perpetual itinerant—also in quaintness, though of a more refined description. He was greatly Dow's superior in native talent and acquired knowledge, and in other respects; and he had no fancy for Lorenzo's barbarism of dress.

The dissimilarities of the men became more marked in after years, but in the summer of 1830 they were much alike, excepting in age, and in the fact that the one had a flowing beard, whereas the other was quite a young man, with a smooth face.

The latter came into my room, an entire stranger. It was in the summer just named. He was short of stature, roughly dressed, having great metal buttons on a coat that might have fitted almost any other man as well—a sadly-worn white hat, 'run to seed'—the other extremity of his person bearing muddy shoes with strings untied.

A disposition to smile at the odd-looking figure before me, was checked when he took off the white hat, by invitation—for his hair, though long and sun-burnt behind, was thin in the region of Time's forelock,

allowing a remarkably fine development of brain to be visible. Little of course was suspected, in that day, of Phrenology—but a fine forehead has from time immemorial given a favorable impression of a stranger. It was decidedly so in this case.

He modestly informed me that he was a preacher, belonging to no sect; that he had been laboring in the Beech Woods section of north-eastern Pennsylvania, and that, being in Philadelphia on a visit to friends, he had taken the liberty to call.

In the early part of our interview, I stated that a gentleman who had been in Addisville, Bucks county, on the preceding Sunday, had heard a young man preach a sermon which closely agreed with the views of Universalists—though he could not tell me who the young man was.

‘I am he,’ said my visitor, very modestly, and announced his name to be GEORGE ROGERS.

That name sounds familiarly and stoutly *now* among Universalists and others all over the United States, and has so sounded these many years; but *then* it was all unknown, excepting in a very limited circle, although he had preached for some time, first as a Methodist, and afterwards with no denominational connexion. He had journeyed hither and thither, preaching whatsoever his enlarging thought approved, and in due time he was brought into the light of Universalism by reading and reflection. This also he preached, in the same order of obedience to the movings of conscience.

He had resisted all efforts to bind him to any locality in the way of settlement—refused compensation for his services, though he thankfully accepted what was offered him (which was trifling) to help the traveler along—and it need scarcely be added that when he called upon

me, his finances were decidedly low. They had never been otherwise.

It was his purpose not to make himself known to me as a Universalist. The fact came out incidentally. We had a small supply of clergymen in our ranks, considering the need: truthfulness and talent were alike stamped on my visiter; and so I invited him to preach to my Society on the Sunday ensuing. He did so, and from that date he was the most active, persevering, widely-operating home-missionary, ever connected with our denomination.

Semi-annual visits to my parents in Lancaster, served as so many opportunities to preach in that city. Father was always present, but mother was too strict a Quakeress for that. Never was there a kinder mother, and it may lawfully be suspected that she was inly pleased to hear that the lectures of her son were largely attended—for nature is nature, under whatever garb—but she remained at home. We never conversed on Universalism, for the simple reason that she evidently was averse to any mention of the subject. Patient waiting, and other circumstances, effected what I had long desired.

In the spring and autumn visits of 1829, the Court House was freely granted by the authorities. In the spring of '30 it was refused—but permission of the Market House was obtained from the Mayor, with special notice, that in case any disturbance was caused by my preaching, he would promptly disperse the congregation by his police force! There was of course no need for this kindly guardianship of the public peace.

In the autumn of 1830, Rev. A. B. Grosh and myself procured the use of a large brick building, former-

ly a stable, but now converted into a Theatre. Here we discoursed to large audiences. During the winter the proprietorship passed to one of the officers of the Lutheran Church, and though this pious man still rented it as a Theatre, he refused it to the Universalists for religious worship on Sunday, because, as he averred, "he was fearful the Universalists would corrupt the morals of Lancaster!"

In the early summer of 1831 we appointed a meeting in a grove, less than a mile south of the city, near the Conestoga—there being the usual preparation of rough seats for the occasion. On Sunday morning, the current of people was seen flowing that way; and in due season, our household was on the march—my good mother in the number! She had seen her son thrust out of the Court House into the Market House, and out of the Theatre into the Woods by bigots—and it was more than the heart of a mother could bear, without an open testimony against the wrong.

"If that be Universalism, I have no objection to it," was her comprehensive commentary on returning from the meeting.

"That, thee may rely upon my assurance, *is* Universalism in its simplicity," was the natural and truthful response.

"I have always understood," said she, "that Universalism made no distinction between the good and the bad, but turned them all into heaven together; but thee has taught us that nothing unholy can enter into the kingdom above."

"No doubt"—so the conversation continued—"no doubt thee has been told many other naughty things, to our prejudice; and now they are all gone from thy mind at once."

“I am not quite sure of that,” she added, “for I cannot agree to the notion that there is no punishment after death. There are many people who, it is clear to me, deserve more of scourging than they receive here. What they *do* receive does not seem to mend their ways.”

“That is a point, mother, which we will not dispute about. Many Universalists believe in future punishment, and many do not; but they all agree in the final ending of all evil, and the salvation of all souls at last. Let me read to thee our ‘Profession of Faith,’ adopted by the denomination many years ago, and never changed.

‘I. We believe that the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments contain a revelation of the character of God, and of the duty, interest and final destiny of mankind.

‘II. We believe that there is one God, whose nature is Love, revealed in one Lord Jesus Christ, by one Holy Spirit of Grace, who will finally restore the whole world of mankind to holiness and happiness.

‘III. We believe that holiness and true happiness are inseparably connected, and that believers ought to be careful to maintain order and practise good works—for these things are good and profitable unto men.’

“This, mother, is the platform of Universalism. We know of no other.”

“I can not believe that any person will be punished without end. All souls will be restored at last,” said she—and thus our conversation closed. Subsequently, Universalism was frequently introduced as a topic of casual remark, and was never the subject of disputation.

My mother’s conclusion is undoubtedly the conviction and joy of myriads of persons who are not known as Universalists. It is presumptively the conviction of the numerous class of open *opponents* even, who seek to push professing Universalists to the one position of *no*

future punishment—for it seems to indicate a wish to appropriate the position of a future *limited* punishment to the occupancy of a growing class of people, in all the churches, who abhor the doctrine of a *strict eternity* of woe.

This desire to substitute a subordinate for a main issue, has been repeatedly exemplified in my controversial interviews. Several cases are prominently in my remembrance,—a few of which may be interesting and instructive.

In one of my missionary visits to Lancaster, I took for my text the words in Romans v. 19: ‘By the obedience of one shall many be made righteous.’ After noting the correspondence of this passage with Isa. liii. 11, ‘By his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many,’ the distinction was shown between innocence and righteousness. The former is simply exemption from evil—the latter is active virtue. Adam was created *innocent*—so is every child—but the same may be affirmed of a lamb or a bird: but Christ was *righteous*, 1 John ii. 1—not *born* so, but made perfect through sufferings, Heb. ii. 10.

Next in order, the object or end of Christ’s mission and ministry came up for consideration. It could not be strictly a *restoration*—that is, not in the literal meaning of the term—for this would imply a mere *undoing* of mischief, a taking back to a former condition—as the Restoration of the Stuarts after the protectorate of Cromwell—or the Restoration of the Bourbons after the fall of Napoleon. To be restored to the original state of man, as in the case of Adam before he sinned, would be merely a return to a condition of *innocence*; but the text specifies a forward march of man to an estate of *righteousness*. So the

text declares—and such is the uniform testimony, directly or indirectly, regarding Christ's work.

How shall this be effected? By Christ's *obedience*, says Paul; by Christ's *knowledge*, saith the Lord. The latter was the means of the former in the case of the captain of our salvation; and he was the Witness, by word, deed, spirit, life, death, resurrection, to accomplish the same end in us, and by the same means.

Nothing remains but the question of *number*. 'By his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify *many*. . . . By his obedience shall *many* be made righteous.' Literally, THE *many*—that is, the multitude, the mass, the whole family of man—for the whole scope of the Scriptures concerning Christ's mission, stamps it with UNIVERSALITY.—

After meeting, a gentleman sought an interview with me at my father's house. He came as both an inquirer and an objector. And what do you suppose were his points? Any thing regarding the vital distinction between innocence and righteousness? any thing affecting a going backward or a going forward? any thing touching the consideration of number? Certainly not. These appeared to be points of the smallest possible consequence. His whole soul was in the inquiry, Do you believe in vicarious atonement? No. And this reply was the basis of aggregate objection to my sermon! The *end* of the journey was nothing—the *path* was everything!

After vainly attempting to draw him to the main issue, he was permitted to have his own way. Proceed.

"The Bible plainly asserts," said he, "that Christ suffered, the just for the unjust, that he might bring them to God—and yet you either deny this sentiment or consider it of small account."

“No, sir, I do *not* deny it, and I consider it of great account—but it is of infinitely greater account to know that the unjust will be made righteous and thus brought to God, than to know *how* it is to be done.”

“You do not deny that Christ suffered the just for the unjust—yet you deny vicarious atonement! How is this?” said he.

“It is plain enough if you will only make the plain distinction between *suffering* and *punishment*,” was the response. “The *innocent* may SUFFER, as in the case of children or lambs—and so may the *righteous* suffer, as Christ did; but only *the guilty* can be PUNISHED. The Bible does not say that Christ was punished—but only that he suffered. He was without sin, and it was through sufferings *only* that he was made perfect. *We* are sinners, and must pass through punishments to become innocent, and then through sufferings, as Christ did, to become righteous. The context of the very passage you rely on, shows that *our* sufferings, in this process, are precisely of the same kind as *his*. If in one case vicarious, so also in the other. Mark the adverb: ‘For Christ ALSO hath once suffered for sins.’ If *his* sufferings were of a strictly peculiar kind, that adverb certainly would not be there. It is also written that Christ *suffered* for us, leaving us *an example*, namely, that *we* should endure *the like sufferings* for others, should it be necessary, 1 Peter ii. 20, 21, iii. 17, 18. According to *your* showing, *that* is not possible!”

The gentleman here began to cite other passages—such as rest on Jewish types and figures—but I insisted on adhering to the quotation with which he began, as a plain testimony complete in itself—and he abandoned the conversation.

This clinging to subordinate issues is not restricted to the Mystics. We find it in more Rational quarters—an instance of which occurred at Easton, on the occasion of my first visit to that beautiful borough, in the autumn of 1830. The text, “God is Love,” was employed in the way of both Doctrine and Precept. The preacher endeavored to show that the latter rests on the former—that is to say, the Love of Man to God rests on the Love of God to Man. Universalism is not a mere theory. It is pre-eminently practical. It aims to establish Morality on the basis of Religion. It seeks to bind man to God by the assurance that God is Love; and this assurance finds its essential element in the doctrine of the final reconciliation of all souls.

After dismissal, I was accosted by an inquirer. “Do you believe that Christ was the supreme God?” said he.

“I do not see,” said I, “that Christ’s position of rank has anything to do with the love of God to *us*, or with our love to *Him*. Why do you ask the question?”

“Please gratify me by answering it, plainly,” he pleasantly persisted, and I *did* answer it, “No.” Whereupon he took me earnestly by the hand, and declared himself greatly pleased with the sermon! He belonged to the Christ-ian denomination—a people who specially insist on the supremacy of the Father, and the subordinate rank of the Son. I was mortified that he should overlook the sublime principles of the sermon—or rather, that he should withhold his acknowledgment of them until he should be satisfied that the speaker did not believe in the supreme Deity of Christ.

Every truth is important, not always as an abstraction, but in its connexions, and the querist was probably looking at the latter. Nevertheless it is worth considering whether Trinitarian Universalism be not better than Unitarian Partialism. Were opinion a matter of choice, I certainly should prefer the former, on the principle that three good gods in unity are preferable to one bad god. Mohammedans are strict Unitarians—yet endless misery is in the Koran as the judgment of Allah on myriads of our race. What *better* is that form of Unitarian Judaism, or of Unitarian Christianity, which proclaims the same appalling doom as a doctrine of the Bible?

Let it not hence be inferred that I have any leaning to the dogma of the Trinity as set forth in the orthodox standards, or to any of its connexions—vicarious atonement, imputed righteousness, and the like. This book, written after twenty-three years of public ministry, will sufficiently attest my faith in the strict, indivisible unity of God. I hope it will also attest my supreme regard for that most sublime of all contemplations, *the final reconciliation of all souls*.

Judaism was Unitarian—Mohammedanism is Unitarian—and whether Polytheism or Trinitarianism be the preference, every intelligent man is a Unitarian at the last, because he resolves the godhead into unity. You may perplex a Trinitarian with the three persons of the creed, and with their alleged co-equality and co-eternity; but, after all, he denies being a Tri-theist, and affirms his faith in only one God. And surely a knowledge of the *modus* of His being, is of infinitely less account than a knowledge of His infinite and changeless love. Even His *modus operandi*, in redemption, is of subordinate consideration. The *con-*

summation, the ultimate result, is the chief concern. If the final reconciliation of all souls, with its moralities, were stricken out of the New Testament, I could not specify any doctrine that is *peculiar* to the religion of Christ. I must therefore continue to hold, until better informed, that distinctive Universalism is identical with distinctive Christianity.

We have many proofs that there is a struggling and a striving in the 'orthodox' ranks of Christendom, to modify or be rid of the two doctrines of the Trinity and Endless Misery. And I have thought, in the later years of my ministry, that all Protestant sects would yet occupy the platform of a *modal* Trinity, as connected with final universal reconciliation. The former might be thus explained :

1. God, as an absolute term, is but the Saxon for the Infinite Good, the sole, indivisible First Cause. In furtherance of His purposes and plans of benevolence, the *relation* of Creator and Creature was formed; and when Man was created in the image of God, there was the superadded relation of Father and Son. These relations necessarily co-exist. By this is not meant that co-eternity can be affirmed of *the absolute God* and *the created Man*—for this would be an absurdity—but that *God* in the relation of FATHER, and *Man* in the relation of SON, co-exist, and are co-eval.

2. Jesus was the Son of Man according to the flesh; according to the spirit he was the Son of God. He was anointed with the oil of gladness above his fellows the prophets. He was the Christ—pre-eminently the well-beloved Son of the Father—and God manifested Himself through Jesus as never He had manifested Himself before. The passages which treat of Immanuel, God with *us*; God manifested in the flesh; the Word becoming flesh, &c., thus find consistent exposition. The Divinity and the Humanity were combined in the man Christ-Jesus, to constitute him the Mediator between God and Men. God was *in* Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself. The Father sent the Son to be the Savior of the world—not by enduring the vengeance of God,

but as a Witness by teaching the love of God, and as a Sacrifice by enduring the malignity of men, so that he might thoroughly exemplify that divine truth and love by which *only* the soul can be redeemed.

3. As the Witness of the Father, the Son reveals the Truth of God to the mind of Man. But the Truth, as an abstraction, may be held in unrighteousness—a mere head-religion, as we may say; and so the influence, the genius, the *Spirit* of Truth, proceeding from the Father through the testimony of the Son, is designed to reach the heart. That spirit is denominated *Paracletos*, in the Greek. This term is translated *Comforter* in our version, though the offices of Instructor and Sanctifier appear to be also implied, John xiv. 16, 17, 26; xv. 26; xvi. 7. It is specifically called the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Truth, and is personified, masculine, as Wisdom is personified, feminine, Matt. xi. 19.

Christ was himself a Paracletos or Advocate together with the Father, 1 John ii. 1—not pleading with God in behalf of Man, but with Man in his mission as the ambassador of God; and hence the apostles said, ‘Now then *we* are ambassadors for Christ, as though *God* did beseech you *BY US*, we pray you,’ (we plead with you, we advocate God’s cause with you,) ‘in Christ’s stead,—be ye reconciled to God.’ 2 Cor. v. 20.

Christ was in the days of his flesh, and still is, a Paracletos in the sense of a witness of the truth; but he said to the disciples, ‘I will pray the Father, and He will send you *another* Paracletos, even the Spirit of Truth . . . which is *the Holy Ghost* . . . which proceedeth from the Father, and *he* shall testify of me, and *ye* also shall bear witness.’

—In this synopsis of a rational *modal* Trinity, God, Jesus and Truth are the *absolute* terms. The *relative* terms are FATHER, SON and HOLY GHOST, (or Spirit of Truth;) and these three are (not one God, nor three persons in one God, nor *any* person nor persons whatever, but) *one in purpose*—the instruction, holiness and comfort of all mankind being the tri-une object of the plan of redemption.

The session of our Association in 1830, was very pleasant to me, on many accounts. It was held in Reading, the shire town of my native county of Berks. Many of my kindred of the elder stock had been, and

many of the then active generation were, well known to the citizens, and I was not suffered to feel myself a stranger. Never was a minister welcomed more cordially, even after years of intimacy, than *I* was in that beautiful city on my first visit. From that day to this, Reading has been numbered among my 'homes.'

The friends with whom I first became acquainted were descendants of Dr. George De Benneville. His early history was very remarkable. If any part of it be considered marvelous, let us remember that 'there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy.'

Christopher Sower was a well-known printer in Germantown as far back as the early part of the eighteenth century. About the year 1741 he informed his wife one morning that he had received commandment in a dream, to hitch his horses to his carriage, proceed to a certain wharf in Philadelphia, distant seven miles, inquire on board a ship just arrived for a man who was ill, convey him to Germantown, and take special care of him.

Pursuing his instructions, Mr. Sower found every thing as described, and brought the sick man to his own house. That man was Dr. GEORGE DE BENNEVILLE. His history, as narrated to Rev. Elhanan Winchester, and put in print in 1782 or '83, was a very singular one. The following is a summary of the most important points:

De Benneville's father was a Huguenot, who fled to England as a refuge from persecution, and was employed at Court by King William. His mother was of the Granville family, who died soon after he was born, in 1703. The orphan was taken charge of by Queen Anne—was placed on board a ship-of-war, being destined for the Navy, at 12 years of age—and received his first religious

impressions on the coast of Barbary, by beholding the exceeding kindness of the Moors to a companion wounded by a fall. For 15 months he was in a state bordering on despair, by reason of inward doubtings of his own salvation—and at the end of that period of suffering, he was brought into the marvelous light of universal restitution.

Feeling it his duty to preach this great truth in France, he opened his testimony in the Market House of Calais about the 17th year of his age. He was taken before a Magistrate, and sentenced to 8 days imprisonment for the offence. Notwithstanding the warning that a repetition would endanger his life, he persisted for the space of two years in preaching in France, mostly in the woods and mountains.

In these labors, De Benneville had equally zealous preachers in co-operation—a Mr. Durant being of the number, a man of 24. At Dieppe, these two ministers were seized, tried and condemned to death. Durant was hanged, and while preparations were being made to behead De Benneville, a reprieve arrived from Louis XV. He was imprisoned for a long time in Paris, and was finally liberated by the intercession of the Queen.

He afterwards went to Germany, in which country he spent about eighteen years, preaching extensively, devoting himself meanwhile to scientific studies. In the 38th year of his age he emigrated to America, and was taken from the ship, as before related, by Christopher Sower.

On recovering from illness, De Benneville established himself in Oley, Berks county, as a Physician—temporarily also as a Teacher. He also preached, and traveled much as a medical botanist among the Indian tribes, in northern Pennsylvania. He intermarried with the Bartolet family of Oley, and about 1757 removed to Milestown, where he died in 1793, aged 90.

Dr. De Benneville was the first Universalist preacher in the United States, so far as our information extends. He did not indeed preach constantly, nor did he assume the name, but the doctrine of universal restitution, from youth upward, was the centre of his religious system. All other sentiments revolved around this Sun, and maintained their orbits by its attraction.

There were comets also in his system of divinity—singularities of opinion, namely—but they were subordinate to the final harmony of the spiritual universe, and did not interrupt ‘the music of the spheres.’

It would be small commendation of De Benneville to say that his life was harmless. It was a life of active goodness. His devotional spirit found expression, through amenity of manner, in that humble, practical righteousness which is the most acceptable offering in the sight of God. He lived beloved, and there was deep mourning when he departed—not that heaven had claimed its own, but that his visible example was taken from the earth.

CHAPTER III.

Preaches in Quaker Meeting—Called to account—Special inspiration—Is ‘dealt with’ by the Quakers—Membership discontinued—Not a hireling—Brown clothes—Ordinances—Music—Discussion in Easton—A Pagan Christian—Visits Boston—Hears Hosea Ballou—Preaches in Ballou’s church—Sketch of the sermon—Visits Hartford—Adding one word—Judgment after death—Eternal death—Bible and candles taken away—House stoned in Columbia—Preaches on the tow-path of the Canal—Presbyterian divine in a pet—Visits Potter’s Meeting-House—Relics—Pre-emption proffered gratis—Visits Northern Pennsylvania—Miss Julia H. Kinney—Rev. George Rogers—Lackawanna Gulf—A Methodist clergyman with horns—He pushes hard at the Quakers—And at the Universalists—Finds his mistake—‘If Universalism be true, what is the use of preaching it?’—A crazy objection.

I HAD been two years in the Universalist ministry before any attention was given to my case by the Society of Friends—in which I had a ‘birth-right,’ as it is called. Several times, indeed, I had spoken in their meetings for worship. One of these opportunities was in Exeter—the place of my nativity, from which my father had removed, with his family, when I was three or four years old, and which I had not visited until the summer of 1830.

The meeting was fully attended, and was briefly addressed by Samuel Lee and Mary Lee his wife, accredited Ministers. Never have I made any pretensions to super-ordinary movings of the spirit; but there are occasions in the experience of every public speaker, when he has within him a glow of feeling which urges him, as by inspiration from above, to give utterance to his thoughts. It was thus with *me*, at

the time referred to, and I spoke, at reasonable length, of divine love in the soul of man as a principle of both action and hope. It was not merely the prompter of a vital Morality, but the spring of a trustful Religion, looking confidently to the ending of all evil, and the establishment of the kingdom of goodness in all hearts. There was no interruption of my testimony, but solid attention gave token of interest.

After the meeting was dissolved, I was called aside by several of the worthy mothers, (all of whom were intimately acquainted with or relatives of our family,) and Mary Lee opened a conversation.

“Does thee really believe what thee has told us?” said she with a calmness that did not conceal her loving concern.

Does thee mean to ask me, Aunt Mary, whether I am a hypocrite? said I in reply.

“O no, no, not that—but—but does thee really think it is true?”

I could not avoid smiling as I rejoined, Thee has not improved the question, for it still leans toward a doubting of my sincerity, and I cannot talk with thee on that point. It is not thy intention to have me say, either that I *am* or am *not* a hypocrite, and I am therefore willing to aid thee in expressing what thee desires to get at. Thee thinks that the Bible is opposed to the trustful tendency of my remarks.

“Yes, that is it,” she replied, evidently relieved.

Let me say then, that the Bible is a very large book, and to go through with it, or even with such passages as thee might select, would require a longer interview than we can have here. And after all, it would not be satisfactory to thee. The Society of Friends has always looked rather to the Spirit than to

the Letter; and therefore I ask thee whether the Spirit within thee does not make intercession, with yearnings that cannot be uttered, for the attainment of that universal holiness which was the trustful aim of my testimony?

After a pause of assenting silence, I continued: No matter what thee may suppose the teachings of the Bible to be, thee will consider them valuable only so far as they bring thee into a heavenly frame of mind. In that frame of mind, thee cannot pray for any other result than the one I have spoken of. If thee has been born from above, (and I cannot doubt it,) those yearnings are the movings of the Holy Spirit. Attend, I beseech thee, to the voice that pleads with thee. In *that*, there is reality: all opposition is mockery. Look within, and mind the light.

Her answer faintly mentioned ‘the sheep and the goats,’ but the interview closed with a good impression on her mind. The ancient couple who spoke in Exeter that day, were shortly gathered to the kingdom of light and glory, where all the yearnings of the Holy Spirit are satisfied by answers of fulfilment.

—What a solemn sight is a congregation of a thousand men, seated in profound silence! I was one of such a congregation in Green Street meeting-house, Philadelphia—(the women met in Cherry Street)—during the Yearly Meeting of Friends in the spring of 1830. The scene was only the more solemn when a white-headed Elder arose from his seat, and said,

“In the last day, that great day of the Feast, Jesus stood in the midst, and cried, saying, If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink.—In this, the last day of our annual feast, let me repeat his invitation: If any man thirst, let him come unto Christ, and drink.”

A deeper solemnity seemed to rest on that assembly of a thousand men, after the utterance of those words. The silence would have been painful to persons unaccustomed to Quaker peculiarities—and to those who ever lean on others for instruction, there would have been little profit in that meeting. It was a scene for *thinkers*, the sermon being merely suggestive. And was not the solemnity increased by the thought, that a thousand minds were thinking in the same channel?

—I have no faith in the Quaker canon of special inspiration, as abstracted from previous meditation. There may be no special preparation of subject-matter, or illustration; the theme may come unbidden, in a moment, and the speaker, rising instantly to his feet, may pour forth the truth of heaven in appropriate language and glowing imagery. But there has been preparation, nevertheless, and none the more thorough because insensible. In all other cases, the spirit, I suspect, is actively evoked and hurried in its revelations. By this no questioning of sincerity is intended, but simply the implication that a silent meeting would be more useful to thinkers, than a meeting at which rambling, undigested discourses are uttered—a lesson which we of the Universalist ministry might often profit by.

In the spring of 1848, I invited our venerable Father Ballou (then visiting Philadelphia) to accompany me to Friends' Meeting on Arch Street—informing him that it was the time of Yearly Convocation, and probably some distinguished ministers would be present—carefully reminding him, however, that I did not guarantee any speaking.

We went, and it proved a silent gathering. My companion sat it out manfully for fully an hour and a

quarter, and on retiring I asked him quietly how he had been pleased. "I have been at meetings where I was *less* pleased," said he.

Possibly some of the ministers were in a difficulty corresponding to that of my grandfather on a certain occasion. He lived in Adams County, having a good farm. His principal business was grazing, and Baltimore was his market. On the occasion referred to, he drove down a lot of fat cattle, at the time of Yearly Meeting—deeming that he might thus accomplish two objects in one journey.

The cattle were put up at the mart for live-stock, and the owner went to meeting. He sat as usual in the elders' seat, facing the congregation. He was of course expected to speak—but during the entire session of several days, he did not open his lips.

Being afterwards inquired of as to the cause of his silence, he answered that "the horns were with him in the Gallery, and troubled him;" adding, that when next he went on his Master's business, he would be careful to leave his own behind.

The chief reason of delay in attending to my case probably was, an expectation that so young a man would see his error, and return to the fold of his fathers—for though the Friends have a close Discipline, they were formerly proverbial for the calmness and forbearance with which they enforced it. The separation into two parties, which is *historically* linked with Elias Hicks, somewhat changed the state of things, especially in the Old School branch; but in *my* case, there was more delay than could have been expected under *any* circumstances, and I was treated, by the Committees, with fatherly tenderness.

The Preparative (or Primitive) Meeting to which I belonged, was Lampeter: the Monthly Meeting, with which that Preparative Meeting was connected, was Sadsbury. Being resident in Philadelphia, my case was attended to, in behalf of the latter, by the Cherry St. and Arch St. Meetings in Philadelphia. Having been a member previously to the separation, each party must needs exercise jurisdiction over me—thus asserting its claim to the title of the original stock.

William Yardley, James Mott, and John Townsend, constituted the Committee of the Cherry Street Meeting; and John Elliott and Philip Garret, of the Arch Street. The “opportunities” they had with me were of course entirely separate. I mention the names in the same sentence, because the conversation at our interviews was in both cases substantially the same.

I was very frank with them. “I became a Universalist from conviction of both head and heart, and have for two years been an accredited minister in the Universalist denomination.” I explained our views at considerable length, showing their coincidence with Quakerism *in the spirit*—the difference being, mainly, that Universalists *believe* in what the Quaker spirit *prays for*; affirmed having obeyed the light within; knew I had departed from the Discipline of Friends; and desired to be “dealt with” according to the established order of the Society, &c.

The Committees severally expressed much personal consideration. “I felt a tender drawing toward thee, the moment thee entered the room,” said William Yardley, at whose house the New School interview was held. There was a heartily-expressed reluctance to give me up; but, after due process, the following documents were delivered to me:

“WHEREAS ABEL CHARLES THOMAS, having had a birth-right in the Society of Friends, but has so far transgressed the rules and testimony thereof as to officiate as an hireling minister, for which he has been treated with, according to the order of Society, but he not appearing sensible of the nature of his transgression, we therefore discontinue his right of membership with us.

Issued by Sadsbury Monthly Meeting, 4th of 1st mo., 1831.”

“WHEREAS ABEL C. THOMAS, a member of this meeting, hath connected himself with the people called Universalists; and having been treated with on that account, and also on account of his teaching for hire among them, by Friends of Philadelphia Monthly Meeting on our behalf, without producing the desired effect, and no benefit being likely to result from further delay, we therefore discontinue his right of membership with us as a religious Society.

Issued by Sadsbury Monthly Meeting, 4th mo. 5th, 1831.”

The former document was from the New School branch, the latter from the Old,—and neither was issued by the meeting to which the Committees severally belonged. I do not see how the second (as above) could have been couched in less offensive phrase—but the first contains an expression against using which I particularly sought to guard both Committees.

“Your causes of complaint are, 1st. That I have joined another Society—which is true, and you ought to discontinue my right of membership, according to your Discipline; 2d. That I have become a *hireling*—which is *not* true.”

“Not true!” said a member of the Committee. “Does thee not receive a salary?”

“I *do*,” was my reply; “and so does every Teacher in your excellent Quaker Schools—but you do not call *them* HIRELINGS; and therefore when you apply the term to *me*, I understand you to use it in an odious sense. There *are* hireling clergymen, I suppose; and our Savior has described them as false shepherds.

‘The hireling fleeth, because he *is* an hireling, and careth not for the sheep.’ But *I* never fled from the face of Wolf or Fiend, and it will be time enough to call me a hireling when I *do* flee.

“Moreover, if I preached simply because of the better pay—or if I *should* preach sentiments at war with my conscientious convictions, as the minister of those who are able and willing to pay the largest salary, I should certainly be odiously a hireling—precisely as we speak of ‘a hireling press,’ namely, a press devoted to the support of principles which the editor does not sincerely believe. If another editor, who advocates his own honest opinions, should make thrice as much money, you would not call *him* a hireling—for a hireling, in the odious sense of the term, is always a hypocrite. But if I rightly understand you, *I* am not charged with hypocrisy; and therefore you have no right to call me a hireling.”

After a moment’s pause, “That is certainly ingenious, to say the least of it,” said a member of the Committee, and his companions smiled their endorsement of the acknowledgment.

—More than twenty-one years have passed away, yet gratitude and reverence are quick within me when I recal the amiable spirit of those venerable Friends.

My early connexion with the Society of Friends, long ago explained certain peculiarities of mine, which might otherwise have been pronounced eccentricities, with the usual accompaniment of censorious judgment. To the “plain language,” as it is termed, I was accustomed from my childhood; and though the objective *thee*, as used in nominative address, is as barbarous as the singular use of the plural *you*, I have generally

said *thee*, excepting where it would not be understood, or where I deemed its familiarity was undeserved, or would be offensive.

Father WHITNALL, of blessed ministerial memory in New York, once went to an Association arrayed in white—assigning as the reason why he did not wear black, that “the Gospel had long enough been in mourning, and it was high time for Zion to put on her beautiful garments.” My reason for wearing *brown* so many years, was not so good a one—it being merely a matter of personal preference. In 1843, courtesy required me to consult the taste of another—and I have since put on the usual ministerial color of garb. It still goes somewhat against the Quaker grain; and this fact might perhaps be appropriated by the venerable female Friend who once said to me, that she “had known members of other denominations who made reasonably good Quakers, by conversion, but she never knew of a Quaker who was ever good for any thing else than Quakerism!”

Even brown clothes did not save me from the kindly questionings of some of my ancient brethren. A falling collar to my coat, a double row of buttons in front, and the absence of the curve of beauty in the skirts, subjected me, on one occasion, to close inquiry from Enos Lee, a venerable and worthy minister among Friends, resident in Maiden-creek. He was in Philadelphia at the time, attending the Yearly Meeting. He thought *pride* had much to do with my style of dress. “Ah,” said he, “*thee* must take up the cross—for ‘no cross no crown.’”

“Uncle Enos,” was my reply, “is it any cross to *thee* to wear the kind and cut of garments *thee* now has on?”

“It *was* a cross,” said he.

“That does not meet my question,” I rejoined. “Is it a cross *now*? If it is *not*, thee has no claim to a crown. I will put thee to this test: Let us exchange clothes and hats, and walk up and down Chestnut Street together.”

I had decidedly the advantage of him in this offer of exchange. He declined, as I supposed he would—otherwise he would have gotten the advantage of *me*. We should have been a beautiful couple, and he could not avoid laughing at the fancy.

—In relation to many matters, I am essentially Quakeristic even now, and have always been so. For example, in reference to what Protestants term the ordinance of the Lord's Supper. Yet I never preached in opposition to the rite—never opened an argument with, nor sought to influence, any one on the subject—but have intentionally left the matter entirely open to individual conviction. When pressed with the alleged moral utility of the rite, I have instanced the Quakers as undoubtedly among the best people ever known in Christendom; and have added, that utility might be alleged in behalf of every Roman Catholic rite or ceremony—and lawfully, too. But such utility undeniably implies a lower grade of spiritualism than is contemplated by Christianity. “Suffer it to be so *now*,” has a more extended significancy than as merely relating to water-baptism.

Celebrations of the 4th of July, and other important eras, do not meet the case—for the Jewish Passover was of this order, and I should not scruple to participate in a simple *supper* at Easter, in commemoration of the corresponding event. But the 4th of July does not occur four times a year, nor Christmas

once a month; and so I judge that the Lord's Supper, if celebrated, should either be celebrated every Sunday, (as by the Campbellites of the West,) or annually, as in the case of the Jewish Passover.

This, however, is not the place for discussion; and these hints are presented with no view to provoke controversy. It is probable that Quaker Spiritualism and Papist Sensualism are extremes; and no one will marvel that my leanings should be to the former in seeking a happy medium.

In some other matters there never was much of the Quaker about me. I never could see any impropriety in music, for example, in places of public worship or elsewhere. The Psalms of David, as recited and chanted *ad libitum* by Sarah Parry of Lampeter, while attending to her household duties, had a charm for me in 1820, which even Jenny Lind could not throw around me in 1850. The excellent Quaker mother would not have been pleased to hear her *extempore* recitation denominated *singing*—yet singing it was, though restricted to a single octave or less. The words were David's: the cadence was the music of her own devotional heart.

Much of Quaker preaching is in what the Free Will Baptists term 'the godly tone,' though the preachers of the latter sect are incomparably barbarous in their elocution, so far as I have personal evidence. There are exceptions among Public Friends, but somewhat of 'tone' will be recognized in nearly all. I have several times taken advantage of this fact, in answering the expostulations of worthy Quakers, as bearing on my own attempts at singing in groups of my kindred.

A fisherman—so the answer ran—a fisherman of

whom I have heard, was very singular in one respect. Sometimes he would put into his basket every rock-fish he caught, and return every cat-fish to the river. At other times the order was reversed. When questioned as to the reason of this unusual course, he replied, that he never fished for more than one kind at a time. It is singular in *your* view, but very similar is the way with Universalist ministers. When we preach we preach ; when we sing we sing. But Quaker ministers preach and sing at the same time !

The answer never was offensive, because it was always uttered in pleasantry, and to sensible persons, by one whom they knew and loved. The tables might have been turned upon me repeatedly, in my early missionary determination to have singing whenever and wherever I preached. Mostly there was necessity for ‘deaconing the hymns’—that is, reciting two lines at a time, as a substitute for books, and then leading off, in expectation that other voices would join. Very often we made something out of it which could scarcely be called singing, excepting by courtesy. Occasionally the tune was pitched so high that only the highest voices could reach the upper strains, by an effort painful to all parties, and at others so low that only a few voices could even grumble *in basso*, on the lower notes. A second attempt, in such cases, seldom failed to answer the purpose—not because the latter was satisfactory, but because the former was decidedly worse.

I remember one occasion in which ‘deaconing’ brought me no aid whatever. It was in Harrisburg, the audience consisting almost entirely of men, a large proportion being members of the Legislature, then in session. Psalmody appeared to be not in their line—

political songs were not in mine,—and as a clergyman was in the ascendant for the time being, the lot fell on Psalmody. One stanza, two lines at each of two efforts, failed to bring any help. Yet the uncultivated voice in the pulpit ‘endured unto the end’ of the hymn, alone! The fact both mortified and amused me afterwards, and even now, at the distance of twenty years, my risibles are excited by remembrance of that solo, sung to a group of honorable Legislators! It is a consolation to know that a second was not attempted.

The three discourses preached in Easton in the autumn of 1830, appeared to be well received, and a pressing invitation for a second visit called me thither the February following. On my arrival late in the afternoon of Monday, (a meeting having been appointed for the evening,) several friends informed me, with some tokens of alarm, that a certain Doctor in the town had boasted his competency to put down Universalism in ten minutes, and that he meant to attack me.

“Do not be uneasy,” was the reply. “A barking dog seldom bites. Besides: ten minutes is a short space, and can readily be spared to any respectable opponent. He shall have an opportunity.”

The Doctor referred to was not a clergyman, but a Dentist who had for some time been in Easton—a man of good character, with the reputation of excellent talents. He was present at each of my three lectures, but all challenges and defiances failed to bring him to his feet until the third evening. He then arose and accepted my invitation—specifying, as his terms, that he would address the people the next evening at any length he thought proper, and that *I* might reply.

The next day, toward night-fall, Rev. John P. Hecht,

a Lutheran clergyman, waited upon me with the information that my forth-coming opponent had been closeted with the Presbyterian pastor.

Mr. Hecht was a clergyman of high standing in his denomination, and long residence in Easton had endeared him to all classes as a Christian gentleman of exalted worth. He was a Universalist in sentiment. His interview with me was avowedly an expression of his sympathy with *my* side of the question to be discussed, and his notification of the league against me was an utterance of his desire for my argumentative success.

Seldom has that Easton Court House been so crowded, inside and out, as on that occasion, and rarely has such a crowd so patiently sat or stood for more than four hours as then. About half the time was occupied by my learned friend, who used a manuscript from first to last. I topped the candles to keep him in good light, and was rewarded by seeing (what I could not well *avoid* seeing) that there were at least two varieties of penmanship, distinctly different from each other.

There was no difficulty in answering the Scriptural part of his argument, for he trod in "the foot-prints of his illustrious predecessors." He had debated Universalism at least once before, namely, with Rev. A. B. Grosh in York; and I marveled that he did not strike out some 'new path' to the world of wo!

His main *philosophical* argument was new to *me*. It was on this wise: There are contrasts throughout universal nature. Light and darkness, pleasure and pain, good and evil. God and the Devil, Heaven and Hell, are in the list of contrasts. Erase one side from your creed, and the other cannot stand.

The first answer suggested in my own mind, as he proceeded to another point, was not entirely satisfactory—namely, darkness is only the absence of light, and cold the absence of heat. But pain is a reality, and so is evil—and it would be begging the question to say that they are not absolute. At all events, it might provoke endless disputation.

Then came up a reply which admits of no rejoinder. “Your philosophical argument amounts to this : There is a God, therefore a Devil—there is an endless Heaven, therefore an endless Hell. Is this distinctly your position ?” He nodded assent, and I thus addressed the people :

You have here a sample Christian who is decidedly a Pagan. He has not any pretensions even to be considered a Christian of the school of *Paradise Lost*—for he does not believe that the Devil was ever an Angel of Light. No—he is strictly a Pagan of the most ancient type—for he pronounces the Devil co-eval with the Lord God—neither of them having had any beginning, and neither of them to have any ending ! God and the Devil have *always* existed, and therefore always *will* exist ! My opponent must either endorse this Pagan theory outright, or abandon his argument.

Let me recommend his acceptance of the latter alternative. Let him do so at once, and avow himself a Universalist,—for it is certain that the Devil—whatever may be signified by that term—and all the works of the devil—whatever they may be—are destined to utter destruction. Heb. ii. 14 ; 1 John iii. 8. God will nevertheless exist in His glory—and His glorious Heaven will also exist, when Hell shall be despoiled of its victory and utterly destroyed. Hosea xiii. 14 ; 1 Cor. xv. 55.

At the close of my speech of two hours, the Doctor grasped a pocket Bible, and elevating it, cried out, “If the doctrine of Universalism be true, go home and burn your Bibles !”

The storm of hisses that ensued was hushed by his respondent, “A Pagan may tell you to burn your

Bibles, but *I* tell you to read them. You will find them of great value, even if they do *not* contain the heavenly and comfortable doctrine of an immortal devil and an endless hell!"

The hisses now turned to an earnest use of feet and hands, and the people gradually retired, at a late hour. Their disapproval of my opponent's course, though noisily expressed in approval of mine, could scarcely be disagreeable to me under the circumstances, but I was vastly better pleased with Mr. Hecht's earnest "God speed you," accompanied by the cordial pressure of his hand, at the close of the meeting. He sat with the disputants on the Judge's bench, by *my* invitation, and his encouraging approval of my sentiment and argument, was abundant compensation for the labor of the evening.

Before day-dawn of the morrow, there was a weary preacher in the Philadelphia stage-coach, homeward bound.

In the summer of 1831 I visited Boston for the first time. Few persons (and none but a minister who had been similarly situated) can know how anxiously that era had been waited for, nor with what pleasurable anticipations. Two years and a half had been passed in the ministry, diligently and trustfully. Occasionally 'an angel' would fly this way, and preach to my society and to *me*—but these were 'angel's visits' in the additional sense of infrequency. Exchanges were of rare occurrence, and ministerial companionship was restricted to one brother in Philadelphia.

In the interior, there was a German itinerant preacher, a faithful and good man, who was finally starved out of the ministry; and there was a pastor

in Reading, recently settled. One was as much more than sixty miles distant as the other was less than sixty—and no rail-roads—my next nearest neighbor being in New York.

Undoubtedly scores of our preachers were less favorably situated, in these respects; but, as usual, 'human nature' looked rather on the other side of the comparison. And so, in all laborings at home or abroad, a New England visitation by-and-bye, was as cheering to my sometimes wearied spirit, as is the shrine-hope to the pilgrim on the dusty road. Boston was a sort of 'Mecca of Universalism,' (*called* so of late by a poetical brother)—but kissing 'a black stone' was certainly not in my thoughts. Rather my desires were centred in greeting the groups of happy disciples to whom had been given 'the white stone' of the Apocalypse.

The era came as a blessed reality long dreamed of. It passed, but has remained in my memory as a blessed dream, even until now. The greetings and kindnesses of the brotherhood were afterwards like a rainbow spanning the intermediate space—or like the wire by which modern science has connected distant realms. Over all gulfs the rainbow stretched in its prismatic hues of Love; under all mountains and waters passed the electric wire of sympathetic Truth.

No one will deem me invidious in mentioning HOSEA BALLOU. There he stood, in the simplicity-maturity of a child-man. Was it marvelous that his heart-speech should tingle within me as the voice of a father? He stood up the taller in his manhood, for having bowed to brotherly fellowship with a boy. There was no 'distinguishing grace' in the act: it was his way '*always*'—and he was only the taller on that account.

He was preaching *then*, (O how luminously and forcibly he was preaching!) at the age of three-score. I heard him once, during that visit—(only once, for the visitor was kept busy himself—the Boston preachers having the infirmity of ‘substitution,’ in common with their brethren elsewhere!) His text was Psalm cxlv. 3: “Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised, and His greatness is unsearchable.” The greatness of God, not in wisdom and power merely, but in goodness, was his first topic; his second related to the greatness of praise of which the Lord is worthy.

How natural the arrangement! Cause and effect were inseparably linked—the cause in God, the effect in man. How simple and forcible the illustrations of the speaker! The ocean may be traversed, and its waters measured; the sands on its shore may be counted or computed; the light of our sun fades away into space, and its glory is lost in the distance of contemplation—but the wisdom of God reaches far beyond, and his goodness knows neither measure nor ending. Such be thy praise, O child of the Father!

—It was a hazardous undertaking to preach after such a sermon, but no denial would be accepted, and the visitor did as well as he knew how in the evening. The congregation was very large—certainly much larger than it would have been by the notification of the afternoon, had it not been for the novelty of a Quaker-Universalist preacher—one from whom fellowship had recently been withdrawn by his brethren, and who still wore brown clothes and used ‘the plain language.’ I cannot now justify persistence in these peculiarities—but they were natural enough, under the circumstances, and were regarded with lenient judgment on that score.

The lecture was in manuscript, and is now before me, after the lapse of nearly 21 years. Being therefore nearly of age—counting from the date aforesaid—let me acknowledge frankly, that I would preach after a different fashion if the experiment were to be tried over again. Not that the sentiment was faulty—(there has been no change in that respect)—but the text was too quaint and the accompanying illustrations too *outré*, for so young a man.

The subject was taken from 2 Kings iv. 38–41. There was a famine in the land, and Elisha bade his servant place the great pot over the fire, and seethe pottage for the sons of the prophets. One went out and gathered a lap-full of wild gourds, and shred them into the vessel. And it came to pass, as they were eating of the pottage, that they cried out, O thou man of God, there is death in the pot. And Elisha cast meal into the pottage, and there was no harm in it.

Pursuing the allegory, the spiritual dearth in the land was illustrated. Men are hungering for the means of religious life, and many of them are crying out, O my leanness, my leanness! The difficulty is in the fact that the *little* pot is used by the sons of the prophets, and the provisions prepared are scant in quantity and meagre in quality. No wonder the people are both lean and hungry.

Universalists, on the contrary, call them to the feast of fat things for all people noted in Isa. xxv. 6–8. We say unto them, “Wherefore do you spend money for that which is not bread, and your labor for that which satisfieth not? Eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness,” Isa. lv. 2. “Satisfy us early with thy mercy,” is the prayer of the trustful heart, Psalm xc. 14; and God answers, “I will abundantly bless the provisions of Zion; I will satisfy her poor with bread; I will clothe her priests with salvation, and her saints shall shout aloud for joy,” Psalm cxxxii. 15, 16.

The people are flocking to this glorious feast prepared for them all—but the sons of the prophets attempt to put wild gourds into the *great* pot, and then cry out that there is death in it! Not so. The death is in the *little* pot of Partialism, and in the wild gourds of misrepresentation, as affecting ‘the great salvation’ of Universalism. Christ hath abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light, 2 Tim. i. 10.

Such were the outlines of the lecture. Any subdued merriment awakened by its delivery was compensated, I hope, by profitable association.

I must not close this account of my first visit to Boston, without mentioning my indebtedness to Mr. GEORGE W. BAZIN for personal attention. His position as printer of 'The Trumpet,' enabled him to be of much service to the ministers of our order, and he was always gratified when he could promote their interests. I have great pleasure in recording my obligations to his kindness and courtesy.

Returning from Boston, Hartford was a stopping point for a day, as a visitation to Rev. Menzies Rayner. He was about Mr. Ballou's age—had seceded some time previously from the Protestant Episcopal Ministry—and was then settled as Pastor of the Universalist Society in Hartford. We had never met before, but a few letters had passed between us, during my residence in New York. They related to his desire that I should locate myself in Connecticut—a proposition promptly negatived, notwithstanding its advantageous terms.

My visit to this venerable brother could not be otherwise than gratifying. Besides his instructive stores, he had a rare fund of humour, and large draughts were made upon it by 'a good listener.' No man was more solemn than *he* was in times of thought—none more playful in times of recreation. How it amused him when his prediction was verified that I could not read a certain narration in the Scriptures correctly! It is in Judges xv., verses 15, 16, 17. In fine print, and reading without minute caution, nine persons out of ten will add one word.

The incident is valueless in itself, yet it has several times served me an excellent purpose. One word! It seems a small affair to dispute about; yet how much depends sometimes upon one word! Let me illustrate:

A pious Baptist lady (heaven bless her!) insisted, in conversation with me, that “it is appointed unto all men once to die”—which she interpreted of natural death, to be followed by a day of general judgment. It was nothing surprizing that she should quote the passage in that form—for many preachers and some commentators (who ought to have known better) have quoted it in precisely the same way. Turning to the place in Hebrews ix., I requested her to read from the 26th verse to the conclusion of the chapter. With spectacles properly adjusted, she began, and continued to read correctly to the verse on which she mainly rested; but her zeal got the better of correctness, and she added a word, as before. Without specifying the addition, but mentioning the fact, she was induced to try it again—the result being the same.

Determined to make an impression, ineffaceable by reason of odd association, I turned to the place in the book of Judges, and told her that she could not read *that*, without adding a word. She made the attempt, and failed—whereupon I pointed out the addition in both cases, and she did not probably forget either.

The word ALL is generally added to Heb. ix. 27. It is not there—and if it was, the sense of the context would be marred by its presence. The chapter treats of the High Priests under the Law, and their annual *symbolic* death by shedding the blood of beasts—and this is put in contrast with the one offering of Christ by *his own* blood. “*And as*”—showing the compari-

son, so far as a contrast can be so regarded—"And as it is appointed unto men, [not ALL men, but THE men, the High Priests before mentioned] once to die and after this the judgment, [or verdict of acquittal, as under the Law,] so Christ was once offered." The good lady was not satisfied—which made an even balance—for *I* was not disappointed!

—Another instance occurred with a Methodist class leader. He strongly insisted that "the wages of sin is eternal death," and the catch-passage in Judges was used to show him how a word might be innocently added—with no injury to the speech of Samson, but certainly with prejudice to the meaning of Paul in Romans vi. 23. Samson was too much for my friend, and his provoking addition of a word in *that* case, put him into a good humour to consider the infinitely more important passage.

"You see," said I, "that you have added *eternal* to the testimony of Paul. *He* says, simply, 'The wages of sin is death'—but *you* say it is *eternal* death."

"I see my error," he replied, "but the *meaning* is certainly eternal death, because the apostle places it in opposition to eternal life."

"Look closely," was the answer, "and you will see that your inference is wrong, though you have stated the fact correctly. There is no parallel in the case. *Wages* is what a man has earned—a *gift* is something he has *not* earned. The *wages of sin* is death; the *wages of virtue* is life. The latter is clearly implied—and beyond the wages of both sin and virtue, is that 'eternal life' which is *the gift of God*."

Clarke's Commentary was on my table. Opening to the place, I read the following: 'The word which we here render *wages*, signified the daily pay of a Roman

soldier. So every sinner has a *daily pay*, and this pay is death.'

"The same word," I continued, "was used by John, when he told the Roman soldiers to be content with their *wages*, Luke iii. 14; and by Paul, when he asked, 'Who goeth a warfare any time at his own *charges*?' 1 Cor. ix. 7; and also when he said, that he took *wages* of other churches to be of service to the church in Corinth, 2 Cor. xi. 8. In all these places, the idea of daily sustenance is conveyed. Now, sir, if the wages of sin be a *daily pay*, so also must the wages of virtue be, and you cannot apply the term *eternal* to either, unless in such a modified sense as will debar your supposed proof of endless punishment."

He did not openly admit this result, but promised to think of it—and of the Philistines too!

—Queer things *will* occur in the life of a clergyman, especially if he be on the unpopular side. Let me close this section with the following:

Early in December, 1831, I commenced the delivery of occasional week-evening lectures in Bridesburg—a village a few miles north of Philadelphia on the Delaware. Meetings were held in the old school-house. At the first of these, we had the use of a quarto Bible and two brass candlesticks, candles inclusive, from a middle-aged zealous member of one of the churches, who had loaned these things for the preacher's stand. He was present, not imagining, probably, the meaning of Universalism. Our only other light was derived from two candles in tin sconces, on the side walls—the door being directly in front of the speaker.

The subject has been forgotten, but it must have trodden severely on the corns of our excellent friend, for he arose from his seat about the middle of the dis-

course, stepped quickly forward to the stand, and snatched up his candle-sticks. "These are mine," said he, earnestly; "and that Bible is mine."

Take it, sir, was my reply, as I closed the book and handed it to him. He put it under his arm, wheeled around, and marched straight toward the door.

I can preach in the dark, sir,—I continued,—and let me tell you that you are *in* deeper darkness, and *going out* into deeper darkness, than can be lit up by your candles.

"Preach on! preach on!" said he, as he closed the door behind him.

There was certainly 'darkness visible' in the dingy school-house, with the black, top-heavy wicks of our two candles peering above the flame—but I *did* preach on, and the light of divine truth appeared to illumine the place with the radiance of noon.

In May, 1832, the Pennsylvania Convention of Universalists was organized. The session was held in Columbia, on the Susquehanna. There was no Society in the borough, and no professed believers. Presumably there were secret sympathizers, and certainly there were novelty-seekers there, for a meeting which I held the preceding autumn, under a tree a short distance from the town, was largely attended, and many people treated me with kindly respect.

Possibly that meeting awakened some feeling in opposition to Universalism, for the Town Hall was refused as a place of meeting for our Convention, notwithstanding our petition was endorsed by more than eighty respectable citizens—men who desired to see fair play. The question was decided against our application by

the casting vote of the President of the Council. Prof-fer of an extravagant sum, obtained us the use of a private school-room. It was a one-story frame building, capable of seating perhaps an hundred and fifty persons, and was crowded. In the evenings, there were some 'outsiders,' mainly of the baser sort, who made as much noise as they conveniently could, by means of beating tin kettles; and not a few great stones were thrown upon the roof and against the sides of the building.

It was a consolation afterwards to trace most of this mischief to the son of a clergyman, and other Saul-ites; and, on the whole, some of us were rather pleased than otherwise at the time. 'Of these stones God is able to raise up children unto Abraham,' was our thought; and in this temper of mind, we should not have objected to a moderate pelting through the windows.

Let me finish all notice of Columbia, by mentioning a meeting held in the vicinity the ensuing autumn. Not having knowledge of better accommodations, unless by bribing extortion, my friends obtained permission for me to occupy a piece of green sward lying between the Canal and the River, a short distance above the wreck of the old bridge, on Sunday afternoon. Permission was obtained, verbally, from one of the proprietors, and notice was circulated accordingly.

On Saturday morning, having returned to Marietta from a preaching tour farther up the river, I was informed that the co-proprietor, being of the straiter piety and sterner will, had refused his consent, coupled with notification of ejectment from the premises, if I should appear on the ground! Forthwith, printed announcement was made, that 'On Sunday afternoon, at 5 o'clock, Abel C. Thomas *will stand on the tow-*

path of the Pennsylvania Canal, about one hundred yards above the Old Bridge, and preach the Gospel of Universalism.'

In due season a number of friends accompanied me from Marietta toward Columbia, and when we turned the sharp angle of "Spinning Wheel Rock," what a spectacle was before us! The green sward was swarming with people, and very shortly they were listening to the Gospel of Universalism, the speaker standing on the tow-path of the Canal! He was out of harm's way, and whosoever should have interfered with the congregation, might possibly have been treated to a cold bath, gratis, in the rushing river!

In October, 1832, our Association met in Hightstown, N. J., the meetings for business (which were few) and for worship (which were many) being held in private houses. Nothing of special interest occurred during the session, but a visit, the day following, to a celebrated Presbyterian divine in Cranbury, will be remembered by the friends who accompanied me.

This reverend gentleman had made divers assaults on Universalism, and I desired an opportunity to preach in his pulpit, or (what was preferable) to have a discussion with him. Either was presumptuous, and his wrath was instantly kindled when the former was solicited.

"What, sir!" said he, with magisterial emphasis—"What, sir! do you suppose my people are so ignorant, or that I keep them so much in the dark, that it is necessary for you to come hither to enlighten them?"

"Yes, sir," was my reply—impudent enough, certainly, in substance, but not in either tone or manner.

"Then good day, sir," said he, turning quickly on

his heel, and striding toward the door, evidently designing to leave his visitors alone. But an answer was ready, as we arose.

“You could return the compliment, sir, about being ignorant and in the dark, and I should hear it calmly. You asked testily, and I replied briefly. Each of us is entitled to his opinion, and certainly one or other of us is greatly benighted. I therefore propose a friendly discussion as a means of”——

“No, sir ; good bye, sir,” said he, sternly and tartly, as he opened the door. Being the offender, it behooved me to keep in good humor—and shame compelled him to shake hands with me as we parted.

—Mr. P. Price was present at the session of the Association above referred to. The acquaintance then formed resulted in an editorial connexion with his paper, the New York Christian Messenger—a connexion which continued for several years. Rev. THOMAS J. SAWYER, the senior editor, resided in the city of publication. This gave him the short end of the yoke (I fear) and compelled him to walk in the furrow. There was some subsoil ploughing in that day, and some harrowing, as well as seeding. There was also some striving with the enemy who sowed tares. Ah, my brother, those were times of stern smiting at the old dragon—and he is not dead yet.

In the month in which the preceding incidents are dated, I sought and visited Potter's Meeting House, situated near the village of Good Luck, on the coast of New Jersey. Those who have read the “Life of John Murray,” need not be reminded of the affecting reminiscences which cluster around that locality. For the benefit of those who have *not* read that remarkable

auto-biography, let me briefly relate the leading incidents.

There were two preachers of the name of John Murray some 80 years ago, and they have occasionally been confounded. The one was a rigid Calvinist; the other was a zealous Universalist. The latter was sometimes unfortunate enough to be charged, by rumor, with the sins of the former; and in order to put an end to such mistakes, some plain-spoken persons distinguished the parties as *Damnation Murray* and *Salvation Murray*.

John Murray, of Salvation memory, sailed from England for this country, determined to live and die in solitude—his spirits being depressed by repeated domestic affliction. He was supercargo of the vessel, which, arriving first in the Delaware, afterwards sailed for New York. By some mishap, she was run through Cranberry Inlet, into what may perhaps be called Tom's River Bay.

In quest of provisions for the mariners, Murray reached the house of Thomas Potter, a man advanced in life, who was dissatisfied with all the prevalent preaching of the day. He did not know what he wanted: he only knew that he had not yet heard what his soul demanded for the fulness of its joy. So he built a meeting-house, on his own land and at his own cost, saying to his neighbors, God will send me a preacher in his own good time.

When Murray approached his dwelling, "I have longed to see you," said he; "I have been expecting you a long time."

Murray, greatly surprised by this greeting, was astonished beyond measure when Potter related his singular history—ending thus: "The moment I beheld your vessel on shore, it seemed as if a voice had audibly sounded in my ears, 'There, Potter, in that vessel is the preacher you have been so long expecting.' I heard the voice and believed the report; and when you came up to my door, the same voice seemed to repeat, 'Potter, this is the man whom I have sent to preach in your house.' It is not what I *saw*, or *see*, but what I *feel*, which produces in my mind the conviction."

Murray declared that he was fully bent on sailing for New York, so soon as the wind changed. "The wind will never

change, sir, until you have delivered to us, in that meeting-house, a message from God," was the solemn reply of the old man.

Saturday evening arrived. The wind had not changed. Murray yielded a reluctant consent to preach, and the news was rapidly circulated. Sunday morning came, and with it came the day-spring of joy to the soul of Thomas Potter. He was in transports, for Murray proclaimed the good news of a world's salvation; and soon after their return to the dwelling-house of the patriarch, the sailors came to say that the wind had changed!

Murray went to New York, but returned to Good Luck, and preached a considerable time in the region round about. His fame widened in its circle; he entered into a larger field of usefulness; and finally settled in Boston, where he died in 1815. His monument is in Mount Auburn Cemetery.

I must not omit to mention that he visited the grave (alas! that it should be the grave) of Potter about 1790, and preached in the Meeting-House; and from that date until 1832, we have no evidence that any Universalist Preacher had been there.

We sought the spot, and visited both the dwelling and Meeting-House of Thomas Potter; and I preached in the pulpit from which Murray had poured the light of life into that waiting, patient, loving heart. We visited the neighbors, and found a number of aged people who knew Potter well, and prized him, and had heard from his lips the wonderful story of the preacher sent of God, and had listened with rapture to that messenger of truth and love.

Vainly should I attempt to describe my feelings, or to map the travelings of thought, on that memorable occasion. It is with me still, as a vision of companionship with the departed worthies of September, 1770.

I had left notice at Tom's River for a meeting in the evening. Murray had preached there repeatedly, and several of the then residents had heard him in their early youth. The word was passed around the village during the day, and we had a numerous and attentive assembly.

— What a ride we had the following day, homeward! Taking a circuitous route, we rested in Freehold, the county-seat of Monmouth. The roads were better beyond, and why need we hurry? Thick clouds brought early dusk, and night and a heavy rain overtook us in the gloomy Pines! Interlacing wagon-tracks deceived my sharp-sighted Jersey companions—and after a drive of fully half an hour, we regained the spot of wrong departure, by a rapid curve! ‘Better luck next time,’ and on we drove, drenched by the rain, reaching Richard Norton’s house, near Hightstown, about mid-night. It was to *his* kindness, in conjunction with that of James Ely, I was indebted for conveyance and companionship in that pilgrimage.

What a roaring fire we kindled! It was none of your anthracite coal in an unsocial stove, nor your bituminous coal in a cramped grate, but a roaring fire on the hearth. It was none of your three-feet by two-feet stingy openings, but an old-fashioned kitchen fire-hearth that received a huge back-log and its accompaniments, and left a liberal space in the chimney corner. How the fire roared to drown remembrance of how the rain poured!

Let me add, in this place, in order to close the subject, that a Universalist Conference was held in Potter’s Meeting-House in May, 1833. The occasion is memorable, mainly, because of the erection of a marble tombstone to mark the resting-place of all that was mortal of the gospel-patriarch—bearing this simple inscription: “*In Memory of THOMAS POTTER, the Friend and Patron of JOHN MURRAY, an early Advocate of Universalism in America.*”

We went not thither to worship the dead nor gather relics—yet we had not been on the premises an hour,

ere the in-born feeling to which Roman Catholicism so mightily appeals was developed in some of our company. One was picking up pebbles from the grave of Potter, striving meanwhile to conceal what he was at, lest he should incur the ridicule of lookers-on—and another was cutting chips from Murray's Pulpit, (but not so as to disfigure it,)—and when we left the ground, enough material was carried away to make several canes and scores of boxes, &c.,—being the remainder of the original cedar tomb-inclosure, which had fallen into decay.

In all this, however, there was nothing of superstitious regard for stone or wood—no bowing down to these things, as though they were the gods that brought us out of Egypt. There was no supposition of inhering mystical virtue, but simply an acknowledgment of the rational doctrine of association. Could any one of us have in his hand a piece of 'the true cross'—being perfectly satisfied that it is genuine—how tenderly his thoughts and feelings would cluster around the agony of Calvary! And this, too, notwithstanding he has long ago discarded the orthodox hypothesis, and rests on no outward sacrifice for redemption.

On my own desk has stood for years a red-cedar box, and though days or weeks may pass without a thought of its associations, there are many occasions when it revives the remembrance of Potter and Murray, and renews my strength and courage, when weary and worn.

How large a trust, and how much patience, it required, to remain a twelvemonth and preach the universal, changeless love of God in the region of the Meeting-House aforesaid! Excellent people undoubtedly reside in that neighborhood—souls are as valuable

there as elsewhere—and there are few sections in which a clearer faith in a happy immortality is needed than in that vicinity. The Pine Forest furnished a means of comfort in its day, and the Sea still yields its treasures to the skilful Fisherman, and there is salt grass on the meadows bordering the Bay; but the land in that region, generally, is fitted for little else than the mine of a Glass Factory. White sand of any extent of surface is there, with any desirable depth of it; and any one who shall gather in harvest by labor, the amount of seed scattered seasonably in faith, will be doing better than *I* should undertake to do.

The sparseness of the population indicates the poverty of the soil. No clergyman excepting a Methodist could live there—and only *he*, because there is a Conference Fund to keep him alive. An exception must be made in the case of John Murray, who had a home with Thomas Potter; but both have departed—and if there be any Universalist minister who is anxious to settle in that neighborhood, with all its contingencies, he shall have a gratis quit-claim of my pre-emption to the locality.

October 17, 1832, I started from Philadelphia on a visit to Northern Pennsylvania. Passing by stage through Easton, over Pocono mountain (with its horrid corduroy railroad, that is to say, the rails laid cross-wise, enough to make wise men cross,) and through the celebrated valley of the Wyoming, we reached Tunkhannock on Friday evening. Here was a decided difficulty. I was about 50 miles from Sheshequin, where I had an appointment for Sunday, and there would be no coach for Towanda until Monday morning! Black clothes might have saved me some trouble and money

—or the same end might have been accomplished by telling who I was, and my errand—for there were Universalists in the place, who undoubtedly would have helped me on my way; but I held my peace, being too wearied to preach, and, being dressed in brown, I was not suspected of being a clergyman. Inquiries for conveyance, and necessity for haste, stamped me as a land speculator, (as I subsequently learned,) and a round price induced a man who was going up the Susquehanna to engage to land me in Towanda by sundown on Saturday.

Before day we were stirring. I felt that the open dearborn was loose and rickety in its joints, and certain suspicions were shortly confirmed, that the old switch-tail sorrel was stone-blind! There was little level to speak of, but up the hills we went slowly, and down the hills we went rapidly—the fear gradually subsiding entirely, that there would presently be a wreck. So strangely and safely, in the absence of sight, had the dumb animal been trained to travel by faith in his owner.

I arrived in Sheshequin in season for the next morning service. Need it be said that rich enjoyment awaited me among the excellent people of that beautiful valley? Grandfather Kinney, Joseph Kingsberry, and others of the worthy people of that day, have gone home—and the sweet singer who made Sheshequin widely renowned, is sleeping near her favorite Isle of Susquehanna! Ah me! how the stern reaper has been at work in that goodly land.

Let me speak of Miss Julia H. Kinney—and yet so musical and thoughtful were the words she uttered, living, and suffering, and dying, and so hallowed is her memory, that I fear to trust myself with any re-

cord concerning her. Yet why should I hesitate to speak of her commanding yet modest presence—her large, dark, and mildly-searching eye—her thoughtful yet gladsome companionship—her true heart, and brilliant mind? These qualities are most gladly and sadly remembered by those to whom she was best known—gladly, because they *were*—sadly, because they are *not*.

Twice I saw her afterwards—once in Norwich, Conn., in 1835, and once in Boston, at the U. S. Convention of 1838. In 1850, I stood by her grave, and my tears were mingled with the gentle June rain that fell on the turf above her. Favorite and favored fir-trees watched by her head, while silently pointing upwards,—and the Susquehanna flowed by in its quiet beauty, a symbol of that spiritual influence of her's which shall flow on for ever.

—Having preached in Athens, Towanda and Montrose, I met Rev. George Rogers, by appointment, at Brooklyn, Susquehanna county. It was the first day a fire had been needed in the Meeting House, that Autumn—and it was the first time that the wood wouldn't burn. The house was filled with dense smoke, and in order to remove *any* similitude of the bottomless pit, we opened the windows. And there, in the cold, we worshipped, our hearts being warmed in contemplation of the infinite depths of the love of God.

“The Universalists have a great big house, on a great high hill, and much good may it do them,” once said the quaint Lorenzo Dow of the friends in Brooklyn.

It *does* them much good, and large as it is, it is well-filled with devout and intelligent worshippers. It is the hill of Zion to *them*, and to thousands who have gone up thither to the great gatherings of Associa-

tions these many years; and no one departs without first visiting the graves of Rev. AMOS CRANDALL and Rev. CHARLES R. MARSH, who sleep in the burial-ground on the opposite side of the road.

A day spent socially among the good people of the neighborhood was all the time I could spare; and Mr. Rogers volunteered to convey me to Clark's Corners, in Wayne county, where I was to preach in the evening, and take the stage next morning.

Whoever has passed through Lackawanna Gulf, will not be likely to forget it. We might have gone round, on a smooth road, by way of Carbondale, but the shorter route determined our choice by way of the Gulf. The road had the reputation, I believe, of being McAdamized, and the stones underneath may possibly have passed through a two-inch ring—but as to the surface, the inches (unless more than two) must have been of the most liberal order. Down, steep down we went into the dell, which, bordered by mighty hemlocks, must have been gloomy at mid-day, and you may judge what it was after sun-down. It would have justified the figure of 'the valley of the shadow of death' much better than any thing David ever saw. Down, steep down we went, till we reached the brawling brook, and saw the stars overhead; up, steep up we went, till the stars faded away in the decreasing dusk. How I pitied the horse—and you may be sure we did not ride till we reached the borders of civilization.

Arriving very late, we had a meeting, and at 2 o'clock next morning we parted, Mr. Rogers to sleep again of course and *I* to take my seat in the stage-coach, by way of the North and South Turnpike to Easton, where I had an appointment.

Travelers have little to say when tired and hungry—

but after breakfast, a pleasant, conversible lady took a seat in the stage. She proved to be the wife of a Lutheran clergyman. A few miles farther on, a Methodist clergyman of 45 or 50, became a fellow-passenger. He was acquainted with the lady, and we three had free chatting by the way.

In due time, and that was shortly, the horns of the Methodist became visible, and he pushed hard at the Quakers. "They are Infidels," said he; "they profess indeed to believe in a God, but they reject Christ and his Gospel."

"Are you sure of what you affirm?" was my calm inquiry.

"Yes, I *am* sure, and no man can be a Christian who upholds them," was the response.

How strange it is, yet how true, that men who are courteous when conversing on any other subject, are oftentimes snarlish when religion is the topic, especially if they be 'pious.' But the present endeavor at gag-gery did not sit well on its intended subject, and I quietly took up the cause of my ancient friends.

"I have some acquaintance with the Quaker people," said I, "and have not so understood them. They indeed make more of 'the inner light' than, in my judgment, may be lawfully claimed for it; but they cannot justly be called Infidels, I think."

"I know all about them," said the pugnacious parson, as he looked in my face very confidently.

"Have you ever read their books? or heard any of their prominent preachers?" I inquired. "Have you, for example, ever read Barclay's Apology, or heard Elias Hicks?"

"No, and I do not want to," came as the prompt reply.

“*I have*, and must take the liberty to inform you that you are not a competent judge. I am a Quaker by parentage and education—was a member of the Society until recently—am intimately acquainted with the leading views and general character of that people; and though I do not now belong among them, I will not suffer any man on earth to impeach their Christian profession by denouncing them as Infidels.”

It is needless to say that this was a wet sheet on a hot skin. It produced perspiration afterwards; for when the conversation was resumed, it related to the Universalists. The Lutheran lady remarked that there were some of this denomination in Stroudsburg, near which, I believe, she lived.

“*They*, at all events, are Infidels,” said the man with horns. “They do not believe in the Bible, and despise all religion.”

“Are you sure of that?” was the natural question—uttered, however, with no emphasis of concern.

“No man can deny it, who knows any thing about them,” was the confident reply.

“I have known a number of Universalists,” was my rejoinder, “and they were uniformly believers in the Bible, at least in *profession*—and this is all we can know of *you*. As to religion, I am of opinion that no one should have any to *boast* of. I have heard a number of Universalist preachers, and it appeared to me, even in the midst of their controversial style, that their aim was, to lead men to repentance of wrong and to a religious life, by faith in God.”

“You have been deluded, sir. They kept back their real sentiments, or you would have known better,” said he.

“Be that as it may,” I continued, “I am myself a

Universalist preacher, of some years' standing, and have an appointment for this evening in the Easton Court House. I shall be glad to see you there. You shall have an opportunity to speak for yourself."

This was decidedly more than the Methodist had bargained for, but he had either sense or wit enough to join in the laugh of our fellow-passengers, as he scanned my brown clothes. Before we parted at the Hotel, he declared that nothing but a previous engagement prevented him from attending the meeting.

I delivered two lectures in the Easton Court House, and returned to Philadelphia in the latter part of the week. The stage-coach was filled, and two passengers were outside with the driver. I was one of the latter of choice, and the other expressed himself pleased to bear me company. He was a man of about my own age, a resident of Philadelphia, and had been into Northampton county on the business of a mercantile firm.

During the early hours of our day's ride there was little conversation, but when we left the river-road and gained the higher ground, the air was less chilly, and the pleasantness of an Indian summer's sun awakened us into sociability.

"I attended your meeting last evening," said my fellow out-sider. "I never heard a Universalist before. Your strain was new to me, and I do not see how your argument could be fairly answered. There is one point, however, on which my mind is not clear, and unless I can be satisfied in relation to that, even your forcible reasoning could not excite me to much interest in Universalism."

"Have the goodness to name it, sir," said I.

"After the meeting last evening, there was much

conversation at my hotel, many of the guests having heard your discourse. I learned from one of the gentlemen, that you had several times been in Easton, and that you preached quite extensively as a missionary. I cannot understand the motive of your earnestness, because I cannot see the utility of believing in Universalism. According to your showing, an endless hell is sheer imagination, and the final salvation of all mankind the only reality possible, under the government of a God of love. Your argument, I acknowledge, appeared to be conclusive; but I cannot see the utility of believing in Universalism, and therefore cannot account for your earnestness in advocating it."

"Your objection, sir, is honestly stated. It is not new to me. Generally it is presented in a condensed form—thus: 'If Universalism be true, what is the use of preaching or believing it?'"

"That is the point exactly," responded my companion.

"Suppose, now, you answer the same objection, in the form of analogy: 'What is the use of teaching or believing *Astronomy*, if it be true?' Many earnest men have devoted their lives to that science, in its study and in proclaiming their discoveries to the world. They *create* no truth—they effect no change in the relations of the stars—they do not vary the Creator's plan or final purpose a single jot. What, then, is the use of studying, teaching or believing *Astronomy*?"

"You seem to have gotten me on the hip," said my fellow-passenger, "for if I reply that the use of teaching *Astronomy* is implied in the line, that 'an undevout Astronomer is mad,' you will say that there is a corresponding use in preaching Universalism."

"Certainly,—and justly—for if there be devotional

influence in contemplating the starry spheres in their sublime order, the same may safely be affirmed of considering all souls finally redeemed from chaos and brought into harmony with God.—But your objection travels in a lesser circle than this. I will illustrate by a supposition. Have you a family?"

"Yes, sir, a wife and two children, and I expect to meet them to-night," said he.

"What is *the use* of that expectation?" I inquired.

"It makes me very happy; and that is use enough," was his reply.

"Truly; and yet you can see no use in preaching or believing that we shall meet a ransomed, universal family in heaven!—Let us suppose that yonder approaching horseman should stop the stage and inform you that your house was burned to ashes last night, and that your wife and children are believed to have been consumed. How would you feel?"

"Awfully! Why do you ask me such a question?"

"And suppose that another horseman should immediately follow, having a message from your father that your wife and children are perfectly safe and happy in *his* house: would there be any use in delivering the message?"

"Why do you ask me such a question?" said my fellow-passenger. "He ought to tell me forthwith."

"What difference could it make? You would ascertain their safety when you arrived at home; and your present knowledge or belief of it would not alter the fact. What difference could it make?"

"Ah, I see what you are at. There would be a vast difference in my feelings on *the journey home*; and you have answered the question, 'If Universalism be true, what is the use of preaching or believing it?'"

“I hope it has been answered satisfactorily,” I continued, “but you do not yet fully understand the value of Universalism. You have a wife and two children, parents, brothers and sisters perhaps, and other kindred, besides friends whom you love as dearly as if they were of your own immediate family-stock. If an endless hell be *not* sheer imagination, it will probably be a reality to some of these. Nay, the probability is equal to a certainty.”

“I cannot deny it,” said my neighbor.

“Now, sir, let us suppose that *I* have positive, undeniable proof that all whom you love will be saved, and that I am mean enough to hold the fact and the proof as a thing of sale for money: how much would you give me for it?”

“I would give you every thing I have in the world, if I could not get it for less,” said he.

“I am glad to hear you say so, for any other answer would have lowered you in my estimation. And yet the purblind masses (yourself included until now,) have not seen the use of preaching Universalism, even if it be true!—But I have not yet done with the objection. You love your family, other kindred, and friends. Could you sincerely love a God who would doom a single soul of them to endless torment, under any circumstances? Your wife, for example—or one of your children.”

“I never considered that,” responded my neighbor, thoughtfully; “but it seems clear that I could not sincerely love any being who would so terribly outrage my sincere love for others.”

“I am glad to hear you say so, for you speak the language of nature, reason, and religion. Grant the same feeling to all other persons, and you must see

that the love of God with all the heart, implies the truth of Universalism. Christianity even comes nearer to our selfishness, and makes our love for ourselves the standard of our love to our neighbors. We certainly do not love every soul of our race as we love ourselves—neither are we, in any respect, what the gospel requires us to be. But we must seek a harmony between the preceptive morality and the doctrinal truth of Christianity. Its preceptive morality requires the love of God supremely in connection with the love of man universally; and if any thing short of Universalism be its doctrinal truth, all thought of harmony between precept and doctrine must be abandoned. The doctrinal truth of Universalism is the means of awakening love to God and love to man; yet ‘orthodox’ foolishness inquires, ‘If Universalism be true, what is the use of preaching or believing it!’ ”

“Your argument touches me closely when you speak of my wife and children,” said he, “but it is less forcible when you comprehend the whole race.”

“No doubt, no doubt; but the defect is in *you*, and not in my argument. Every man is the centre of the universe of souls, and the first circle is his own family. It is truly said that ‘charity begins at home.’ All good affections must begin in the centre; but the defect in general practice is, that they do not travel extensively. Orthodoxy does not allow them to travel to the circumference of Humanity.”

“How do you prove it?” said my neighbor.

“I prove it thus: Orthodox *doctrine* builds a glowing hell beyond a certain circle, and yet ‘orthodox’ *precept* enjoins supreme love to the God who kindled and fans the endless fire! If you loved all mankind as you love your wife and children—in other words, if

you were like Christ, ready and willing to die even for your enemies—could you sincerely love such a God as that?”

“I am certain I could *not*,” said he.

“The love of God with all the heart is the first and all-comprehensive precept of the gospel. Universalism is unquestionably the only doctrine that perfectly harmonizes with the precept—yet a half-witted ‘orthodox’ inquires, ‘If Universalism be true, what is the use of preaching or believing it?’ Viewed in any aspect you choose, the objection is too silly to be even ridiculous.”

“Is it ever presented in any aspect besides the three in which you have now considered it?” inquired my candid friend.

“Yes, its name is Legion, and, like the crazy man who dwelt among the tombs, it breaks away from all chains of reason. It appears to be constantly crying out, ‘What have I to do with thee, Jesus, thou Son of the most high God?’ It has *nothing* to do with him. The objection is one of the many forms of anti-Christ. It says, ‘If Universalism be true, what is the use of worshipping God? If Universalism be true, what is the use of preaching or believing it? If Universalism be true, what is the use of leading a virtuous life?’ And sample Christians, of the most ‘evangelical’ type, declare, that if *they* believed in Universalism, they would not be at the trouble of worshipping God! They would care nothing for preaching or faith! They would give loose rein to sensual appetite, and ‘roll sin as a sweet morsel under their tongue!’—Pardon me, sir—you have said none of these things; but tell me, candidly, what has the cited objection to do—what have *such* professors of religion to do with Jesus the

Son of the most high God? He disowns both *it* and *them*."

"I really believe your severity is just," said my neighbor; and he added, with quite as much earnestness as courtesy, "*Almost* thou persuadest me to be a Christian."

I saw him at my meeting the Sunday evening following, and occasionally afterwards during the winter, and then he passed from my observation. If living, he is probably numbered with the many attendants at 'orthodox' churches who are represented by the nine lepers noted in Luke xvii. 17. Of every ten persons redeemed from the torment of false doctrine by Universalism, *not more than one* gives glory to God by open profession, advocacy, and support of the truth. The nine are not hypocrites, strictly; and even their sin of ingratitude may be modified by the fact, that their present relations are silently operative in the direction of liberal sentiment.

CHAPTER IV.

Questions without Answers—Trouble in the Dutch Reformed Camp—Preaching all night to a clergyman in Easton—Sheep and goats—Everlasting destruction—Date of judgment—Attacked by a clergyman in Easton Court House—Preaching in an orchard—A time of it in Lancaster—Preaches in the Allentown Market House—Sketch of the sermon—Denounced as an Infidel—Rev. Savilion W. Fuller—Delineation of his character—‘Ely and Thomas Discussion’—Dr. Ely’s dream—And its counterpart—His Atheistical colleague renounces Universalism!—Utility of Endless Punishment considered—The saint at the Wissahicon—Funeral of a suicide—Suicide considered—Case of Judas—Sceptic Evangelism—Abner Kneeland—Conversation with him—Grove Meeting—Close of the year.

I HAVE said little, in the preceding chapters, of my ministerial labors in Philadelphia. Let it be understood, once for all, that missionary operations and the like, were not suffered to interfere with the central interests of my life, in the midst of a most devoted and considerate people. My pulpit and pastoral duties required both attention and industry, and it affords me much pleasure to feel assured, that occasional absence only quickened my energies in behalf of the church which I sincerely loved.

My pen was sufficiently employed in preparation of sermons and in joint-editorship of a paper, as afore-said—yet I occasionally published a pamphlet. Never, however, had I either inclination or leisure to write a book, until now! I think the fact may be urged as an apology, in advance, for any infirmity of that sort with which I may hereafter be afflicted.

In June, 1833, I wrote and published a Tract of 12 pages, which, though a small affair and requiring only a little tact in its preparation, excited an interest highly advantageous to the cause of Universalism. On this account, solely, is it mentioned in this place. Reference is had to "213 QUESTIONS WITHOUT ANSWERS," the title being sufficiently expressive of its character. The Questions related to Universalism, directly or indirectly, and were so framed, with few exceptions, as to admit of Yea or Nay in reply. They were meant to train up the inquirer in the way he should go, or involve him, by natural Answers, in the inconsistencies of the popular theories. A large edition was printed and circulated at the time—and hundreds of thousands of copies, by estimate, have since been issued, in various forms, by others.

The first public assault on this pamphlet was made in September, in the 'Christian Intelligencer,' a large folio sheet, the organ of the Dutch Reformed Church in New York. It came in the shape of a notice to a correspondent who had sent a copy to the editors, and Answers were promised on condition that the correspondent would pay for publishing an edition.

Being in New York immediately after, I called at the office and had the offer transferred to myself, having personally assumed the position of pay-master. On sober second thought, however, the writer of the notice aforesaid replied the next day, through the business agent of the establishment, that he declined fulfilling his promise.

"The writer says that on sitting down to a re-examination of the Questions, he finds some of them will require a column, or nearly so, to answer them, and he cannot attend to them; and for this reason he declines."

These facts were presented to the public in the N. Y. 'Christian Messenger,' with such comments as might have been expected; and the Dutch Reformed Organ was down upon me, shortly afterwards, in a most becoming style. The article was so rich a specimen of 'evangelical' earnestness, that the following extracts may be allowable:

"We cannot inflict upon the Christian ears of our readers, the 213 Questions of the Unitarian Universalists. There is no difficulty in answering every one of them. They are the production of a weak mind, but of a heart gigantic in wickedness! The writer of them demonstrates himself to be a cold-blooded Infidel We cannot put into our columns the essence of silliness and wickedness We cannot spread out on our pages the blasphemy and revolting moral pollution of the 213 Questions, merely to show how very easily they can be answered," &c.

The editors of the *Intelligencer* had not wit enough to see that all this was "grist to the Universalist mill." We took up the matter with a calmness contrasting creditably (it was thought) with the fury of the assailants, and large editions of all that had been written on both sides of the affair, were distributed with a liberal hand, especially among the Dutch Reformed Church members. This was termed a 'Tempest in a Tea-pot' by our classical friends, but they found in the end that the Tea was scalding hot!

The Questions awakened attention in more benign latitudes. A Methodist clergyman, of excellent repute, replied to them, *seriatim*, in a respectful tone; and the Questions, Answers, and Rejoinders were published in the *Messenger* in 1834. Another Methodist clergyman assumed the respondent's task, and was followed by Rejoinders—the whole being inserted in the 'Star of Bethlehem' in 1841. Two other clergymen furnished Answers, and each published his effort in a

large pamphlet, but I have not had either leisure or inclination to rejoin. Replies from the pulpit have been numerous—an evidence that the Tract made ‘no small stir.’

A visit to New England in August, afforded a brief respite from labor, and the kindling glow of the Rockingham Association was a fit preparation for the autumn campaign. It may be said to have commenced in the close of September—for on the second of October our Association met at Allentown, on the Lehigh, and in journeying thither I took Easton in the way, for the purpose of delivering lectures on Monday and Tuesday evenings preceding. After the second lecture, a singular incident occurred.

As the stage for Allentown was to start before day-dawn, my quarters were taken at the Green Tree Hotel, and several friends remained with me till 10 o'clock. They were aiding me in packing up the remainder of my books, (for in those days we usually scattered the seed by selling our best publications,) when the landlord came into the room, with the information that a clergyman, in an up-stairs private parlor, wished me to send him a copy of each of the works on hand, with a statement of the aggregate price.

Of course, the request was complied with, and in a few minutes the money was placed in my hand, accompanied by the clergyman's desire to see me. This also was complied with.

As I entered the room, he arose and welcomed me with a goodly grasp of the hand. After mentioning his name, he informed me that he had been attending a session of the German [perhaps he said *Dutch*] Reformed Church. “I heard you preach this evening,” he continued, “and must confess that you sorely used

up that Methodist preacher who questioned you. I know nothing about Universalism, and want to understand it, if possible. The landlord stated that you were to leave for Allentown at 5 o'clock to-morrow morning. I shall start for Philadelphia at the same hour. Let me beg you, as a special favor, to sit up all night and talk with me."

You may be certain that I said "Yes, with all my heart"—and forthwith we took our seats by the table.

My companion was about my own age, fully six feet tall, and handsome—having an intelligent, expressive countenance, not at all belied by "the inner man," as developed in conversation. He was well educated, and a complete gentleman in his manners.

Opening a quarto Bible, he acknowledged his incompetency for a discussion of Universalism—declared that controversy was not his object, but explanation of certain passages which, to *him*, appeared to contravene the doctrine of my sermon, &c.

He was plainly *a seeker*—and *I* as plainly *an expositor* throughout that blessed night. He needed but *a clue*, and I had some facility, in those days, in grouping kindred texts, and explaining them all by one simple key. The plan served an admirable purpose with the present inquirer, as the following example may illustrate.

The passages which seemed to be chief hindrances in his way, were of the class selected, usually, by those who have not looked minutely into the doctrine of Universalism—such as the closing part of Matt. xxv., in which the separation of the righteous and the wicked is illustrated by the sheep and the goats; and 2 Thess. i. 5-10, in which everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, is mentioned, with strong adjuncts.

The first position to be determined, said I, is THE

TIME to which these passages refer. One of them dates it, ‘*when* the Son of Man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him’—for it is declared that ‘*then* shall he sit upon the throne of his glory,’ that is, in his kingly capacity, for the judgment of everlasting punishment, &c., mentioned in the verses following. Do you see that I am correct?

“Yes, *that* point is perfectly clear,” was the seeker’s reply, and the expositor continued.

The other passage is dated ‘*when* the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels, in flaming fire taking vengeance *when* he shall come to be glorified in his saints, and to be admired in all them that believe *in that day*.’

“The passages evidently refer to the same period,” was the prompt admission.

And now the question comes up, as to *the date* of that coming of Christ. It certainly was not his *first* coming, for that was as the babe of Bethlehem in humiliation, whereas *this* is a coming in glory as a King and Judge. Now note Matt. xvi. 27–28: ‘For the Son of Man shall come in the glory of his Father with his angels, and *then* he shall reward every man according to his works. Verily I say unto you, There be—[surely it would not be proper to stop suddenly here, as Doctor Beecher once did, with a view to annul the context. Rather let us continue the quotation, at all hazards—thus:] There be some standing here, which shall not taste of death, till they see the Son of Man coming in his kingdom.’ And what is this but Christ’s coming as both King and Judge?—precisely answering our inquiry of *date*. The event is distinctly referred to a period within the natural life-time of some of those who heard the Saviour’s discourse.

“Have you any other quotation of similar import?” was the natural suggestion.

There are several. ‘They shall see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory,’ is affirmed of a period *immediately after* the tribulation of the days of Jerusalem’s siege; and the more definite assurance is subjoined, ‘This generation shall not pass away, till all these things be fulfilled,’ Matt. xxiv. 30–34. Examine all the places in which the phrase *this generation* is used, and you will see that its uniform sense is, the men of this age.

“Your position is very distinct, and I cannot gainsay it,” said the candid seeker. “But there are expressions in the passage from Thessalonians which seem to forbid your interpretation. How could ‘everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord and from the glory of his power,’ be a judgment inflicted at the date of Christianity’s establishment in the earth?”

Let me answer *your* question by asking another.

“No, sir, I am here to *ask* questions, not to *answer* any,” said he, with a laugh.

Nevertheless, let me inquire how Jonah could flee *from the presence of the Lord* by going to Tarshish? Jonah i. 3. Or how could the Jews be cast out from the presence of the Lord and destroyed, by seventy years of captivity in Babylon? 2 Kings xiii. 23, xxiv. 20. Or with what propriety could any such temporal visitation of judgment be called a casting out from the presence of the Lord, and an everlasting reproach and perpetual shame? Jer. xxiii. 39, 40.

In this sort of expository conversation we spent that blessed night—the topics of inquiry covering a wide range of thought. Mainly, however, they related to supposed proofs of endless woe, the doctrine of univer-

sal holiness and blessedness being so akin to the generous spirit of the seeker, that he needed only the breaking away of the clouds to welcome into his heart the radiance of eternal truth.

The stage-horn sounded ere the cock-crowing. My companion thanked me heartily for the courtesy and instruction of the night, and we parted in separate coaches at the door. What became of him I never heard. If he be still living, and still a clergyman of any 'orthodox' order, he is probably one of that numerous and increasing class of preachers who believe in Universalism, but suppose that the full time for preaching it openly has not yet arrived. Should he ever see these pages, I hope he will be gratified by my remembrance of our night-interview.

The questioning of the Methodist preacher, above referred to, was on this wise: The Heathen, and the Jews of our Saviour's day, believed in the doctrine of endless punishment. Can you prove that the New Testament denies that doctrine?

Answer: Paul gives some account of the Heathen, in the first chapter of Romans. 'When they knew God, they glorified him not as God, neither were thankful; but became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish hearts were darkened. Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools, and changed the truth of God into a lie.' This, as I judge, is the origin of the doctrine of endless woe. The Heathen, uniformly, maintain that lie, connected with their notion of a future day of judgment.

The Egyptian theology had these elements, prominently; but Moses discarded them, in confining all rewards and punishments to the present life—as many

of the most distinguished Commentators, of every sect, agree.

If the Jews of our Saviour's day, believed in a future day of judgment and endless punishment, they could not have derived those notions from Moses, but obtained them from the Heathen; and in charging them with having made void the law of God, through their traditions, the Great Teacher condemned every opinion among them that was condemned in the dispensation of the Law. Are you answered?

No, was the reply: I want a direct denial of the doctrine of endless punishment, in any text of Scripture, if you can produce it.

Rejoinder: I submit to the congregation that it is *your* place to produce a direct *affirmation* of that doctrine from the Bible, if you *can*. I sought, in my sermon, to prove Universalism by express warrant of sacred Scripture; and you have now an opportunity to gainsay my testimony, in any way you please.

There was no response, and I thus continued: Attempt to show, if you think you can, that Universalism is not taught in the Bible testimony advanced—and if you are successful, I will accept your effort as a positive denial of Universalism on Bible grounds—for I have brought my most direct proofs.

Still there was no response, and the interview was closed as follows: You are a preacher of the doctrine of endless misery. Be as fair as *I* have been. Bring forward your most direct proofs of that doctrine, and I will either show that you misinterpret and misapply the passages of Scripture, or openly acknowledge that you have adduced a direct denial of Universalism from the Bible. —

This is the whole affair, compactly and truly ex-

pressed—yet the redoubtable champion of Heathenism afterwards boasted that he had overwhelmed me in controversy!

After parting with my friend, Nicodemus the Reformed, I had a ride of eighteen miles from Easton to Allentown. The interest and excitement of the night-long interview debarred all sense of weariness for the time, and it was not until the whole affair had been narrated to the brethren assembled, that ‘tired nature sought the sweet restorer, sleep.’

There were no professed Universalists in Allentown. Our Association was held there, by appointment, for the double purpose of awakening and satisfying inquiry. The Delegates and Ministers had their quarters at a Hotel, on the usual footing, and the Meetings for business and worship were to be held in a Hall in the same building, without extra charge.

As might be supposed, one preacher was absent from the social circle until noon of that day, but he ‘stood in his lot’ during the remainder of the session. That lot was in the Market House on Thursday afternoon. The Hall was not sufficiently central—besides which, the novelty might bring a larger audience.

So it proved. It was not in a great city, where ‘caste’ might be endangered by attendance in such a place—but in a town of a few thousand people, where every man’s position was fixed because every man was known to his neighbor. And so the Doctors, who had few patients on hand—and the Lawyers, who had little to do excepting in Court week—and the Merchants, with whom buyers were scarce—and gentlemen of leisure, who had nothing better to do—and Mechanics, who could spare an hour or two for the purpose—came

into or near the Market House, and listened attentively to a practical discourse. It was doctrinal too—but I confined its bearings directly to the practical interests of the present life—substantially as follows :

I should be glad were your clergy here present, for they should have liberty to state their strongest objection to Universalism, and should be pressed to stand their ground in an open field and fair play. But as they are absent, providentially or prudentially, let me state in their behalf what *they* will probably state in *my* absence—namely, that ‘Universalism is a demoralizing doctrine, and therefore ought to be discountenanced by every well-wisher to a wholesome morality.’

If they were present, and should succeed in establishing this objection, there would be at least *one less* Universalist preacher at sun-down than there is now. Christ’s gospel is for sinners, to restrain them from vice and to constrain them to virtue; and any doctrine which inverts this order, is not of God.

Let us begin on the question of restraint—for this is what your clergy mostly insist upon. They honestly wish to put the best possible check-brake on the wheels which are hurrying sinners down-hill into flaming fire. They employ the fear of endless torment for this purpose—believing that it will keep the sinners out of hell, and at the same time keep hell out of the saints.

There are two defects in this policy movement: 1st. It puts the evil day afar off; and 2d. It makes the issue an uncertainty, by holding up the hope of escape.

There are Merchants here present. You have valuable articles in your stores, and there are men who would steal if they had the opportunity. To which of the two, as a guard against thieves, would you rather trust your wares—A visible cross dog, or an invisible devil?

There are Lawyers here present. You have occasion to try all sorts of criminals. To which of the twain would you rather trust, as a means of restraint against Burglary—The certainty of being “sent down” to the Penitentiary for one year, or the *uncertainty* of being sent lower down for ever?

See now, on the other hand. There are Mechanics here present. For whom would you rather work,—for the man who pays cash down, or the one who asks a long credit, even with higher wages? Do you like the credit-system in business? Yet your clergy adopt it in theology, and tell you that Universalism is demoralizing because we take the very ground *you* occupy, in the

practical concerns of life! "The wages of sin," its daily pay is death; the wages, the daily pay of virtue is life. Why should the Devil be considered a more punctual pay-master than the Lord?

The amount of the matter is this: The farther off you put pay-day, and the more uncertain you make its awards, the less is its power over the conduct of men. Writers on criminal jurisprudence insist that the nearer you can bring the punishment to the crime, the better—the more certain you can make the connection, so as to link them, if possible, as cause and effect, the wiser is the arrangement.

The Creator has done so, perfectly, throughout universal nature. It is that sort of Universalism which I preach to you this day.

This of course is but an abstract of the sermon. Any extravagance of expression must be imputed to the oddity of the meeting-place, coupled with a desire to make an impression of thought, even though chargeable with personal eccentricity.

A few weeks previously there had been a terrible spitting of venom against Universalism, in or near Hightstown, N. J., by a Methodist clergyman. Due notification was given, indicating due preparation, and the Universalists attended. This was on Sunday. On the next day, I replied—not to *him* merely, for I remembered the experience of the honest farmer, who testified that "it wrenched him terribly to kick against nothing"—but the reply embraced both the defence and proclamation of the Gospel, as affecting all gain-sayers and inquirers.

I was indebted to Mr. Salmon C. Bulkley, who then taught school in the neighborhood, for minutes of the Methodist onslaught. He has since become an efficient Minister of our order, and will remember the immense gathering in Col. Johnes' orchard, and their profound attention to the reply. On the trees, on the grass, on benches made of rough boards, on chairs, in carriages,

the people sat, listening to the preacher in the wagon-pulpit.

O, those were days in which the warm blood of the heart kept up a rapid communication with the head! And it was well that it should be so, at that juncture, for it seemed as if the Devil had specially broken loose, and was roaring against Universalism on every hand.

There was roaring of that kind in Lancaster, in December, by another Methodist minister. I had visited that city in the early part of the month preceding, to attend the wedding of one of my sisters, and embraced the opportunity to preach two evening lectures in the Court House, the use of which had been obtained by consent of the County Commissioners. The house was completely crowded by an attentive auditory, and no small stir ensued. The resident clergy were disinclined to any dangerous experiments in the way of reply, and so Boanerges was sent for, and extensive notice given of the speedy demolition of Universalism. The Methodist Church was not deemed sufficiently central, and so the Court House was obtained as the arena of triumph.

On the first of the four appointed evenings, I took my seat in the prisoner's box, having gone thither from Philadelphia, sixty miles by stage, for the purpose of *hearing*, at all events, and of *doing*, if there should be opportunity.

The champion began by announcing that he meant to 'blow up the magazine of Universalism'—that he should preach one sermon in the Court House that evening, and three in the Lutheran Church the next day, (the latter being a new arrangement, of course for *my* accommodation!)—that he was ready to discuss Universalism in any of the papers in Lancaster, (know-

ing that no paper in that city would venture to publish both sides of such a discussion, and that *he* was therefore in no danger of trouble!) and then we were favored with a discourse of three mortal hours, during which, contradiction and refutation were vociferously challenged!

The prisoner in the box arose, at the conclusion, and asked permission for a few remarks. Liberty was peremptorily refused at first, but afterwards granted, with stipulation that the sermon should not *then* be attacked. “I am prepared to prove,” said I, “that the speaker has added to the words of the Book, and God will add to him the plagues written therein; also that he either is grossly ignorant of Universalism or has wilfully and wickedly misrepresented it, and if I do not prove all this, and more, I will make suitable acknowledgments.” The further proffer was made to meet the speaker, or any clergyman of the city of Lancaster forthwith, in a public oral debate—and I defied an acceptance of my challenge.

This was declined, peremptorily. He had an engagement for to-morrow, and could not attend to a discussion.

Then, sir, let it be this very night, or to-morrow night, or the day after to-morrow, or the day after that—or next week, or at such other time as will better suit your convenience.

The proposition was met by an unqualified Nay.

Then, sir, I pronounce you *a coward*, who will not and *dare* not face Universalism in a fair debate!

There were certainly some very emphatic words in these brief sentences; and, under different circumstances, I should have regretted the succeeding greater emphasis of feet and hands in that great assembly.

The Fair-playites were decidedly with the prisoner's box, or its occupant; and some foreshadowing of this fact adjourned the Gag-ites to the Lutheran Church for the next day.

My self-chosen seat, provokingly chosen I fear, was in the broad aisle of the 'city of refuge,' and after each adjournment of that day, I took the preacher by the button, who had previously clung to the horns of the altar, and besought the pleasure of using him up in a public debate! He persisted in refusing—whereupon I urged the 'cloud of witnesses' who constituted his body-guard, to select a champion in behalf of the ministerial group.

All this was done in good-humor—rather waggishly, I suspect. The spirits were earnestly called from the vasty deep, but they would not come. One of them however announced after the close of the series of Boanerges, by my request, that I should reply in the Court House, commencing the following evening.

Friday and Saturday evenings, the annunciation was redeemed, in the presence of a crowded and profoundly attentive audience—there being some oil in the entertainment—of vitriol, it was supposed. Full liberty was given for rejoinder, and none was attempted, excepting very feebly and briefly by the resident Methodist preacher. He was a slow sailer, and had no guns a-board. Notice was given for a continuation on Monday and Tuesday evenings following; but the alarm had been sounded, and the Commissioners were prevailed upon to close the Court House against me! No other place could be obtained; the weather was too cold to meet in the Market House—and the matter ended, so far as open review or any public discussion was concerned.

Great was the rejoicing in Gagdom, at this triumph of a lock-and-key Theology; and Boanerges has made it a topic of glorification, whithersoever the Conference has sent him, that the Court House in Lancaster was closed against a Universalist preacher!

The Callowhill St. Church in Philadelphia was dedicated in 1824. Rev. William Morse was the first Pastor. Rev. Stephen R. Smith succeeded him, and was followed by Rev. Z. Fuller, who in turn was succeeded by Rev. Dr. Andrews. The latter resigned the charge in the summer of 1833, and Rev. SAVILION W. FULLER received and accepted an invitation to the vacancy, his engagement being dated the first of November.

I had seen this brother for the first time in June, 1832, and complimentary reports were more than confirmed by his presence. He was then on a visit of two or three weeks to Philadelphia. It was in the cholera season of that year. We were much together—one of the occasions being both peculiar and exciting. A notice had been published, signed by a number of clergymen, calling a meeting of ‘Ministers and Christians of the various denominations, to consider the expediency of setting apart a day for fasting, humiliation and prayer.’ The meeting was held in the Court House. Mr. Fuller and I attended.

Several distinguished clergymen urged the measure on the usual grounds, and I opposed it in a speech of some length and point. My objections were based in sanatory and rational considerations, closing with the fact that the Lord had denounced precisely the sort of Fast contemplated, and enjoined an entirely different one, Isa. lviii. 5–8.

Some discussion ensued, in which I was denounced as an Infidel, and several saints tumultuously suggested that I should be put out of the house. The 'previous question' was called, and a day of Fasting appointed, according to the standards of 'orthodoxy.'

The accompaniments of this incident revealed to me the energy of Mr. Fuller's character, though he took no part in the debate, being merely a visitor in Philadelphia. His spiritual value had previously been established by social intercourse. So favorable was the impression he made in the Callowhill street Church, that he received a most cordial and pressing invitation to become the pastor. Sense of duty to his parishioners in New York State, debarred a change of location at the time; but the invitation was renewed a year or so later, and accepted—greatly to my satisfaction.

Mr. Fuller was nearly four years my senior, though I had entered the ministry a few months the earlier. We were both bachelors. He had suffered much from illness, but was now in good health, excepting that he was lame. There was *no* exception as regarded his spiritual manhood. In every respect of social-nobility, I never knew his superior.

‘He bore, through suffering, toil and ruth,
Within his heart the dew of youth,
And on his lip the smile of truth.’

He carried sun-shine into all circles of the young and the old, the literary and the religious. Even the house of mourning seemed radiant in his visitations of loving trust. Generosity of spirit and amenity of manner were with him always. His keen wit was without asperity, and his ardent zeal was uniformly tempered by charity. His beaming face was a true index of the inner man.

Nor was phrenology at fault in scanning his head. With *him*, perception was quick, reflection was rigid, and stern conscience denounced what logic condemned. His mind was comprehensive. His power of analysis was displayed alike in conversation and sermonizing. He was a student of *facts* and a reader of theories, but in respect of Religion and Morality he relied on his own independent thought, subject only to consistent interpretation of the Bible.

As a public speaker he was unequal. Sometimes he was tame; at others, mightily stirring by forcible thought embodied in unusually glowing language. The average placed him in a high rank among the eloquent men of the age.

He was a faithful friend and devoted Universalist. He knew no envy, uttered no evil speech of his brethren, rejoiced in the prosperity of his neighbors, actively sympathized whenever and wherever there was need. In a word, he “followed peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man can see the Lord.” *He* saw Him—for he was one of “the pure in heart.”

I write this eulogium deliberately, with the advantage of six years of closest personal intimacy. At nearly all religious meetings, excepting those which separated us on Sundays as pastors, we were together. At our alternate Conference Meetings, at our volunteer lectures in Carpenter’s Hall and Kensington Hall, at the sessions of our Association and our State Convention, we were together. So also in the social groups of *his* people and *mine*, and frequently at funerals,—still more frequently at each other’s dwellings,—and I cannot recal one single instance in which he was other than the *Christian gentleman*. Into this, all

encomium must be resolved at last. Permit me therefore to express myself unreservedly, in relation to a true yoke-fellow who has passed to the kingdom above.

His removal to Philadelphia was of great service to our cause, both directly as an efficient preacher and pastor, and indirectly as a member of several literary circles. No man is more affectionately remembered than *he*, among hundreds of people who *had* not and *have* not any connexion with our churches. Their love of *the man* could not fail to impress the thoughtful with respect for his *theology*. At all events, the friendships thus formed could not do less than promote that gentleness of spirit which is akin to godliness.

Mr. Fuller commenced his pastoral charge in Philadelphia, Nov. 3, 1833. In the month following, he and I united in a letter to four distinguished clergymen, inviting them to lecture in our churches, or to permit us to lecture in theirs, on the points of doctrinal difference between the parties. On New Year's Day preceding, I had published a *general* invitation to a discussion, either oral or written, addressed to the clergy of Philadelphia, hoping that out of so many, there would be a volunteer. The effort was fruitless. The *particular* invitation above mentioned was successful in part. Two of the reverend gentlemen did not answer. From a third we received a reply of postponement which never amounted to any thing; but Rev. E. S. Ely, D.D., came fairly to the work in a letter addressed to myself. A controversial correspondence ensued. It is known as the 'Ely and Thomas Discussion.'

There were probable reasons why the choice should fall on *me*. I had longer been a resident of Philadel-

phia, and was better known than Mr. Fuller. Dr. Ely's church was within one square of mine, and our congregations intermingled somewhat, socially. The invitation referred to, if accepted at all, would naturally be accepted with *a neighbor*, especially under such circumstances.

My colleague made several attempts, in other directions, to obtain 'a foeman worthy of his steel,' but in vain. Very sorry was I that he did not succeed, for he was admirably fitted, by both talent and candor, to make 'a battle of opinions' profitable.

The controversial correspondence between Rev. Dr. Ely and myself commenced in January, 1834, and was protracted, by interruptions on *his* part, until March, 1835. He was editor of *The Philadelphian*, in which paper his letters first appeared, and mine in *The Christian Messenger*. They were mutually copied and extensively transferred to Universalist periodicals, but not to any Presbyterian print. The correspondence was afterwards published in book form, and attained a wide circulation.

There had been slight personal acquaintance of the parties. I knew him—and who did not?—as a celebrated divine, the Stated Clerk of the General Assembly—and *he* must have had a favorable opinion of *me*, or it is not likely he would have accepted an invitation to discussion.

Farther back than the celebrated "Christian party in politics," as proposed by him, Dr. Ely had been famous both as a preacher and a writer. Once, in his less experienced days, he 'dreamed a dream.' Among other strange fancies, he dreamed that, as a departed spirit, he searched heaven through, and could not find

a single Universalist! As there are but two apartments in the invisible world, according to 'orthodox' standards, he concluded that the Universalists were all stowed away in disagreeable quarters.

He was answered by some wag, who *also* dreamed a dream. He dreamed that he searched hell throughout, and did not see a single Presbyterian! "How is this?" said he to the Adversary: "Are all the Presbyterians in heaven?"

"O no," was the reply, "we keep them down below." Whereupon he lifted a trap-door by means of a great ring, and up popped Dr. Ely! "Put him down!" cried Beelzebub; "if once *he* gets out, we shall never get him back!"

This was decidedly answering foolishness by folly; and I hope my reverend friend, in after years, regretted his visionary presumption.

I sometimes attended his Church, on Sunday afternoon, and on one occasion heard Universalism belabored in right good earnest. It nevertheless amused me, because the smittings were wide of the mark. A closely-written sheet of good-humored spicy review was in the hands of one of his church-members before the next evening. A day or two following he called on the family, with which he was intimate. Opening the Bible to read a passage, the manuscript was before him.

"This appears to be a review of my sermon on Sunday afternoon," said he—"and by a Universalist, if I do not mistake. Who wrote it?"

Being informed, and also that I sat in their pew and took notes, the Doctor's eye ran over the paragraphs. He smiled, put the paper in his pocket, and I did not hear of it afterwards.

This incident is here mentioned, not as possessing interest, but as probably one of the links which subsequently brought us into the relation of correspondents. The main cause, however, must be sought in his knowledge that Universalism, in the autumn of 1833, was attracting more than usual attention in Philadelphia, and in the region round about.

The columns of his paper, during the correspondence, evinced that some of his friends were uneasy under the operation of things—not perhaps because they thought he had the disadvantage of me, but because a leading Presbyterian print was spreading Universalism among thousands who else had not heard of it, as taught by one of its advocates. The Doctor himself seemed willing to encourage questionable instruments to off-set these adverse tendencies—whereof the following is an example. The *Philadelphian* of January 8, 1835, contained the subjoined editorial announcement—the name being here suppressed, because I do not desire to perpetuate personal infamy :

“UNIVERSALISM RENOUNCED. On Saturday evening the 10th instant, in the Session Room of the Third Presbyterian Church, Mr. ———, who has long been a Universalist, will state his reasons for renouncing the doctrine of Universal Salvation, to all who attend.”

Forthwith I informed Dr. Ely, by letter, that though his protégé had many years previously professed Universalism, he had long been an open Atheist in New York—adding a series of questions which, being answered, would render my testimony in the premises unnecessary. As an additional check, I notified the public of the fact that the Presbyterians and Infidels had joined hands in the warfare against Universalism !

These admonitions were in possession of my reverend

friend in advance of the advertised ‘awful disclosures,’ but it seemed too late for him to recede. Accordingly his colleague delivered a speech—proving, as well as he could, that endless punishment is taught in the Bible, this being inferentially the reason why he had renounced the heresy of Universalism.

The audience consisted chiefly of persons who received the sweet morsel lusciously from the lips of the new convert—but there were also ‘lookers-on in Vienna,’ one of whom was there by my request. After the address, the reverend Doctor pulled my letter from his pocket, and put certain plain queries, as therein set down.

“Do you believe that the Bible is a revelation from God?” was the first question in order.

It was instantly clear to the late spokesman that his ‘orthodoxy’ was more than suspected, and so he promptly answered, “I do *not*.”

“That is bad,” rejoined the Doctor. “Do you believe in life and immortality beyond the grave?” was the second question.

“I do *not*,” was the equally prompt answer.

“That is worse,” said the Doctor. “Do you believe in the existence of Almighty God?”

“No, I do *not*,” was the response.

“Worst of all—out of the frying-pan into the fire,” said the mortified colleague of the out-spoken Atheist.

The object of each party was of course defeated, most effectually. The *deceiver* desired to draw attention to himself as a lecturer on a certain branch of physiology, and with that view appealed to anti-universalist zeal, through Dr. Ely. The latter was *deceived*, and richly deserved the consequences, because he accepted the co-operation of a man of whom he

knew nothing, either personally or by vouchers of character. He 'caught a Tartar'—and a Tartar caught *him*!

In the progress of my Discussion with Dr. Ely, I had many letters of inquiry from abroad; and not a few anonymous communications reached me, couched in reproachful and abusive terms. To the latter, no reply could be returned, and the former were briefly answered, so far as the topics of inquiry were not already on hand in the letters.

Private interviews at my own house were also sought, by persons of various disposition and object—mostly sincere inquirers. The conversation had with one of these was written down, shortly after it occurred, and published. The substance of it may be interesting and instructive to the reader of these pages.

My visitor, an intelligent, candid gentleman of middle age, a Presbyterian by profession, desired to be made acquainted with my strongest objection to the doctrine of endless punishment, on the score of reason; and I answered, briefly, that I could not see any *utility* in a punishment strictly endless.

It could not benefit *the sufferer* by reforming him, because there is no afterward to eternity:

It could not benefit *the spectators*, that is, saints and angels, unless we suppose them thus restrained from sinning—for there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth:

And no one will pretend that the Supreme Being could be benefited, in any way, by the never-ending wickedness and misery of a part or portion of His offspring.

Now, sir, inform me, if you can, what good, imme-

diate or remote, what utility, direct or indirect, there could be in endless punishment, as a reality?

“May it not be both useful and necessary as an example in the government of worlds?” said my visitor.

Surely not of *other* worlds any more than of *this*; and I am not now treating of endless punishment as *a doctrine preached* to restrain ungodly persons, but of endless punishment as *a woful reality*. Besides, we should have nothing to do with possibilities or conjectures, in an inquiry such as this. Please proceed on the question of utility.

“Perhaps the following may meet the case,” said my friend. “God gave a holy, just and good law to man; man violated, and *in* violating, offered indignity to and dishonored that law. Now in order to vindicate the law, and make it honorable, it is essential that the penalty should be rigorously inflicted.”

You here assume endless punishment to be that penalty. I will not ask you to attempt the proof of this position by the Scriptures, because you desire to converse, at present, on other than Scriptural grounds. I will simply propose this question: Has the holy, just and good law of God been dishonored by man’s unholiness, injustice, and evil conduct in general?

“Undoubtedly—because a holy, just and good law, must require holiness, justice and goodness.”

I will propose another question: If unholiness dishonors a holy law, in what way can that law be honored?

“Plainly by holiness.”

Correctly answered, beyond cavil. But did you not contend, a few moments since, that God would pronounce the doom of endless woe, in order to magnify His law and make it honorable?

“I perceive the contradiction,” replied my candid

visiter. “It now appears to me that could all mankind be brought into conformity with the spirit of the law, the law would more effectually be honored than it could possibly be in the event of endless punishment, which latter would imply endless unholiness.”

I am pleased to discover so much unity in our views. For their further confirmation, let me direct you to Psalm xix: ‘The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul; the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple; the statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart; the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.’ The perfection, stability, righteousness and purity of the law of the Lord, are argued from its tendency to enlighten the mind, convert the soul, and rejoice the heart. The holiness, justice, goodness and perfection of the divine law, are herein manifested. It is dishonored by iniquity: it is honored by holiness and righteousness.

“Your ideas appear reasonable—but may not *this* be an answer to your objection: The Lord will doom the wicked to endless punishment, in vindication of his own character and for the manifestation of his own glory.”

If you are candid, you will presently relinquish this ground. It is written, ‘All have sinned and come short of the glory of God.’ If man, in *this* world, comes short of the glory of his Maker by sinning, is it rational to suppose he can ever come up to the standard of that glory, if he be placed in a condition in which it will be impossible for him to reform?

“I confess that your arguments stagger me,” acknowledged my friend. “I never before beheld the doctrine in which I have long been instructed to believe, in so appalling a form; and I shall be under the

necessity of admitting your objection unanswerable, unless you will suggest to me a more defensible answer than I have yet produced."

Verily, 'you are not far from the kingdom of God.' I will give you the theory of the Hopkinsians, as they are called, for they are the only consistent advocates of endless woe. *They* affirm, that *the misery of the damned will augment the happiness of the saints for ever!*

"Merciful God! And do they thus reply to your question of utility?"

Verily, they do; and in the blindness of their foolish hearts, they even affirm that mothers will shout Amen, to the endless perdition of their own offspring in flames of fire! Why do you shudder? The mystery of iniquity is consistent, *only*, when linked with this appalling result.

—The interview closed, with what permanency of effect I am unable to say. If any one thinks he could have managed the case better than did my candid visiter, let him try it in his own meditation. If he pursues the inquiry faithfully, he will inevitably reach the hypothesis ascribed to Dr. Hopkins.

I have met with few persons who were willing to endorse that appalling (yet consistent) view of the subject—yet there are cases vividly in my remembrance—the *more* vivid, because examples so rarely occurred. One of these is dated near Flowertown in 1832, the first year of the Cholera in Philadelphia.

Announcement of a grove-meeting, on the bank of the Wissahicon, attracted a large assembly. Universalism was of course the theme of my sermons, and as usual there were contrasts instituted of the affirmative and the negative—the question of utility coming

in for prominent consideration. Liberty of reply was given, but not accepted until the congregation was dismissed. Immediately, a Presbyterian layman, who had some brains and more tongue, and less heart than either, (as the conversation demonstrated,) attempted to answer my argument. He was (and is) an ‘Undertaker,’ resident in Philadelphia.

“You have found fault with the sentiment of Dr. Hopkins that the saints will say Amen, alleluia, to the endless torment of the lost. How will you explain the fact that the Apocalypse ascribes that very language to the redeemed in glory? They said, Amen, alleluia—and the smoke of her torment rose up for ever and ever. They shouted Alleluia, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.” Rev. xix. 3–6.

“Your doctrine of endless torment,” I replied, “bears no analogy to the case in the Apocalypse. The one is clearly a judgment in *this* world, connected with the downfall of Paganism, and therefore not final as affecting the soul. The other is placed in the future world, is affirmed of individuals as such, and is supposed to be endless. We might, as a people, rejoice over the defeat of an enemy’s army, even though myriads were slain on the battle-field. If you should thence infer that we would also rejoice in the endless wretchedness of the individuals slain, I, for one, must beg to be excepted.”

“But does not the text say, that her smoke rose up *for ever and ever*?” he inquired, in triumph.

“Yes, certainly, *her* smoke,” was my answer; “and so it was declared by the prophet, that the burning pitch and brimstone that consumed Idumea should not be quenched night nor day; ‘the smoke thereof shall go up for ever . . . from generation to generation it

shall lie waste; none shall pass through it for ever and ever,' Isa. xxxiv. Yet this was distinctly a judgment in the earth, and the same is true of the passage in the Apocalypse, as the connexion shows.

"But, sir, let us come to matters of fact, as within your own breast. No matter by what means convinced of the doctrine of endless misery, tell me plainly, do you unite in that sentiment of Dr. Hopkins?"

"Unquestionably I *do*," was the reply.

"And would you rejoice in heaven over any one of these people in hell, provided such should be your relative final destiny?"

"I have no reason to doubt it," he said, promptly.

"Then, sir, you are the less worthy of heaven and the more worthy of hell, of the two—for I do not believe there is a person in this assembly, excepting your saintly self, who would rejoice over the endless misery of even a dog!"

"But you forget," he protested, "that I speak with reference to the glory of God."

"And of course you would thus rejoice over the endless misery of even your own children?" was the next query.

"Yes, sir, on the same principle," he replied. "I am consistent from beginning to end, and should even be willing to be damned *myself*, if it should be for the glory of God."

"Saints and angels would also be willing, I suppose, on the same score, and would shout Amen," I added.

"Certainly."

"And devils would also be willing, and shout Amen, Alleluia!" was the additional suggestion.

"I presume they would," answered the consistent believer.

“Then, sir, the case seems to be clear regarding yourself. You are decidedly the fittest subject for endless damnation that I have ever seen. You are *fit*, because *willing*. *I* am *not* willing to be so dealt with for the glory of either God or Devil—for I am not willing to blaspheme the one and be in fellowship with the other, either here or hereafter. Let us not, however, forget the children. Your affections ought to be twined around them in deathless union; yet the cup which would be wormwood if *now* pressed to your lips, will be changed into nectar by the alchymy of the resurrection! You could not shout Amen in beholding your offspring slowly consuming at the stake, obedient or disobedient, glory or no glory; yet you *believe* you will do more than shout, should you see their smoke rising up for ever from the fire and brimstone of nethermost Tartarus! The Lord have mercy on you!”

“You forget,” was the reply, uttered in extremity, “you forget that believers are to be changed in a moment.”

“No, sir, I have *not* forgotten it; but I have yet to learn that the resurrection will be a change for *the worse*. It will be a change for the better—a change from glory to glory. Abandon, I pray you, abandon the abomination that maketh desolate, standing where it ought not, in the holy place. Cultivate the hope of being better in heaven than you are here. Cherish kindly sympathies for the whole race, and thus grow constantly in likeness to Christ. Then shall you be brought to see that if there be ‘joy in heaven over *one* sinner that repenteth,’ there will be fulness of joy in that blessed life, only when the last rebel shall be redeemed. In that sublime consummation, the Universe

shall be filled with rejoicing, as the highest illustration of the glory of God.”

—This interview may not have varied the opinions of my Presbyterian friend—certainly it did not vary mine. An effect was visible in the assemblage around us. I could even hear and *feel* the chill shuddering of several who stood nearest, when the fearfully-consistent speculations of my respondent were uttered. Possibly the emotion was transient, not awakening vital thought, yet I do not understand how that theory can be considered for an instant, without exciting everlasting abhorrence.

In June, 1834, a dramatic writer of celebrity committed suicide, by drowning in the Schuylkill. It would serve no useful purpose to record his name. He was the author of ‘*Metamora*,’ an Indian tragedy written for Edwin Forrest. The principal part was no less adapted to the talents of that eminent actor than to popular taste for Indian history, and the author of the piece was reputed accordingly.

Mr. Forrest, in company of a friend of his, called to invite my attendance at the funeral. Neither of them was a Universalist, and with neither of them had I any acquaintance. The service was to be at the late boarding-house of the deceased—an elegant establishment in Walnut street—and was appointed for Sunday morning at 9 o’clock.

Of course I attended. The spacious parlors were filled, mostly with theatrical people, some of them highly distinguished—the noble form of Mr. Forrest, with folded arms, being prominent in the group. I could but feel my littleness as a public speaker, in the presence of so much talent in that line—yet the re-

membrance of *who* I was, representatively, and of *why* I had been invited to that house of mourning in preference of all clergymen in Philadelphia, gave to my spirit a consciousness of dignity never before experienced.

An only child of the deceased—a bright boy of possibly ten years—sat on one side of the coffin, weeping—alas, poor lad!—and the preacher stood on the other side. I spoke substantially as follows :

Why was *I* sent for to attend the funeral of this man of genius? Passing by the many distinguished and experienced divines of this city, a young man, almost unknown, and certainly not acknowledged in the popular religious circles, was invited—and he is here. *Why* did the friends of the departed make selection of *me*?—Only because you knew that *I* COULD not consistently, and WOULD not, sit in harsh judgment on *him*, nor afflict *you* by dooming him to the harsher judgment of the Almighty.

[Mr. Forrest bowed his head in acknowledgment, and the preacher went on.]

The compliment is not to *me*, but to that view of the government of God which, *only*, can impart comfort to the sorrowing without stifling thought or searing sympathy. Let Thought travel upward, downward, abroad, in this great Universe, and Sympathy may lawfully be by its side—for this great Universe is circumscribed, and shall be sanctified and glorified, by the Infinite and Everlasting Love.

The departed—O how the billows and the waves must have rolled over him, ere he sought repose from their buffetings in the depths of the dark waters! How this child loved him, and wails for him! How *you* loved him, and how you pity him, when you think of the woe that wearied him of life! And shall not the great God love and pity him too?

Not as a critic do I stand before you, but as a comforter, by means of that holy Gospel which builds our hopes of immortality, not on the quick-sands of contingency, but on the eternal Rock—not on what *man* is, or *may* be, or *may* become, but on what *God* is, and what His absolute purpose embraces as the issue of His plans. Through instruction, through sufferings and discipline perhaps, but *certainly*, every soul shall finally be brought out of darkness into marvelous light.

Such was the strain of the funeral service. There was clear evidence of approval among the persons present—but this was of small account to *me*. There was higher meed *within*—not of self-praise, but of quickened conviction that Universalism *only* could answer the soul's necessities in its greatest need. And I wrapped my cloak around me, and went out into the cold rain of that Sunday morning, and walked to my church, with a heart that sang psalms in the kingdom of heaven.

The author of 'Metamora' was buried in Machpelah Cemetery, and Mr. Forrest erected a fine monument over him. It is on the west side of the main avenue, as you enter the grounds from Washington street.

—It has fallen to my lot to attend the funerals of six or seven suicides in the course of my ministry. In not one instance was the deceased a Universalist. In at least two cases the entire family connexion was of a strictly 'orthodox' school, and in every case, excepting perhaps the preceding, the lynx-eyes of 'orthodoxy' watched me narrowly. But those eyes were generally otherwise employed ere the service was closed,—giving token (I thought) of deep thankfulness that there was at least *one* Gospel to reach all emergencies.

It was not surprising that they should watch me narrowly. According to popular standards there is no hope for him who lays violent hands upon himself. If he lays violent hands upon *another*, as in murder, and has a short space for repentance, it may be well with him—for though Paul declares that unrighteous persons shall not inherit the kingdom of God, no one applies the passage to such as repent, 1 Cor. vi. 9–11. But all possibility of repentance is barred by self-de-

struction—and so we often hear the quotation, ‘No self-murderer shall enter into eternal life.’

There is no such passage in the Bible. The nearest like it, is 1 John iii. 15: “Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer, and ye know that no murderer hath eternal life *abiding in him*”—which is certainly true, for eternal life cannot exist independently of the love of God and man.

It is a suggestive fact that the Bible nowhere mentions any judgment as connected with suicide. Revelation appears to assume the natural love of life as its sufficient guard. Men, in dark ages, superadded the penalty of indignity to the body—by exclusion from interment in consecrated ground, or by burial at cross-roads, or the like—and priests denounced a more awful doom of exclusion for the spirit, accompanied by the baptism of endless fire. Humanity, in these latter days, treats the dead body with greater respect. Alas that Divinity should still maintain the barbarism of the past in respect of the living soul!

The Bible nowhere mentions any judgment as connected with suicide. Judas is not an exception. He was *lost* from among the disciples, while others were *kept*, this being the contrast, John xvii. 12. He swerved by transgression, and left the ‘ministry and apostleship that he might go to his own place,’ Acts i. 17, 25—that is, he returned to his former habitation or calling, in the same sense that Balaam returned to *his*, Numbers xxiv. 25. “It had been good for that man if he had not been born,” Matt. xxvi. 24, was a proverbial saying among the Jews, signifying merely that such an one was a miserable being. “*Woe* unto that man,” would better be rendered, “*Alas* for that man,” as expressive of pity rather than condemnation.

Surely Judas was to be pitied, whether we suppose that he hanged himself by reason of conscientious smittings, or that he was suffocated with anguish from the same cause.

The summer of 1834 was a season of much excitement among the Sceptics of Philadelphia. Their excitement seemed to be pleasurable, but in what the pleasure consisted I could not learn. They were united in a denial of Divine Revelation—some of them doubted a future conscious existence—others denied it without qualification—and a few were open Atheists, as affecting any intelligent creative First Cause.

Among the latter was Mr. Abner Kneeland, who came hither from New York, in July, on a mission of Sceptic Evangelism! He duly entered life as a Baptist clergyman—served some time as a Universalist—and was raised to the sublime degree of a Believer in all Unbelief, by Miss Frances Wright. He has gone home, we trust, to a world in which there is no darkness and no sorrow—where all is light and blessedness for ever.

Let me not speak of him unkindly. With all his errors of judgment, he was a man of excellent moral character, of amiable spirit and imperturbable calmness—and never have I seen a person of more venerable and commanding presence. Our personal relations were always agreeable, notwithstanding our direct antagonism in opinion—a fact which it affords me much pleasure to remember.

Mr. Kneeland was both credulous and incredulous. Two little girls in New York, by looking into a tumbler of water, ascertained the spot on the North River where Captain Kidd's money was buried—so they as-

sured Mr. K.,—and he believed them, and invested all he had in the world in a digging operation. Yet he denied the ancient seers of Holy Writ!

It was this liability to deception, and a morbid seeking after new things, that led him, step by step, into a gulf so deep and dark that he could not see even a gleam of the meridian sun—nor stars!

He had been pastor in Philadelphia from 1818 till 1825, and now, in 1834, he asked permission to lecture in the same church, at that time under my charge.

“The Trustees must decide,” said I, “but I will use all my influence in behalf of your wish, provided you will tell me *some good* you can effect with *your* sentiments that *I* cannot accomplish with *mine*.”

“The ‘orthodox’ might ask *you* the same question, under similar circumstances,” said he.

“I should pronounce it a fair question, and should answer it,” was my reply: “Will you answer *me*?”

“How would you answer *them*?” was the inquiry of the experienced debater.

“Thus: ‘I frankly acknowledge that your religious views bring many joys, and are of practical value in many respects. But I have something *better*. I propose to remove all doubts and tormenting apprehensions from your hearts. Your vision of mercy and salvation shall be enlarged and quickened. You shall behold the universe of souls redeemed and glorified, and the prospect shall fill you with unutterable joy.’—That, sir, is somewhat the way in which I should answer the ‘orthodox.’ How will *you* answer *me*?”

“I want to rid the Universalists of their superstitious notions,” was the reply.

“That does not meet the question, Mr. Kneeland. Tell me what *evil* there is in what you term our ‘su

perstitious notions'—and also what *good* would accrue from your proposed substitute? Should we be more happy in the new order of things than we are at present? Are *you* as happy now, as when you believed in Universalism?"

"I am not sensible of any difference," said he, with his usual calmness.

"You have a beloved daughter in Charlestown. You left her alive and well. Let us suppose you journeying homeward. Would that journey be as pleasant with the certainty of finding her *dead*, as it would be with the expectation of finding her in better health and happier than when you saw her last?"

"I don't know that it would make any difference," was his reply.

"Pardon me, sir, but I do not believe you. Desire to sustain your position, over-powers your candor."

The conversation was at an end. He would scarcely have pretended that his feelings in the supposed journey would be the same, on the 'orthodox' hypothesis of finding his daughter alive, tortured perhaps in every fibre by disease. He was Stoical to a fault—but there are some things which can reach the quick, through all mail and harness of controversy.

A grove-meeting held near Cantwell's Bridge, Del., in August, was exceeded in pleasantness by the session of the General Convention, at Albany, in September. But 'home, sweet home,' was especially attractive in November, because we were favored with 'Nine Sermons' by HOSEA BALLOU. The visitation, with its social accompaniments, closed and crowned the year with a blessing.

CHAPTER V.

Judgment in Eternity—Day of Probation—Two sorts of Judgment—Conversation with a partisan spy—Free Agency—Web and Woof—Dialogue—Arminio-Calvinism—Rev. Albert Barnes, and no ray of light—Jubilee in Hell—Tour in New England—Lowell—Lynn—Quakerism—Wentworth—Rev. John G. Adams—Spiritual Union—Papist hope and Protestant un-hope—Deerfield—Visit to Maine—Jubilee session in Hartford—Rev. S. R. Smith's sermon—Rev. Russell Streeter—Winchester's Grave—Leigh Hunt—Discussion with Rev. Wm. L. McCalla—Anecdotes—Singular freak of a Universalist Minister—Death of Bishop White—Episcopal lady and the new birth—"If there is not an endless hell, there ought to be"—Hanging and Damning privately—Dr. George De Benneville.

My correspondence with Dr. Ely continued until March, 1835. January was somewhat interesting, by reason of a singular renunciation of Universalism in the Doctor's Session Room, as before narrated. It was *not* singular that I should take lawful advantage of the circumstance, by both pen and speech. The latter was comprehended in two Sunday evening lectures, duly announced and largely attended. The first assigned my reasons for having renounced the doctrine of endless punishment; the second assigned my reasons for having embraced the doctrine of Universalism. These lectures were succeeded by a series in proof of Divine Revelation.

There was another matter which excited some interest. We held meetings for instruction and worship on Sunday afternoons, in the Commissioners' Hall in Kensington, a sub-urban district of Philadelphia. Mr. Fuller and I officiated alternately. It was truly re-

freshing in January, to learn that Rev. William A. Wiggins, a Methodist clergyman in Kensington, had appointed a special lecture in proof of an after-death judgment. A stenographer was employed to report it for the press, and publication followed, accompanied by a review. The pamphlet, entitled "Judgment in Eternity," was largely circulated—much inquiry was drawn to the question—and several visitors sought conversation at the reviewer's residence.

One of these assumed the position of a seeker for truth, but his lack of candor unveiled him as a partisan spy. Illustrations of his perversity would serve no useful purpose, but the instructive parts of the conversation may be interesting. The topic was Probation, with its adjuncts.

"The Bible," said he, "plainly teaches the doctrine of a judgment, here or hereafter, as neither of us can deny. Let it be in *this* life, or in *the future* life, a judgment implies a reckoning, a calling to account for previous conduct, during a period longer or shorter—there being no judgment meanwhile,—and *that* period is strictly a state of probation, or trial." Such was the substance of his argument, compactly presented.

"You are partly correct and partly in error," was my reply. "You are correct in relation to one class of judgments, but not in relation to another class. For example: The prophets denounced a woful doom on Jerusalem and the Jewish nation, if the people became corrupt and persisted in crime. John the Baptist called upon them to repent, and so did Christ—implying that reformation of life would avert the predicted judgment."

"I thought you denied that any judgment can be averted by repentance," said the spy.

“Then, sir, you thought wrong, and I hope you will not think so again. Christ said to the wicked Jews, ‘Fill ye up then,’ or more properly, ‘Ye *are* filling up the measure of your fathers.’ They were ‘sinning away their day of grace.’ Their time of probation shortly passed away—and the day of judgment came, with its fearful reckoning. You may read the account of it in Josephus, and I cannot admit your creed as an authentic appendix.”

“But you said I was partly in error,” said the spy, temporarily an inquirer. “You admit I was correct about probation, in reference to such judgments as you name. Wherein was I in error?”

“You were in error in assuming that there was *no judgment meanwhile*—namely, during that period of Jewish probation. The generation living when judgment came upon Jerusalem, had merely *filled up* the measure of iniquity. Their fathers, for ages, had been adding to the cup, and their immediate predecessors had *nearly* filled it. Was it for *the last drop only*, that the judgment came? If it was *not*, what part in that *judgment* had the generations who had part in the *iniquity*, and were dead?”

“O,” said he, “they passed to the judgment in the eternal world.”

“That, sir, is begging the whole question in controversy, and is not answering *my* question. What part had they in *that* judgment? What part had they in the judgment which *their* iniquity contributed to bring down upon their nation? You *might* see, if you *would* see, that it was *a national* judgment, and must necessarily fall on the people living at the time the measure of iniquity was *filled up*—including great sinners and little sinners, besides children and infants who had no

part whatever in the cause of the judgment. Untie that knot, if you *can*."

"But you said," he rejoined, without any attention to the difficulty, "you said something about a *judgment meanwhile*. What do you mean by that?"

"I mean, sir, that there are two classes of judgment—the outward and the inward. The outward has a day of probation preceding it, and may be averted by repentance. The inward judgment has *no* preceding probation—for every individual soul is standing before God in judgment always. There is no reckoning of the *past*, in such a judgment, for it is always present and progressing. In no other view than this can the testimony be true, that 'God shall bring *every work* into judgment, with *every secret thing*, whether it be *good*, or whether it be *evil*,' Eccl. xii. 14, as has been abundantly shown in the review of Mr. Wiggins."

The conversation had little else of interest. The review, on the point referred to, covered the ground substantially as follows:

Every work, whether good or evil, of every man, is to be brought into judgment. If that judgment be not progressive, if it be a future event, with a preceding probation during which there is no adequate recompense,—and if the awards of that judgment be endless, the result will unavoidably be this: A man who lives virtuously for 60 years, and then viciously for a month, and dies without repentance, may indeed be punished for his *evil* works, but cannot be rewarded for his *good* works. On the contrary, a man who lives viciously for 60 years, and virtuously for one month, and dies without lapse, may indeed be rewarded for his *good* works, but cannot be punished for his *evil* works.

Let any man look this matter in the face, and he

must needs be satisfied, I think, that Universalist views *only*, can explain the doctrine of judgment, scripturally and rationally. The question of future or *no*-future punishment remains untouched, but the *principle* of the Lord's uninterrupted judgment is established.

The yoke-notion of Probation is Free Agency, a most fruitful topic of controversy from time immemorial. Universalists have of course had a share in the discussion. On no occasion, however, has the matter been thoroughly canvassed, myself being one of the parties. Mostly, the contest has been merely a skirmish, owing perhaps as much to my own incompetency as to the shallow use of the theme by the party in opposition.

Space would be wasted in narrating examples, though one of these has pleasant associations. It occurred in a private interview with a Methodist brother in Pottsville, during the session of our Convention in May, 1835. The substance was related to a circle of friends at the house of Hon. Strange N. Palmer, the same evening. Not one of the company dreamed that a member of his family, of whom I had but a glimpse at the time, would some day become my nearest companion and friend. Yet such was the fact, though the parties had not met in the interim of seven years.—The woof was Free Will: the warp appears to have been Destiny.

Without presumptuously 'entering in where angels fear to tread,' let me present, in dialogue form, the argument on Free Agency, as popularly urged against Universalism, with accompanying replies.

Arminian. Man is a Free Agent by the constitution of his nature, and even God cannot consistently save him against his own will.

Universalist. Gospel Salvation is moral, not material—and, as being effected against a man's will, is an impossibility. You might say, and with as little propriety, that God cannot consistently *damn* a man against his own will. When the human will is in harmony with the divine will, the man is in a state of salvation. When the human will is in antagonism with the divine will, the man is in a state of damnation.

A. How can he be gotten out of that state, without interference with man's free agency?

U. Certainly not by any other than a moral force. According to *your* showing, the mission of Christ is itself an interference! What right had God to send, or how could he *consistently* send, any help to those who had a constitutional right to do as they pleased? What authority had he to flash a light, brighter than the noon-day sun, into the face of Saul?

A. But Christ said to the Jews, 'Ye *will not* come unto me that ye might have life,' John v. 40. What will you do with that?

U. Christ also said, 'And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me,' John xii. 32. What will you do with *that*? Surely you can see a way of reconciling those two passages. 'Ye *will not* come unto me *now*,' is all that can be safely interpreted of the one: 'I *will* draw all men unto me, *sooner or later*,' is the circumscriptive meaning of the other. And thus they are readily harmonized.

—This is an outline of the argument. The consummation of the Mediatorial Kingdom is vastly more interesting than any theory of its progress; and whether we adopt the Free Will or the Predestinarian view, a conviction of final universal good is essential to the perfect rest of the believing soul.

In 1835 the controversy on these questions was reaching a crisis of separation in the Presbyterian church. Some of the Ministers openly proclaimed 'Arminio-Calvinism,' and sought to show the unity of Fore-ordination and Free Agency. Sympathizers were added to the active Progressives, and an elective-affinity Presbytery was formed in Philadelphia—that is, geographical boundaries were disregarded by a few kindred spirits, and *these* made choice of their associates.

Rev. Albert Barnes was of the number. In his Commentary on Romans he had given offence to the standards of 'orthodoxy' in the Philadelphia Synod, and that body, at its session in the autumn of 1835, dissolved the new organization, and suspended Mr. Barnes from the ministry by a vote of 116 to 31. The case was carried to the General Assembly, held in Pittsburg in June, 1836, and Mr. Barnes was restored to regular standing by a vote of 134 to 94.

The controversy, so progressing, resulted in the separation of the Presbyterian Church into Old-School and New-School. There was some terribly hard speech-making among the saints before they divided the Camp. Discoursing of this fact, Rev. Charles G. Finney, a distinguished Presbyterian clergyman, said:

"These things in the Presbyterian Church, their contentions and janglings, are so ridiculous, so wicked, so outrageous, that no doubt there is a jubilee in hell every year, about the time of the meeting of the General Assembly."

The doctrines asserted or denied appeared to the parties of vital importance, yet the distinction of difference was difficult to define. Both sides held to Pagan Diabolism as the beginning of sin-troubles, and to Pagan Infernus as their ending. Intermediately there was stout debate as to the extent or sense in which man is

totally depraved—whether he has *no* ability or a *little* ability—whether the doom of endless woe in every case can lawfully be affirmed of Adam's sin absolutely, or partly of each individual's active following,—and so on to the end of the mystical chapter. But no doubt was expressed that sin originated among the angels, nor that Humanity is involved with Devils in the judgment of ceaseless torment, nor that such of our race as shall be delivered, will owe their blessedness solely to the 'good luck' of distinguishing grace, and not to any 'good management' of their own.

Alas! how little advantage accrued to the Progressive Party from their modified Calvinism! They did not travel far enough to obtain a comfortable vision of God. Not their *sins* peculiarly, but some opaque items in their creeds, shut out the glory of the Lord's face — and they yearned for *more light*. Whether they received it in the way attempted, or failed, may be determined by the following acknowledgments of Mr. Barnes, quoted from a volume of his 'Practical Sermons,' page 123:

"I see not one ray to disclose to me the reason why sin came into the world; why the earth is strewed with the dying and the dead, and why man must suffer to all eternity. I have never seen a particle of light thrown on these subjects that has given a moment's ease to my tortured mind, nor have I an explanation to offer, or a thought to suggest that would be a relief to you. I trust other men—as they profess to do—understand this better than I do, and that they have not the anguish of spirit which I have; but when I look on a world of sinners and sufferers; upon the world of woe filled with hosts to suffer forever; when I see my friends, my parents, my family, my people, my fellow-citizens—when I look upon a whole race, all involved in this sin and danger, and when I see the great mass of them wholly unconcerned, and when I feel that God only can save them, and yet he does not do it, I am struck dumb. It is all dark—*dark*—DARK to my soul, and I cannot disguise it."

Any one can see that the chief difficulty of the case is in the doctrine of ENDLESS WOE. Through the black cloud of such judgment as that, *not one ray, not a particle of light*, could reach *the tortured mind* of Mr. Barnes, to mitigate *the anguish of his spirit*! ‘It is all dark, *dark*, DARK to my soul.’

The problem of evil is undoubtedly a difficult one, view it as we may; but *the eternity of misery* renders a solution impossible. Once grant that evil is a *means* and not *an end*—cherish hope of an era of universal holiness and happiness—and the black cloud will break away, and that ray of light will enter which Mr. Barnes, in his dark, dark, dark estate, has never seen. Believe in that era with all your heart, and the universe will be lit up with perpetual sun-shine.

A five weeks’ tour in New-England, ending with attendance at the U. S. Convention in September, 1835, is among the most vivid of my recollections. A record kept at the time, aided by a retentive memory, enables me to do more than follow the pathway of that journey. New-York, Boston, Cambridgeport, East Cambridge, Danvers, Salem, and some other points of visitation and preaching, will be omitted in the narrative, because if once my pen begins to write about them, there will be little prospect of bringing the whole into reasonable space.

But Lowell must certainly be mentioned. It was my first visit to that city of spindles; and as I stood in the pulpit of the church on Chapel Hill, and looked over the flower-garden, (that is to say, the congregation of young people, the ladies greatly predominating in numbers,) I did not dream that within four years from that date I should be preaching to a congregation of

my own, in that thriving hive called Lowell—with Rev. Thomas B. Thayer as my yoke-fellow.

In Lynn, the appearance of the assembly was very different. There is, as it were, a lighting up of a mass of people if ‘the better part of creation’ be largely represented, (as in the preceding case;) but what can be more sombre or solemn than an assembly consisting mainly of men! In the shoemakingdom of Lynn, the latter was opened before me in a dense crowd; and devout attention assured me of such understanding among them as any pastor might rely on to the last.

It was gratifying to learn from a Quaker family, with which I became acquainted in Lynn, that they had heard my grandfather preach in that town, many years before. They were Universalists now, and one of them, a worthy sister, afterwards took me to task, in one of the public prints, for saying that ‘pure Quakerism is pure Universalism.’ *She* was right in *the letter*—for Quakerism leaves *that* indefinite, in regard to the final issue, which Universalism makes prominent; but *I* was right in *the spirit*—for the breathing love and tenderness of Quakerism, is the vitality of Universalism.

How that love and tenderness breathed in our Social Conferences in Rumney, N. H.! Father Keith was there in his eightieth year—(blessed old man! he has since gone home;) Mr. Adams was there, in the kingdom of heaven, and he is in the kingdom *yet*, and always *will* be; and Robert Morse and his family and other noble souls were there. And out of every heart went forth the cloven tongues of fire, preaching fatherhood and unity, and brotherhood and harmony.

Father Keith sanctified Wentworth by his residence there. I shall never forget the multitudes who thronged the great Meeting House on the green, nor the rapture

of the venerable sire in contemplating the scene, when the preacher opened the Book of Remembrance before God, and found that *all*, ALL were there! "If one is missing," said he afterwards, "if when I get there, I find that one is missing, I will come back and look him up." A spirit such as that, would glory in a mission to Pandemonium, to seek and save the lost. It is the spirit of Christ, in whatever tabernacle of flesh it moves among men, with its constant outpouring of blessing.

Of all these things we talked, Mr. Adams and I, in journeying to Deerfield, to attend the session of the Rockingham Association. We were glad there was no Rail Road, else we should have gotten through the romantic, winding route too soon. As it was, we conversed by the way, and thought of each other every night (I venture to affirm) for years afterwards. It was on this wise: The seven divine attributes shall be throughout the week, successively our topics of meditation when we retire; and so, the wisdom of God and the absent brother, shall be linked in the spiritual experience of Sunday night. The divine knowledge, goodness, truth, mercy, justice and power, shall follow in order—each of us bearing the absent brother in the head of thought and the heart of prayer.

This union of remembrance did me good, and explained to me the benefit of set seasons of prayer for the conversion of individuals or the world. God hears the supplication of any one soul, and it comes up as acceptably before him as though millions were united in the petition; but that one soul, though conscious of a blessed divine fellowship, would have its joy and devotion increased, if it were also conscious of the sympathy of kindred spirits, breathing the same religious aspirations at the same hour.

That wonderful institution, the Papal Hierarchy, has prominently recognized this principle in many respects—pre-eminently in the doctrine of masses for the departed. When Universalism was finally condemned, and endless punishment installed as an element of Christian orthodoxy, the Councils made reservation of Purgatory for the benefit of delinquent professors. Prayers, duly offered according to the canon, could diminish both the intensity and duration of disciplinary pains, and bring the subject into the joys of heaven.

This was the assertion—irrational and absurd enough, in all conscience—but it appealed to the bonds of friendship and love existing between men on earth, and linked *this* life and the *future* life by the ties of sympathy. The prayers offered had of course no influence with the Supreme Being, nor with the departed spirit for whom masses were offered by the Priest—but *the living* were profited by protraction, at least, of kindly sentiments in behalf of the departed. The principle is substantially the same, when we pray for the conversion of people who may never hear of our supplication. The benefit is with *us*, and not with *them*, excepting as we are thereby prompted to exertions for their conversion, directly or indirectly; and in this is manifested the main point of difference between Papist prayers for the departed from earth, and Protestant prayers for the living people in Pagandom.

It is certain that Roman Catholicism is more Christian than orthodox Protestantism, in one material respect. The former has a Purgatory, from which there is redemption sooner or later, for few or many; the latter seals up the doom of all who are not saved before the dissolution of soul and body. The former encourages sympathy, and seeks to perpetuate kindly efforts for

good, beyond this outward, visible life; the latter checks all such tenderness in behalf of unconverted persons, denouncing it as rebellion against God! The worthy father or mother who is bowed to the dust in affliction, by reason of the death of a beloved though erring son, must not pray for the departed spirit, but abandon it (against all sympathy) to the rigorous dealings of a wrathful Judge! And so, heart-breaking is superadded to heart-aching. Surely it would be more human, to say the least of it, to accept of Papist hope, with all its accompaniments, rather than such Protestant un-hope, with its appalling desolation.

But with that Papist hope, and this Protestant un-hope, we had nothing to do at the Rockingham Association. We had something vastly better, even a hope full of immortality for the universal family of man. We believed as we hoped, and preached as we prayed; and is it any marvel that this harmony of head and heart should set the fire a-burning? Not the strange fire of fanaticism which devours all before it, and within it, and dies out, leaving a very black residuum, but the fire of genial enthusiasm kindled by the coal that touched the lips of Isaiah. Such times as we had at that meeting do not admit of after-relation—for speak as truth will honestly warrant, your auditor who was not present will deem the statement overdrawn and consider you beside yourself. And so I will not attempt to narrate the third-heaven utterance of that occasion.

Passing from Deerfield to New-Market on the Lamprey River, we had a meeting in the church on Zion's Hill. The wife of a Methodist minister, who was present, remarked to a friend that she did not wonder Universalists were so happy—for, said she, 'if I could believe as they do, I should be one of the happiest wo-

men in the world.' No doubt of it. She was measurably happy in her contracted views, but even this happiness would be turned into wailing were she to consider the dark side of her creed. An excellent lady was inquired of, how she could enjoy herself a moment, believing as she did in the endless wretchedness of millions of the human race. '*O I dare not think of it,*' was the reply, uttered with shuddering.

Rev. W. C. HANSCOM preached and lived Universalism in New-Market at the time of my visit. He went home a few years afterwards, leaving a blessing in the memory of his fellow-pilgrims. He was a man of faith and prayer, and full of the holy spirit.—The brother whom I next visited has also gone home. Rev. THOMAS F. KING, then of Portsmouth—*who* that ever knew him, will forget him? His love of God overflowed in love to man, and his proverbial cheerfulness of spirit was always active as a missionary of blessing. What a beautiful thing is sun-shine!

From Portsmouth I pursued my route alone 'down east' into the state of Maine. The 'Pine Fever' was raging in that country, and for the second time in my life I was mistaken for a land speculator. Divers operators in pine-timber territory were very attentive to me so soon as I entered a hotel in Portland. Numerous townships in the Penobscot region were described to me. Facts of large fortunes made in a week, and visions of larger fortunes to be made in a day, were eloquently placed before me. Not being in that line of excitement, my attentive friends looked out for a better customer.

My points of preaching in Maine, in the order of date, were Portland, North Yarmouth, Brunswick, Bowdoinham, Waterville, Augusta, Winthrop, Turner, West-

brook, and Gorham.—The spot of greatest scenic interest was ‘Merry-Meeting Bay,’ between Brunswick and Bowdoinham. It may have received its name from glad gatherings of people, but I preferred to explain its title by the several rivers which here rejoice in the ‘meeting of the waters.’

But the chief of my happiness was in ‘the meeting of the brotherhood.’ Like rivers in that bay, our hearts in the Gospel were ‘mingled in peace.’ All along the Kennebec and the Androscoggin, and the adjacent holy land, there was no yearning for the wings of a dove to flee away and be at rest, for ‘the rest that remaineth for the people of God’ was there. Very properly too, for the people of God were there.

Rev. CALVIN GARDNER’S white cottage in Waterville I considered a model village-home, and the residence of Rev. GEORGE BATES in Turner is equally a model of a rural-home. It is not marvellous that these brethren have for so many years remained in the same spot, respectively. Were *I* a parishioner of either, he should never leave the neighbourhood with *my* consent.—Rev. WILLIAM A. DREW’S home in Augusta combines the attractions of both city and country.

This brother has for many years been both editor and preacher, and has greatly endeared himself to the people of Maine. His practical interest in the soil is also a jewel in his crown. If a better-tilled acre than his can be shown, I should be glad to see it. He cultivates it with his own hands, not merely for the profit of it, (though this is no small item,) nor merely for the pleasure of it, (though this is not easily estimated,) but as a means of instruction and encouragement to others. Seeds and roots of new varieties are propagated in his garden, and wisely distributed; and his watchful

care of a few spoons-full of wheat, sent to him from the Patent Office, resulted in a large crop in the harvest of 1851. In honor of *him*, it may well be termed the 'Banner Wheat'—in honor, rather, of the 'Gospel Banner,' of which he is the editor.

Space will not allow me to be more particular in recording that visitation in Maine. It is one of the most pleasant chapters in my memory.

Returning through Massachusetts, and preaching by the way, I joined a number of ministers in Boston and accompanied them to Hartford, in Connecticut. Fifty years had passed since the organization of the General Convention, and the present was called the Jubilee Session. Of the seven brethren who preached on the occasion, three have departed—Rev. Thomas F. King, Savilion W. Fuller and Stephen R. Smith. Those who remain are Rev. Warren Skinner, Sebastian Streeter, George Bates, and myself.

The masterly occasional sermon of Rev. STEPHEN R. SMITH will be long remembered. His tall spare figure was alive with solemn earnestness, and seemed clothed in the vestments of immortality while he unfolded his glowing theme. His lustrous grey eye was lit up with more than its ordinary penetration, and the dense assembly appeared to move with the movement of his right hand, as though governed by a magic rod.

Such a beginning was highly favorable to an interesting session of the Convention. We felt it to be so, and brotherly feeling was expressed with more than usual warmth. There certainly was not a 'jubilee in hell' during that 'Jubilee Session' of the General Convention of Universalists. There were no 'contentions and janglings,' notwithstanding some exciting questions were discussed in the Council. Earnestness

of delivery, even warmth of language, is not incompatible with courtesy--of which we had an amusing and profitable example.

Rev. RUSSELL STREETER had the floor. Independently of his reputation as a pithy and pungent writer and speaker, there was abundant attraction in his forcible and glowing matter and manner to secure profound attention. Meanwhile we noticed a piece of paper on the coat-cuff of his left sleeve. We knew not its use or purpose until the speaker closed. "I was apprehensive," said he, "that I might wax warm in this debate, and therefore I pinned this admonition to my sleeve, 'Keep Cool.'" Yet he had been as spicy as pepper, displaying withal the courtesy of the Christian gentleman.

Rev. ELHANAN WINCHESTER departed this life in Hartford, April 18, 1797, aged 46 years. The marble slab which covers his remains, announces that it was erected by the 'General Convention of the Universal Churches to their dear departed brother.'

That eminent minister had been a Baptist clergyman. He was Pastor of the Church in Second street below Arch, in Philadelphia, at the date of his conversion to Universalism. A majority of his society clung to him, but shrewd management on the part of the opposition thrust out both the Pastor and his adhering brethren. His celebrated sermon, 'The Outcasts Comforted,' was preached January 4, 1782, in the old Academy in Fourth street below Arch. Text, Isaiah lxvi. 5. Quotation on the title-page, Acts xxiv. 14.

—WINCHESTER preached extensively as a Universalist in America and in England. He is preaching yet, by the influence of his labors. Among countless evidences, witness the auto-biography of LEIGH HUNT,

one of the most distinguished men in Great Britain—distinguished alike as an author and a man. He avows himself a Universalist of the most distinctive type. His father, a clergyman of the Church of England, was converted by Winchester—his mother also; and now, after many years, the son's auto-biography is preaching distinctive Universalism in the most intelligent circles of the world.

Many pages of his instructive personal history are devoted to this subject, nor is this advocacy of a heretical doctrine any new thing with the author. He was born a Universalist, and educated a Universalist, and has ever deemed a thought of any thing less than Universalism 'an impiety towards Almighty God.' The sentiment of his childhood became the fixed fact of his manhood. Onward, through a most active life, he has held and maintained the same divine faith; and now, in a ripe old age, he rejoices in

"Having done his best to recommend that belief in good, that cheerfulness in endeavor, that discernment of universal beauty, that brotherly consideration for mistake and circumstance, and that REPOSE ON THE HAPPY DESTINY OF THE WHOLE HUMAN RACE, which appear to him not only the healthiest and most animating principles of action, *but the only truly religious homage to him that made us all.*"

Thus he writes in the preface to 'Men, Women, and Books,' published in 1847; and, in commending the Universalism of his creed, he says, in a review of Hannah More, that "the heart of man is constantly sweeping away the errors that he gets into his brain."

If Winchester did nothing more in England than indirectly produce such preaching as that of Leigh Hunt, he accomplished what was worthy the work of a life-time.

I do not know that my New England visitation of

five weeks did any corresponding good, in even a very humble way; but I know that I travelled fifteen hundred miles by all sorts of conveyance; preached thirty-six times on the high-pressure principle; attended two Associations, one Convention, and many Conference Meetings; shook hands with more than one hundred and twenty Universalist ministers; became acquainted with multitudes of believers; and was nearly worn out.

In the spring of 1836, meetings for discussion of Universalism were held in the Northern Liberties Commissioners' Hall—by whom appointed, is not distinctly in my remembrance. The debaters were exclusively of the laity at first, but several clergymen were drawn into the arena in April—Mr. Fuller and myself being of the number. The anti-Universalist party besought several of their ministers to come forward against us, but only Rev. William L. McCalla appeared. He was of the Old School Presbyterian order, and a distinguished controversialist.

It fell to my lot to reply to his argument on his first appearance, and at the conclusion of the meeting he challenged me to a public debate, in a more commodious place. Knowledge of his abusive manner, even in the Presbyterian Synod, might have induced me to decline, but hope of keeping him within the circle of propriety by my own forbearance, prompted me to accept his invitation.

The question agreed upon, was, 'Does the Bible teach the doctrine of endless punishment for any of the human race?' A Moderator was appointed to keep the time and preserve order, but it was agreed that "each party shall have liberty to plead his cause with whatever matter, and in whatever manner he may choose,

without being subject to interruption on that account from any quarter." It was stipulated moreover that "the Discussion shall be held in the Callowhill street Universalist Church," which had been obtained for the purpose at a reasonable price, and was to continue four evenings in each week, 'until the parties are satisfied.' All these terms were of Mr. McCalla's own choice and suggestion, and I permitted him to have his own way.

The first three or four evenings passed pleasantly enough, and the second three or four, though objectionable, were less so than his reputation predicted—but in the third week it waxed hot, and grew hotter to the end. It happened on this wise:

The affirmative was his. In alluding to my replies to certain of his arguments, he said that he should attend to them next week, if convenient,—or the week after—pointing to an intention of very protracted discussion. Whereupon, I rejoined, that it was of very small consequence to *me*, whether he postponed his rejoinder till next week, or next month, or next year—because I should stick to him like a brother, indefinitely,—but I thought it would be more satisfactory to the people, if we cleared up the ground as we went along.

From that hour, Mr. McCalla changed his tone, certainly not for the better. The *first* plan was to *weary me* into withdrawal—the second, to *drive me*. He was mistaken in both, but the experiment was made, not greatly to his credit nor to the benefit of his cause.

I shall not enter into particulars of the argument, nor allude to the sharp-shooting on both sides—certainly not commenced by myself, but efficacious enough in its time and way. It convinced my reverend friend

that Rolands were as plenty as Olivers, and that there was small prospect of ending the debate excepting by his own withdrawal, and this was too humiliating for a man of his renown. He had gotten into the discussion very easily: how to get out of it was now the question. It was to be continued until the parties were satisfied—(such was his own stipulation;) it was clear that neither of us was likely to be satisfied, in the sense of conversion—and *my* determination to battle it until ‘the crack of doom’ was so fixedly uttered as to debar all hope of giving way. And so he fretted about the preliminary terms and their operation—thus giving clearest proof that he anticipated driving me from the ground in ‘short metre.’

“The terms of this discussion,” said I, “shall *not be varied one jot*, by *my* consent, and they cannot be varied *without*. Here, in this church, I shall stand, four evenings in each week, according to the terms and arrangements mutually agreed upon—and nothing but sickness with *me*, or withdrawal by *him*, shall end the controversy to which he challenged me.”

On the twentieth evening, at the appointed hour, the Moderator arose and called for Mr. McCalla. The renowned gladiator was among the missing! He however sent a verbal message that he was waiting for me in his own church!

—*His* audience consisted of less than eighty persons, free admission; *mine* numbered over four hundred at the regular charge. The Moderator announced the discussion closed, by the failure of one of the parties to appear.

There was a little sparring afterwards, and some spicy correspondence in the public prints—but nineteen evenings comprehended and finished the debate,

according to the terms, by his withdrawal in the manner specified.

Let me add that the surplus was divided by the parties, each receiving nearly \$280. *My* quota was equally divided among seven unsectarian benevolent associations: *his* was deposited with the Treasurer of his church for the poor thereof, subject only to his own order. He afterwards drew it out and appropriated it to his personal use, on the score that he was in greater need of it than any body else! These facts were communicated by one of the Trustees of his church.

His poverty was natural enough. His warlike spirit and rigid Calvinism generated war in his own congregation, and a strong party rose up against him. A *General* was a leader in the opposition—one who had never been in battle. The Pulpit was hardly a fair castle from which to fire bombs into the Pews—but the preacher was little given to courtesy. “I have known Generals in my day,” said he, on one occasion—and it was uttered in his cold, satirical tone, his long bony finger being an index in the concluding sentence: “I have known Generals in my day—General Jackson and General Jessup, and others who fought. And I also know a General who never smelt gun-powder!”

On a subsequent occasion, there was a down-right fisticuff in the church, between Gog and Magog—the Pastor standing in the aisle with his arms folded, contemplating the melee, and a female in the pulpit, with outstretched hands bewailing her husband, who appeared to be getting the worst of the conflict. A suit was instituted before a Justice. One of the lawyers must have been waggish—for, said he, “There, on the floor of the church, the battle raged, my client’s wife

being in the pulpit, looking down wofully on the church militant!"

No wonder the Pastor needed that surplus, and he was in greater need after it was spent. The society was broken down; other pastors vainly endeavored to revive it; and the house was finally bought and is occupied by a congregation of colored people.

Meanwhile the belligerent Pastor, aforesaid, took charge of the Tabernacle, in Ranstead's Court. The connexion was brief, being a decided failure—the property was sold, and the spot is now occupied by a large building devoted to several branches of handi-craft.

Let me not be charged with any vain-glorious suggestions nor with any improper feeling, as regarding these facts. Not any talent of mine, but simply his own overbearing violence, was the cause of my late opponent's down-fall of influence. No matter who it was, or what it was, that stood in his way, he was the same unscrupulous and sharp-spoken man. Yet in *private* life he was not so. Singular as it may seem, he who was as cold as mid-winter when his cast-iron creed was in dispute, was as bland as mid-summer in social intercourse. The distinction was between the sectarian and the man.

Mr. McCalla, so far as my information extends, is and was a man of correct moral deportment—yet a desire to be consistent with his creed, led him into self-disparagement, in the discussion. "My opponent," said he, "is puffed up with infidel rationalism. He denies the efficacy of Christ's righteousness imputed; and he twits me with my acknowledgment that I am an ignorant, miserable, depraved, guilty wretch."

"My brother persists"—such was the reply—"my brother persists that he is an ignorant, miserable, de-

praved, guilty wretch—and he persists in such a way as to persuade this audience that I have doubted his word. Now be it known, that I honestly believe my opponent to be exactly the wretch he has represented himself to be!”

Whereupon the reverend gentleman was wroth, and charged me with turning him into ridicule! The fact is, the acknowledgment itself was ridiculous, and only needed to be fairly stated to appear intensely ludicrous. Both *his* self-glorifying accusation, and *my* admission of its truth, were uttered and should be interpreted in ‘a Pickwickian sense.’

The self-disparagement alluded to, was more common formerly than it is now. ‘He that abaseth himself, shall be exalted,’ cannot certainly justify a humility in speech which is contrary to both fact and consciousness. The worst of it is, such speech is most usual in prayer. The Lord is told how guilty the suppliant is, and how deserving he is of being ‘in the grave with the dead and in hell with the damned.’ Such is the euphonious phrase, but it jars terribly on the nerves of truth.—Tell such a praying man that you honestly believe him to be deserving of the fate specified, and he would be sorely offended.

A Quaker traveller being roomed with such an one, repaired to the Landlord. “Friend, thou hast associated me with a man of very vile character.”

A man of vile character! said the Landlord; surely you are mistaken.

“Nay, friend, I have heard him this evening acknowledge to the Lord, in prayer, that he is exactly what I have mentioned; and I desire thee to appoint me another place for lodging. I should not feel safe in his company.”

Poverty frequently springs in causes very different from the preceding. A case in point, affecting a Universalist clergyman, is so remarkable as to warrant the relation of the facts. The name and all localities shall be omitted, because the mention of them would lend no interest to the narrative, and might not be agreeable to the parties connected with the history.

In the autumn of 1836 a clergyman, a fine-looking single man of about 25, came to my house. I had some acquaintance with him while he was a student. His talents were excellent and his moral character irreproachable. He had spent some time as a preacher in a southern state, where Universalists were few, inquirers numerous, and compensation very small. He had labored diligently, itinerated much, suffered many privations, and was now on his homeward-route.

He had taken quarters at a Hotel,—declined an invitation to my hospitality, and begged to be excused from preaching—the latter, because he desired to be a listener, for once in a long time.

The next morning a note from him reached me, stating that he had been suddenly called from the city, and desiring me to have his trunk transported to my lodgings and retained in charge until he should return.

Several weeks passed by, and he came not. Uneasiness concerning him increased. Had he met with an accident? was he sick? had he destroyed himself, in despondency? Such queries could not be repressed, and by counsel of two friends the trunk was opened, to ascertain whether there was any mystery in the case.

Between the sections of the trunk, as opened, there was a half sheet of paper full in view, and on it, written in a bold hand, “Beware! will you violate the charge of Friendship? Again I say, Beware!”

Here was mystery mystified—but it *must be* solved at all hazards, if possible. So the closely-packed trunk was emptied, article by article. First came a suit of black clothes, readily recognized as the suit he wore when I saw him last. Had he drowned himself in *other* garments, so as to avoid recognition of the body? Next came duplicate wardrobe of the usual variety, and shaving apparatus, and toilet articles, and manuscript sermons, and several letters from correspondents. Below this aggregation of his worldly estate, there was another half sheet of paper.

This unveiled the mystery. He was weary, (so said the document in substance,) he was weary of the toilsome life he had led. He had well-nigh worn himself out by incessant traveling, and preaching, and exposure. He was poor, and was determined not to return, as he *was*, to his kindred—and so he had enlisted in a Regiment of U. S. Dragoons!

The language, which I cannot recollect precisely, showed that he went off with a light heart, and so my friends joined me in a laugh at his oddity. As to the enlistment, it was bad enough, but it might have been worse. Feeling justified, under the circumstances, I opened a letter addressed to him, sent to my care, and thus learned to whom I might write. The trunk was forwarded to his kindred.

Some time afterwards, (*how* long is not now remembered,) I received an epistle from this wandering brother. It was dated in a distant territory—contained an apology for his boyish trick, and explained as his reason, that he did not wish his movements to be known for some time after his departure. Opening the trunk revealed his ‘whereabouts,’ for the Regiment had been specified by himself, though not here named. He had

been discharged from the service by intercession of influential friends. The quondam Preacher, late Dragoon, was then engaged as a mercantile clerk.

Rev. WILLIAM WHITE, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Pennsylvania, departed this life July 17, 1836, in the eighty-ninth year of his age. His funeral was attended by a vast concourse of people of all denominations. No man had been more highly respected nor dearly beloved than he—and he was worthy of every tribute of reverence and affection that he received. He was the only man in Philadelphia (in that day) to whom I ever took off my hat in the street—and I never passed him with it on. Not that others were not as excellent as *he*—but he had been Chaplain to Congress from its earliest date in Philadelphia, till the removal of the seat of Federal Government to Washington in 1801. He had been a church dignitary for 50 years, without losing catholicity of spirit. Besides which, it was clear that the Assistant Bishop would have difficulty to preach the venerable prelate into heaven, on Low Church principles; and I revered him the more on that account.

The clergy of all sects attended the funeral in a body, and were among the thousand people crowded into Christ Church. The late Assistant (and then sole) Bishop, Rev. H. U. Onderdonk, preached the sermon. How he would manage the case was not even conjectured. We all knew Bishop White to have been as guileless as a child. He was decidedly opposed to the excitements called Revivals, and to every thing in the same line—so much so, that many Episcopal zealots were very dubious whether Bishop White had ever been converted. And now the case was to be officially considered.

The solution, as briefly interpreted, was this: There are two classes of persons who will be saved. Those who, having a deep insight into their depravity by nature, agonize in fearful apprehension of God's wrath, and are finally plucked as brands from the burning.—This was not a category for William White, and so he must belong to the class of persons who are 'Nazaries from the womb, whiter than snow.' And on *this* interpretation, (which effectually broke the chain of total depravity) the venerable prelate was admitted into the kingdom above!

This solution might have answered a good purpose with an excellent Episcopal lady, to whom I had been called as a comforter some time previously. It did not appear, however, that it had ever been among the ministrations of the several clergymen who had visited her. She was none the better for all their conversation and prayers, but rather the more melancholy. Her difficulty related to the new birth. She was suspicious she had not been born again, for she had never experienced any of those deep agonies and wrestlings of which she had heard so much among converted people. She had *tried* to feel so, but could not. In this extremity, and while in her last illness, her daughter solicited my attendance, first informing me of all the circumstances.

"Your tenderness of conscience," said I, after the subject had been gently introduced, "your tenderness of conscience, accompanied by my knowledge of your exemplary life, is a sufficient proof *to me*, that you *have been* born again. But let me prove it to you by the New Testament."

"If you can prove it by that, I shall be very, very happy," was the reply of the invalid.

“Do you believe that Jesus is the Christ?” said I; and when she answered, “Yes, I do,” the testimony in 1 John v. 1 was read to her: ‘Whosoever *believeth that Jesus is the Christ* is born of God.’

“Thus far, however,” I continued, “you have only *Head Religion*. Do you love God and your fellow-beings?” was the second question; and when she answered, “I am not sensible of any other feeling than love for God and love for man,” she listened to 1 John iv. 7: ‘Every one that *loveth* is born of God.’

“*Heart Religion* is thus added, worthy mother, and all that we need seek to complete the new birth, is *Life Religion*. It is expressed in 1 John ii. 29: ‘Every one that *doeth righteousness* is born of God.’ What farther do you need for the fulness of your joy? Head and Heart and Life are renewed from above, by the Faith and Love and Righteousness of the kingdom of heaven. Whoever seeks to disturb your trust, or to create doubts and fears within you, is of anti-Christ.”

The excellent woman was comforted because she was instructed, and her spirit shortly passed away in the serenity of Gospel hope.

How much more satisfactory it is to converse with such an one—with a person whose humble spirit doubts *its own* acceptance with God, than with a person whose self-pride looks doubtingly on the acceptance of others!

“Do you suppose *I* would be willing to keep company in heaven with the wicked?” said an objector of the latter class.

“Certainly not. Now answer *me* as plainly: Do you suppose *God* would be willing to keep company in heaven with *you*?”

The thought had not previously occurred to him, that however excellent he might be in comparison of other

men, there was a vastly greater distance between *God's* excellence and *his*, than between his and theirs. Such spiritual *pride* as he evinced, very often generates *spite*; and it is sometimes a query whether certain saints are so much concerned for their own salvation, as they are for the endless opposite of sinners.

“Well, sir, if there be no eternal hell, there *ought* to be one,” was the remark of a medical gentleman from the south, who at this time boarded in the same family with myself. We had frequently conversed on the subject of religion, and the cited remark was an abandonment of his positions, in the way of argument. He said it, not in anger, not in sorrow, but in that singular temper which is a combination of candor and chagrin. He had no personal spite to gratify—there was no one individual upon whom he wished the Almighty to pour severest judgments,—but “if there be not an eternal hell, there *ought* to be one!”

For *himself*? Hardly so near home as that. For his kindred? Not far enough yet. For the foulest wretch? Let us try it there.

Eternity! You meant the idea to cover all possible duration, but let us call it a thousand years of intense agony. A thousand years! It seems rather long. Even a century—would not that answer the purpose? A hundred years in *happiness* would be a long time,—how much longer it would be in *misery*!

Try a shorter period—say *one year* on the rack. Do you think you could witness it so long as that, without crying out, It is enough!—Consider it, and be wise.

No, sir. If there be *not* an universal heaven of purity and blessedness, there *ought* to be one. There *ought* to be, for God's glory—there *ought* to be, for Christ's honor—there *ought* to be, for the full joy of

the world in which there is joy over *one sinner* that repenteth—there *ought* to be, for the complete bliss of the loving soul that, being born of God, would for ever yearn for the redemption of *one soul lost*!

—The medical gentleman above referred to, was from South Carolina. There was also a Virginian, of the same profession, boarding in the same family. They had both been in practice for several years, and spent the winter of '35-'36 in Philadelphia, attending the Medical College at which they had graduated. The former remained until late the next summer. Neither of them was connected with any church at home. They knew nothing of Universalism when they came hither—but they probably carried some knowledge of it to the south when they returned. It is nevertheless doubtful whether their impressions were permanent.

“While I am talking with you,” said Dr. R., “every thing is clearly against the doctrine in which I was educated—educated, I mean, by association and sympathy—and every thing is as clearly in favor of your views. But the old links bind me again, and I cannot shake them off. It is the same in other respects. As a boy, I was interested in the ghost-stories of a favorite family servant. Reason and science exploded such nonsense long ago—yet I cannot awake in the night, and hear a rat running across the floor, or gnawing in the closet, without feeling the hair rise on my head with almost instinctive superstition.”

Very similar was the experience of Dr. B. All around him, from his childhood upward, the Methodists and Baptists had been thundering the terrors of the law, in the gross forms considered necessary for the restraint of gross men; and the child passed through boyhood and youth to manhood, with knowledge of no

better way. He was a stout advocate for capital punishment—not on the score of vindictiveness, but as a check to the lawless. “It is in the *practical* aspect, I view the thing,” said he.

But he saw enough of it, when Porter, a mail-robber, was executed on Cherry Hill. I have forgotten the precise date, but the Doctor came back an opponent of ‘hanging matches.’

“I am somewhat mortified,” said I, “that my reasoning did not convince you.”

“And *I* am *ashamed* that it did not,” said he. “What multitudes of people were on the ground! Old and young were there—and even women with children in their arms, to see the show! They *did* see it, and *I* saw it—but I will never see another.”

“Don’t you think it would have answered a better *practical* purpose, if the man had been pulled to pieces by wild horses hitched to his limbs? or if he had been burned by a slow fire? or if a legion of wild devils had been deputed to torture him?”

“O you are always seeing frightful analogies of hell, and making them work for Universalism,” said he.

“Is it not fair to do so? When we ask what good, as affecting the sinner, endless punishment would do, we are told that hanging is not designed to benefit the criminal. But as *you* have abandoned the *hanging* part, you have lost the chosen analogy.”

“You forget that I advocated hanging, solely on the ground of its practical utility in restraining the masses—and not with any view to vengeance,” he replied.

“Granted—but you abandoned that supposed practical utility, after witnessing the scene of to-day. You cannot make out any practical utility in endless punishment—can you?”

“Yes, by preaching it to the multitude,” said he.

“Of course you would also have *hanging* preached to the multitude! The question is, would you have any man *hung*?”

“Perhaps it would do good if he were hung privately, and then tell the people about it publicly,” was his ground of *perhaps*.

“*Perhaps* it would also do good to *damn* a man privately, and then preach it publicly! The good would not be either in the hanging or the damning, but only in *the preaching*!”

“That’s it,” said he, with his right-hearted laugh—but he promptly turned upon me, in the offensive. “The good of Universalism, I suppose, is also not in *the reality*, but in *the preaching*?” he continued.

“In both—mainly in the reality, for you will allow that it would be a glorious thing to meet the whole race, ransomed and happy, at the last. The good of preaching it, is to make men virtuous and happy *now*.”

“And of course the good of *the preaching* is the same, whether the doctrine itself be true or false, if men only believe it?” he queried.

“Certainly,” I replied, “and the same is the case with every prospective blessing—also with every prospective judgment. But the difference between endless punishment and universal salvation, regarded as realities, is this: The former, if actually inflicted, would be of no possible service to any being, unless it should contribute to the pleasure of the ‘orthodox’ devil. It would at the same time be a perpetual monument of either the imbecility or malignity of God. But the latter, if wrought, would be a blessing of the highest grade. It would also reflect unutterable honor on the magnanimity and generosity of the Supreme Being.”

“I admit all that,” he answered, “yet I have said, ‘if there is not an eternal hell, there *ought* to be one.’ This was not sober judgment, but only strong feeling. I have often said, also, that such or such a grand scoundrel ought to be hung. In both cases vindictiveness was expressed, and the feeling was wrong.”

“And now you maintain,” said I, “that there should be neither damning nor hanging, excepting privately! Pardon me, Doctor; you do not mean even *that*.”

In June, 1836, the Pennsylvania Convention met at Milestown, seven miles north of Philadelphia. The meetings for public worship were held in a beautiful grove on Sunday. Fully 200 of our Philadelphia friends were present. Partly the novelty of the convocation, as by Universalists, and partly an awakening interest of inquiry throughout the neighbourhood, added twice as many to the gathering, and the green-wood was vocal with instruction and prayer and praise.

How impressively Mr. Fuller prayed! ‘With *the fallen leaf* beneath our feet, may we remember our mortality; with *the green leaf* above our heads, may we remember the renewal of life in the realm of immortal glory.’

Dr. George De Benneville, near whose residence the meeting was held, and whose sympathetic friendship we enjoyed, was the son of Dr. George De Benneville the elder, of whom some account is given in another chapter. The afternoon service being concluded, several hundred of our company repaired to the burial-ground of the family, and singing and prayer were joined by a narrative address respecting the departed worthy. ‘We come not hither to worship the dead,’ said the speaker, ‘but to vitalize the living, by recalling

the virtues of one who by faith and patience inherited the promises of God.'

Such visible associations are certainly of value—not in any mystical sense, as *a sacrament*, for example—but as a rational linking of fact and thought. He who was sleeping in that quiet place, had been at death's gate in his youth, in the presence of violent men—but finally, at the age of 90, and in the presence of his kindred, he passed serenely through the portals of everlasting life.

De Benneville's labors as a Universalist preacher left no sectarian mark. He sought to establish no distinct organization, and on that account did less visible good than he might otherwise have accomplished. Perhaps he did *more* in reality. Each man must work in his own way. The difficulty is that some men work little in any way whatever. Not so with this trustful believer. Hither and thither he travelled, preaching the word of truth, exemplifying its power by a life of active holiness—and among his posterity, at least, we behold its fruits.

Numerous instances might be cited, of De Benneville's wholesome influence. They would be merely samples. Let me mention the following.

A great-grand-daughter of De Benneville was at boarding-school in Wilmington, Delaware, about twenty-five years ago. News of her illness called her parents thither from Reading, Pennsylvania. It was in a day of slow travelling, compared with the present; and when they arrived, the worthy matron of the school informed them that their daughter had been removed to the dwelling of a distinguished Quaker, who was named. He had come for her in his carriage, of his own accord.

The parents of course went forthwith to the designated dwelling, though they knew not the proprietor. They were welcomed heartily, and could not decline the proffered hospitalities.

“We sincerely thank you for your great kindness and attention to our child,” said the father, at a proper time; “and we are curious to know the wherefore of your special goodness.”

“I learned that a scholar bearing ‘De Benneville’ as her middle name, was ill at the boarding school—and forthwith I besought permission to bring her to my own house,” said the venerable Quaker. “I was wild and giddy in my youth, and was led to see the error of my ways, in the Market-House of Wilmington. A companion and myself went there to make ourselves merry with a preacher—but his manner of speech attracted our attention and subdued us. Supposing him needy, we passed our hats quietly around for a collection—but he declined receiving any part of it. ‘I have enough, and more than enough for all my wants,’ said he. ‘I have a good home, and plenty—but feel it my duty to travel and preach the gospel of the kingdom freely.’

“I could not forget the sermon. Its influence was deep within me. Neither have I forgotten the preacher. He was the great-grandfather of thy daughter.”

The name of that loving, thoughtful Quaker was JOHN FERRIS. He was an aged man at the time here referred to, and long since joined De Benneville in the realm of perpetual youth. Is it superstition to believe that they conversed of these incidents in the kingdom of heaven?

CHAPTER VI.

Relief season—Blossom and bloom—Niagara Falls—Sermon on Table Rock—Lewiston bee-house—The ‘near wheel-horse’—Ohio River—‘Very low bridge’—Getting up in the world by steam—Going down by gravity—Canonical black-board—Methodist and Presbyterian—Both right and both wrong—Presbyterian Force-pump—Controversy—Amusing Result—‘He that believeth not shall be damned’—Change after death—A consistent Universalist—Voyage by Sloop—Visionaries—Faith and Sight at Southold—Religious Tests considered—An inconsistent Quaker—A consistent Roman Catholic—Judges Grosh and Galbraith—A Discussion in Baltimore—My room-mate—Clerical gloom—Journey of Life—Scenes in Mt. Auburn—Voyage to Long Island—A bachelor’s ‘Snakeology’—Geo. Combe—Hymns of Zion—Contest of Reason and Feeling: which shall triumph?—My first extemporaneous sermon—Can these dry bones live?—I depart from Philadelphia.

I FIND that a new vitality has been infused into both the matter and manner of my pulpit-work, since commencing these pages. Olden scenes come back to me in all the freshness of excitement, and thoughts and illustrations, long overlooked or forgotten, are restored to familiar companionship. May I not therefore presume that my home-ministry, in earlier years, did not suffer by missionary labor? Action and re-action have not always the relation of toil and weariness. A tree is the stouter and healthier for being exercised by the winds, and gentle strain on its roots only starts out additional fibres to take deeper and wider hold of the soil. What a blessed thing is activity!

Blessed, especially, is activity in the open air, away from the necessity of constant study; and my memoranda testify to frequent relief-seasons of the sort in

the spring of 1837. The first Sunday in May I spent in Pottsville, the second in Hinkletown, Lancaster county—the intermediate days on the intermediate route, including Reading—nine sermons being the preaching part of the visitation.

It was in a day of travel by stage-coaches—a means of conveyance which, with all its tedium as *now* regarded, had decided advantages over the modern way of getting through the world. Whirled through a deep cut here, over a ravine there, yonder through a tunnel, and everywhere hurried along as if the terminus was everything and the journey of little or nothing worth,—this modern method of travelling is too much like the notion that this world is ‘a vale of tears,’ endurable only by reason of the world to which we are travelling. It is well enough to hurry across a desert, by steam or wings, but there are too many beautiful valleys, and too much sublime hill-country, in both Pennsylvania and Life, to despise the journey by hurrying.

The most beautiful sight in inanimate nature, is a cluster of fruit-trees in full blossom; the next, a field of red-top clover in bloom. Both of these were so often seen in that journey of mine, as almost to induce the fancy of passing through Eden. I question whether our first parents ever saw the equal of Berks and Lancaster, as here referred to. Man was created *to subdue* the wild earth, Gen. i. 28, and the Garden appears to have been rather the symbol of a state of child-innocence, than an outward reality, Gen. ii. 15. The Lord walked among the trees, and talked to our first parents in the cool of the day, Gen. iii. 8. Surely this could not have been literally the fact, with that God who is a Spirit, whom no man hath seen at any time, nor *can* see.

Be this as it may, the valleys of the Schuylkill (below the Blue Ridge,) Maiden Creek, Leacock, Pequea, Conestoga,—what a succession there was, of fruit-trees in blossom, red-top clover in bloom, grain in healthy verdure, forests in full leaf! And what happy thrift with the industrious dwellers in all that favored land!

There was one more beautiful thing than any I have yet specified—there were many things of the same sort undoubtedly—but there was one thing which attracted me more than all else. It was a child of four years—the daughter of a friend in Reamstown. I should not allude to her in these pages, were it not for my special remembrance of her child-attraction. Perhaps it was because of the blossoms and the clover and their fragrance in my heart, that she so clung to me, and I to *her*, because of the sweeter fragrance of her loving trust. All study of sermons, all controversy of doctrine, all warring with the league of darkness in a great city, all anxiety, was out of both history and prophecy with *me*; and *she* had not yet dreamed of clouds or shadows. She lived in the sun-shine, and was herself a sun-beam.

In the close of May, I attended the New-York State Convention for the first time. The session was held in Albany. This visit was appointed for recreation, and preaching was avoided. A few times only did I address an audience—at the Convention, and in Utica, Victor, and Lewiston. There was ~~one~~ brief sermon, however, which must be mentioned because of its associations. The congregation consisted of Rev. Russell Tomlinson and Rev. K. Townsend—Table Rock was both Pulpit and Pew—and my text, ‘There was a Rainbow round about the throne,’ Rev. iv. 3. The solemn hymn

of Niagara arose from the gulf, which was spanned by the prismatic arch. It was a hymn of the majesty and power of God.

The sermon was of small attraction in such a presence, yet it represented the seven attributes of the Supreme Being, as symbolized by the bow. They are but refractions of that Infinite Love of which Light is the fittest emblem. ‘Round about the throne’ the distinct yet blending hues of the divine perfections appear, but when faith shall be resolved into sight, there shall be visions only of the Spiritual Sun.

What are the colors of the bow but so many expressions of the properties of Light? What are the divine attributes but so many manifestations of that God who is revealed as the Essential Love? Wisdom, Knowledge, Goodness, Truth, Justice, Mercy, Power—what are these but names, adopted and adapted to express our subdivided comprehension of the Deity?

We look upon rewards or punishments in the administration of His government, and we say, ‘Behold the Justice of God, rendering unto every man according to his works.’ We see the quickening of a soul, long degraded and dead in sins, and we say, ‘Behold the Mercy of God, pardoning and renewing the lost.’ Yet *that* Justice and *this* Mercy—(alike exercised in Wisdom sanctified by Goodness and Truth, with Knowledge of the result, so that Power cannot fail of the object)—are but expressions of the same Divine Love, because they are alike the operations of the One God.

In our limited range of observation we behold only parts of his ways. We are incompetent to grasp all objects, means and results in a single view, and hence we speak of those operations separately, assigning *that* to Justice and *this* to Mercy.

But the Gospel unveils the inner life of God over all blessed for ever; and while his attributes appear to us *now* as a 'rainbow round about the throne,' Christianity reveals the sublime era when God shall be in all. 'Of Him, and *through* Him, and *to* Him, are all things; to whom be glory forever. Amen.'

—And Niagara, pouring its everlasting floods into the abyss, said Amen. Here, its floods were pouring in massive grandeur—there, in dashing spray and whirling foam—yonder, in rushing, leaping sheet; and from every point, and from out 'the cave of the winds,' and from the prismatic arch spanning the depths, and from the souls on Table Rock, went up the responsive Amen.

At Lewiston, a few miles below the Falls, I had previously spent a few days, including Sunday. To the friend who was 'mine host,' I was indebted for two things,—hospitality, and a hit at my profession. Very gladly would the former be reciprocated: the latter was of the sort that terminate in an acute angle. We were examining his bee-house. Removal of the slides revealed the myriad busy-folks at their honey-work—and on the ground outside, were many dead bees.

"What are these?" said I—for I had small knowledge in the apiary line.

"O," said he, "those at work are *the people*; these are *the clergy*!"

He did not mean it—the wag,—and if he had been speaking to a clergyman whom he considered a drone, his goodness of heart would have restrained the witticism. Undoubtedly there are idlers in every walk of life—but it may safely be questioned whether the ministry has a larger proportion than may be found in any other calling, of profession or hand-craft. It is

certain that so great self-sacrifice is not expected of any other class of men as of the clergy—there being compensation in the social position assigned them by common consent, by virtue of their vocation. But that they are drones, exceptions exclusive, can scarcely be affirmed with truth. The profession, if conscientiously attended to, unquestionably demands the utmost industry.

My choice of it in early manhood had no such connection or prospect as was present in my boyhood-thoughts. On one occasion, several companions and myself were arranging our fishing-tackle for Saturday afternoon's use; and my father, who was sitting on the porch, queried with us as to what we purposed to be when we became men. One boy answered that he intended to be a carpenter, another a merchant, another a lawyer, &c. There was not an embryo-preacher in the company.

“And what does *thee* intend to be?” was the question presently addressed to myself.

“I do not care what,” was the answer, “provided there is not much work to do.”

It was the out-spoken feeling of a lad who was fond of play. He did not dream of the head-work, and speech-work, and heart-anxiety of a gospel minister, sincerely devoted to his calling. Temperament of course has much to do with the prosecution of every interest—but viewed in any aspect, let none make choice of the ministry with the expectation of peculiar ease. Persons who cherish such expectation may find their prototypes near the Lewiston bee-house, and they deserve the same fate.

There was ‘not much work to do’ in the voyage from Buffalo to Cleveland, for the storm-genius of Lake

Erie was asleep, there not being evidence that he even breathed beneath the waters. But there was certainly some work to do for horses and passengers in traveling from Cleveland through the Western Reserve. In some places the new road passed through forests which excluded the sun's warmth, and the soaked earth and the hard roots of trees made chuck-holes of break-bone memory. It was doubtful whether the horses had the worst of it.

Rest was gained by brief visitation among kindred in Salem, and the road was better, because steeper and harder, beyond New Lisbon. But what a night-ride we had of it on the southern slope of the hill as you approach Wellsville on the Ohio! The 'near wheel horse' was of the go-ahead sort, and had never been instructed in the art or duty of holding-back, even in an emergency—a sort of 'reformer' who despises both the past and the present, and is determined to rush into the future, though the road be decidedly down-hill! The lack of analogy is in the fact, that reformers generally have up-hill work of it.

That 'near wheel horse' would *not* hold back, and the 'off wheel horse' *could* not without running the coach and its contents into the gulf on the right. It was a frightful place—the more frightful to *us* because the full-moon looked down into it so coldly and calmly. Jehu had a personal interest at stake, and we understood his verdict when the wheels followed the nimble heels of the team, O how rapidly! It was judiciously attempted, and we felt the more cordially toward him because it was done without wreck.

The full-moon was of no account on the bank of the Ohio. The river was in the channel without doubt, but a dense fog shrouded it, and not a ripple was

heard. Even the day-break on the hills was not dawn in the valley.

It was Sunday morning. Fortunately for the traveler, he had a means of transit which had often served him a useful purpose, for wheels were not to be had for love or money, and paddles would not be along till afternoon. So the traveler used his pedals for six miles up the river—spent most of the day with the family of a near relative—and was landed in Pittsburg, by steam, about 10 o'clock in the evening.

What an enchanting journey eastward, by canal-packet, began on the Tuesday following! Tracing the Alleghany River for many miles, we struck and followed the Kiskiminetas; and at the forks of the Loyalhanna and Conemaugh, we took the latter, and abandoned it only at the end of more than a hundred miles from Pittsburg.

At the *beginning*, would be more proper to say—for we had been ascending the Alleghany range by lockage and dams. Excepting these incidentals of canals, the journey was most delightful, both in visible fact and in allegory—especially as we neared the beginning aforesaid. Sometimes we were skirting a sharp hill of great elevation—shortly across an interval we passed—and anon we could see no passage ahead for our winding course among the hills. Nevertheless we were ‘getting up in the world.’

There was the additional thought that we were traveling in fresh water. Provokingly enough, however, the fish in the adjacent rapid current were more respectable than the idle herd who went by canal. *They* used their own locomotives, in water that was alive because in motion. *We* on the contrary used no power of our own, and had little else to do, as we sat on deck

in the pleasant month of June, than to dodge the bridges. Each traveler had *thoughts*, I suppose, but if they were *worth* having, each kept the best of them to himself, for conversation was in little else than chit-chat.

There was some merriment occasionally. A man of 40 or more was the cause of some of it. He was very short and very fat, the latitude being nearly equal to the longitude of his person. He was clearly of opinion that if he came in contact with a bridge, the bridge would have the best of it, and exceeding caution pointed his case for a joke. Timidity increased with the talk, gotten up *extempore* for the purpose, about a very low bridge a few miles farther on—and when the helmsman cried out, ‘Low bridge—*very* low bridge!’ the boat was close to the cause of admonition. The Slim fell flat on deck promptly, vehemently warning the Fat that he could not pass under! What a waddling there was for the stairs! He barely escaped with some help, his hat being swept off in the exodus from a worse fate—and as his head was not in it, a laugh was allowable. I had no part in the practical joke, and was the better entitled to a share in the ensuing amusement.

Meanwhile we were rising in the world by lockage, and at Johnstown began to rise more rapidly by railroad. Five inclined planes brought us to the crown of the mountain, where the pure air, and crystal water, and the prospect, awakened an elevation of feeling akin to the elevation in fact. We were not even dispirited by the counterpart of fact, that we should soon be going down in the world as rapidly as we had gone up. As usual in life, up-hill was by steam—down-hill by gravity. Tracing the Juniata from a rill to a small river, we again took canal-packet at

Hollidaysburg. Down, rapidly down we went by lockage—and very soon all interest in locomotion was lost with *me*, in a conversation going on in the cabin.

It was between a Methodist brother of middle-age, an intelligent forcibly-spoken man—and a Presbyterian clergyman who had come aboard at some point below Hollidaysburg. The conversation was on religion, and I did not consider it improper to listen.

Very amusing it was to observe how they entangled each other in their talk. They agreed in a cardinal point, and on the connexions of *that* the conversation turned—not *rested*, for there was no rest about it—it *turned* on that point, as a black-board would, if suspended on a swivel. The board was *jet* black—that is to say, it had a gloss called justice—and the parties agreed that it was exactly what it should be. In other words, they perfectly agreed that endless woe was abundantly merited by the whole world of sinners.

The question was, By what process shall any of the race attain deliverance from the frightful doom? And each of the parties made his chalk-mark distinctly on his own side of the black-board, and turned it toward the other for review.

“All for whom Christ died will be saved,” was the inscription of the Calvinist—and the sentiment stood out prominently by reason of the black back-ground.

“Christ died for all,” was the inscription of the Arminian—and the sentiment stood out more prominently than the other.

At it the parties went, with the earnestness of sincerity—and it amused me to observe how each entangled the other. They ceased only when the word was passed to make way for the steward, in the preparation of berths for the night.

Returning from the deck in due season, an upper berth fell to the lot of the Methodist, and a lower one, in the same range of three, to the Presbyterian. *Mine* was the middle one in the range adjoining. As we were taking off our coats, (mine being brown, and therefore exciting no suspicion of a clerical wearer,) I ought to have had the middle berth between you two gentlemen, said I.

“Why so?” said both of them at once.

Because I listened to your conversation this evening, and am satisfied that you are both right and both wrong.

“In what respects?”

You, sir, are right in maintaining that all for whom Christ died, will be saved; and *you* are right in maintaining that Christ died for all.

“O you are a Universalist!” said the Presbyterian. “I must talk with you.”

Very well, sir. Let it be to-morrow—it is too late *now*. Meanwhile, you will both *pray* that I may be right, even in the particulars in which you *believe* me to be wrong.

—The morrow came, and the Presbyterian could hardly wait till after breakfast, so anxious was he to overwhelm the man in the brown clothes.

“And so you are a Universalist,” said he.

I have not told you so.

“But your sentiments, as expressed last night, amount to neither more nor less than Universalism,” he added.

Very well. If those sentiments make me a Universalist, I suppose I am a Universalist. In order to convert me, you have only to answer the arguments of your Methodist brother. I will endeavor to defend them—for universality, it appears to me, is stamped upon the Gospel from beginning to ending.

He declined meeting that branch of the question, preferring to prove that the black-board was canonical—that is, he assumed the affirmative of endless punishment. The passengers crowded around us, all being seated on trunks, with an eye to dodging the bridges, and nothing else—excepting the clergyman, who, I thought, was disposed to dodge the argument. For example: He quoted a score or so of passages in which the terms for ever, everlasting, and the like, are applied to punishment—and then looked upon *me*, and around upon the passengers with an air of triumph.

Pardon me, sir, said I, with all the inquiring meekness I could command into my manner—but I have heard Universalists say that the same terms precisely are applied to many temporal and temporary things, as, for example, the covenant of the Law, Jonah in hell for ever, and so on. If this be so, the passages you quoted cannot *in themselves* be received as proofs of endless punishment. Have I been rightly informed on that matter?

“That is only a quibble, sir—only a quibble. You must not suffer the Universalists to deceive you. *I* know, and *they* know, that ‘everlasting punishment’ and ‘eternal life’ are used in the same verse—and if *the punishment* be not endless, *the life* is not endless.”

That, sir, appears clear enough—but the Universalists say that ‘eternal life’ may be enjoyed in *this* world; and they insist that the parable of the sheep and goats does not belong to the future state. They quote Christ’s words, ‘When the Son of Man *shall* COME in his glory.’ *He* was to COME to *this* world to sit in judgment—but *you* say that men *must* go into a *future* world to be judged. How is this? If the Universalists are wrong, you can point out the error.

“It is only a quibble, sir”—and in this indefinite manner the conversation continued a considerable time. Then began such a tirade against Universalism, by the common-places of the day, as I have seldom heard. He rose to his feet to utter it, and *I* arose to hear it—so also did the passengers. “It is a doctrine ruinous to the souls of men,” said he, with great emphasis. “The professors of it are Infidels. It is the doctrine of the Devil, and the Serpent was the first preacher of it,” &c. &c.

My blood, I confess, was pumped up rather forcibly by this long lever and short fulcrum, and my tone was changed. It was perhaps wrong to worry a zealot in the manner specified, but it was done in good humor and could not warrant his exhibition of virulence. Any seeming indelicacy of personal allusion that followed, must find its apology in the circumstances.

Gentlemen—said I, addressing the passengers—you will bear witness that I have conducted myself courteously in this conversation. I have kept my temper perfectly, and have used no hard words. Yet you have observed the quibbling, and have now heard the stormy abuse of this *clergyman*! It is useless, sir, and worse than useless, to continue our interview, unless in such form as will guarantee adherence to the question and decency of speech. Judge Baldwin is in the cabin. Let us appoint *him* Moderator, and go into this matter thoroughly.

The passengers said, “Yes, let us adjourn to the cabin”—but my clerical friend only looked at me with a sneer of contempt.

Pardon me, sir, (I continued,) for affecting the inquirer under cover, and be sparing of your sneering contempt. I am myself a clergyman, and have had

discussion with your masters. I am pastor of the First Universalist Church in Philadelphia. Possibly you have seen my name linked with that of the late editor of *The Philadelphian*, and ——

But the reverend gentleman wheeled short round, passed hastily to the cabin, and was not seen on deck again until the packet reached Mifflin, and there he left us.

The passengers were amused if not edified by the incident, and were glad to hear the Methodist enter into conversation with the now-acknowledged Universalist preacher. Really it was a very pleasant interview—not controversial, strictly, but expository. Two of the subjects are distinctly in my remembrance. They were treated substantially as follows :

“Christ declared very plainly,” said my Methodist friend, “that ‘he that believeth not shall be damned.’ I suppose Universalists have a way of explaining that passage to their own satisfaction, and I should be glad to hear how you do it.”

We do it by considering the whole subject in its connection. During Christ’s personal ministry, the Gospel was preached exclusively to the Jewish people, though its promises and precepts were clearly set forth as being universal. After his resurrection, he upbraided the eleven Apostles with their unbelief and hardness of heart, and addressed them thus :

“Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned. And these signs shall follow them that believe: In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover. . . . And they went forth and preached everywhere, the Lord working with them, and confirming the word with signs following,” Mark xvi.

Observe, sir, the signs of believers. Can *you* do any of these things?

“I make no such pretensions,” was his reply.

Then of course you are not a believer, in the original sense of the text, and must not object to being numbered with the damned!

“I never thought of that,” said he.

Very probably; and you also never thought of the fact that the ‘orthodox’ theory excludes the possibility of salvation for infants, idiots, and millions of the heathen. Not one of these is or can be a believer in the Gospel; and the portals of endless blessedness must be closed against them all!

“It would really seem so, unless there be some other way of explaining the passage,” replied my friend.

The Gospel of Christ, I continued, is certainly ‘the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth,’ Romans i. 16, and to such *only* as *do* believe; whence follows that such only as have had the Gospel preached to them, can have any interest in the salvation of faith, or can be under the condemnation of unbelief.

“How then do Universalists explain the matter?”

Plainly, by making a distinction between the truth as a reality and faith as the medium of present enjoyment. Astronomy is true whether men are acquainted with it or not—and so is the Gospel. But only such as are acquainted with Astronomy can enjoy the pleasure of such acquaintance; and only such as hear and believe the Gospel can experience the blessedness of faith. ‘He that believeth not, is condemned already. . . . And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil,’ John iii. 18–19.

“It would appear, therefore,” rejoined the Methodist brother, “that the text in Mark has no application excepting where the light of Christianity has shined.”

Certainly; and it would also seem that its original application was restricted to the age of miraculous signs. Nevertheless, you may extend the application to all ages of the world, if you please, without touching the argument of the Universalist. I concede and contend, moreover, that no soul can ever be saved, either here or hereafter, without coming to the knowledge of the truth.

“Indeed! And *how* do you suppose that souls, departing from this life under the condemnation of unbelief, will ever be saved?”

Simply by coming or being brought to the knowledge of ‘the truth as it is in Jesus.’ In return, let me ask *you* how any of the countless myriads of the heathen, so living and so dying, will be saved? You dare not contend that they will *all* be damned; and if you admit that any of them will be saved, on Gospel principles, you open a door for the salvation of all mankind.

“You appear to hold to a change after death—yet the Bible says, ‘As the tree falls, so it lies.’ How do you get along with that?”

Easily enough. There is no such passage in the Bible. The nearest like it is in Eccl. xi. 1–3, and any one can see that the language is a direction and encouragement to charity. ‘Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days. Give a portion to seven, and also to eight, for thou knowest not what evil shall be upon the earth. If the clouds be full of rain, they empty themselves upon the earth; and if the tree fall toward the south or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall

be.' Yet a Pagan 'orthodoxy,' seeking to disprove any change after death, applies a charity-instruction to the future condition of the soul, and even *then* cannot make out its case, excepting by gross perversion of the language.

The fact is, all just interpretation of the Scriptures coincides with enlightened philosophy, in teaching such a change after death, in behalf of every soul, as consists with the doctrine of endless progression in the knowledge and enjoyment of the truth.

— My Methodist friend was an intelligent farmer. He was on his return from Illinois, whither he had gone from Lancaster county to view 'the new country.' He had purchased a tract of land in Adams county, not far distant from Quincy, and would shortly remove to the Western Eden. We parted at Harrisburg with mutual respect and good wishes.

Some years afterwards, a man of the same name, residing in the same county in Illinois, was mentioned to me as an avowed, consistent Universalist.

A consistent Universalist! Ah me, I fear to pronounce such eulogium on *any* man, without reservation. Surely my Presbyterian friend did not understand the obligations which accompany the revelation of God's infinite Love, or he would not have indulged in such a tirade against the morality of Universalism.

— Holy Father! if thy divine truth, in its sublime efficiency, be exemplified in any one of thy vast family, I beseech thee to inform me where he resides; and though his abode be in the frozen climes of the north, or in the burning temperature of the torrid zone, I will take the pilgrim's staff in hand, and journey to his habitation, that I may behold thy image displayed in the tabernacle of flesh!

* * In the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men, the angel of the Lord appeared unto me; and when the voice said, ‘Evangelist, arise!’ I arose and stood upon my feet. And when I was bidden to follow the heavenly messenger, I silently obeyed.

As on the wings of the wind we were conveyed over land and sea, old hoary-headed Time rolling back the wheels of his invisible car; and at length we stood on a verdant mount in an oriental clime. Unseen ourselves, an extensive and clear prospect was presented to our view. Brook, river and lake; vale, hill and mountain; desert, hamlet and city—all, all were before us as a map in detail. And we saw single individuals, and groups of people, and vast multitudes, in all the endless variety of human character and condition. High and low, rich and poor, bond and free, saint and sinner,—all, all were clearly seen, as we gazed on the panorama of human life.

I freely indulged in expressions of admiration at what I beheld, until a feeling of profound awe, in the remembrance of my supernatural vision, settled down into a solemn silence.

‘Evangelist!’ said the angel, ‘I marvel not that thou shouldst be astonished, nor that thy astonishment should be resolved into silence, as its deepest and most expressive form. Nevertheless, consider only *the end* in which I have been commissioned to instruct thee.

‘Thou seest before thee a multitude, which consists indeed of individuals, but those individuals may be severally regarded as but the representatives of the various conditions and characters of men in all ages and in all climes. Thou seest the contrast of poverty and riches, of health and illness, of virtue and vice,

of happiness and wo, of glory and of gloom. O who may walk amid that throng, and display all the excellencies of the spiritual life! O who may be willing to encounter the sight of squalid misery, and foulest disease, and still fouler iniquity, and not turn away in disgust! Would it not be preferable to seek a habitation in the wilderness, than to mingle in the changing scenes of such a heart-sickening world?

‘Yet as the Hebrew children, in the olden time, walked unharmed in the flames of fire, so shall one come forth from yonder despised village, and prefer the activity of virtue to a life of ease in inactive devotion. And he shall walk in white, for he is worthy; and his garment shall be unstained in the midst of pollution; and his soul shall live even in the midst of death! Behold him come forth; and let thy quickened senses regard him in the variety of scenes through which he may be called to pass.’

I looked as directed, and beheld him go forth from the village, unnoticed and alone. His face was toward the wilderness; and when he was far from the habitations of men, he prayed for strength to sustain him in every evil hour. And then he returned to mingle with the varied and jostling throng.

I noticed that wherever he appeared he brought with him a blessing; and my heart glowed with admiration and love, as I saw him weep with the sorrowing and rejoice with the glad. In the hovel of poverty he stretched forth the hand of relief, and by the bed of languishing he breathed the words of consolation which may light up the face of the dying with a smile. When the ear heard him, then it blessed him; and when the *eye* saw him, it gave witness to him; because he delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and

those who had none to help them. He was eyes to the blind and feet to the lame. The blessing of such as were ready to perish came upon him; and he caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. He put on righteousness, and it clothed him; his judgment was as a robe and a diadem.

I was about to make certain inquiries of the angel in relation to this minister of peace—but he placed his finger on his lip, and motioned me to continue my observations.

I looked again, and behold! adversaries had risen up, who reproached and vilified the friend of the friendless. In the bitterness of their animosity, they cursed him; in the generosity of his benevolence, he blessed them in return. They impeached his motives, and persecuted those who had received aid at his hands. In their view, he had no form nor comeliness, and when they saw him, they beheld no beauty that they should desire him. Still he labored on, and labored in their behalf. Still he patiently suffered reproach, for he had been baptised in the holy spirit of the living God.

But the darkness became deeper, until it settled down into the *blackness* of darkness; and then the powers of darkness triumphed over the outward man of the philanthropist; but the inner man was conqueror, and more than conqueror—for though despised and rejected of men, he was honored and accepted of God. The fire of love that glowed on the altar of his heart was not quenched by many waters—was not drowned by the floods. For still he wept with the sorrowing and rejoiced with the glad; still he had mercy on those who had no mercy on themselves; still when reviled, he reviled not again; and when cursed, he continued to bless.

Again I was about to address the angel in relation to this exhibition of most wonderful benevolence; but again he enjoined silence, and directed my attention to a change in the scene. I turned, and lo! the friend of the friendless was scourged with rods, and crowned with thorns, and nailed to a cross! The sun hid his face, and would not behold this outrage on all that was holy and true. The angel at my side looked on in breathless silence, anxiously awaiting the issue of a righteous life. And the issue was sublime! ‘Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.’

‘Evangelist,’ said the angel, ‘it is finished, and thou hast witnessed the life and death of the only perfectly consistent Universalist the world ever saw. Be thou not therefore ashamed of the testimony of thy Lord.’

I turned to gaze once more on the scene of these wonders—but Calvary and Moriah, and Nazareth and Jerusalem, and Kedron, and Jordan had faded away!—I turned to my ministering angel—but he had departed; and Judea, with all its glory and gloom, had passed from my view. The vision was completed; and the rays of the morning sun awoke me in the city of brotherly love. And I prayed that the quickening beams of the Sun of Righteousness may ever brighten the pathway of my pilgrimage, and form in me the image of that *truly consistent Universalist*, THE LAMB OF GOD.

Up to this period, I had traveled by all sorts of conveyance excepting two—balloon and sail-vessel. The former may perhaps be realized some day,—the latter was realized about the middle of August. A church-dedication at Southold, in the eastern part of Long Island, had been appointed, and the chosen means of

bodily transit was by sloop. Messrs. Sawyer, Le Fevre, and myself, of the ministry, embarked at New-York, and when we reached our destination, each of us could say, as did Paul, ‘a night and a day have I been in the deep.’

The day was spent very pleasantly—the night also, excepting that the noisy swaying of the boom in tacking, and the rustling of the water as we rapidly passed through it with a strong wind, disturbed our rest. ‘There is only a step between me and death,’ occurred to me every waking moment—not with the feeling of alarm, but of solemn awe. In the depth of the blue water, beneath our track perhaps, lay many a heart, once as brave and stout as mine—and the moon looked down in calmness to light the sleepers—but we swept over the image, and it was broken into a thousand refractions. Yet the moon continued to look down in calmness; the sleepers slept on; and onward, still onward our vessel swept, with ‘only a step between me and death!’

It was a brief voyage—a matter of one hundred miles or so—but it was my first experience in propulsion by ‘the invisible,’ and I therefore record it. Invisible—yet how mighty is the wind! Compacted into viewless solidity, it has prostrated the growth of centuries in a moment—making a pathway through the great forest as though the woods had been assailed by huge artillery for ages. Out to sea it has passed, and woe to a navy in its track! Farther on, it dies away into calm, and the sails are hanging motionless, and the ocean mirrors the stars of midnight in its tranquil breast.

Yet God ‘holds the winds in his fist, and the waters in the hollow of his hand.’ Surely the declaration reaches beyond all storm and wreck,—reaches into a consummation which shall interpret all mysteries, and

blend all voices in the sublime harmony of our God in Christ, and Christ in the myriads of the redeemed.

Thus passed the waking moments of that night on the Sound—perchance there was continuity of thought in dreams. Let me dream on—for a night-vision which vindicates God and gives trust to man, is better than a day-fancy which clothes him in terror and fills the soul with the tremblings of doubt.

We found ‘visionaries’ at Southold—men and women who had ideals of what is not a reality as yet. They walked by faith and not by sight. SIGHT beheld sin abounding and reigning unto death, and wept: FAITH looked through those tears, and beheld grace superabounding and reigning unto eternal life. SIGHT rejoiced in the visible building of wood and stone to be dedicated that day. FAITH rejoiced in the building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. And SIGHT took FAITH by the hand, and led her into the Sanctuary, and said, *This is thine*. And FAITH lifted her eyes to heaven, and said, IT IS THINE, O LORD!

In November, 1837, the Delegates constituting a Convention to reform the Constitution of Pennsylvania, met in Philadelphia by adjournment. I felt small interest in their labors, excepting in relation to the existing religious test; and this I was anxious to see altogether reformed by excision and prohibition.

The closest test prescribed by William Penn, was an acknowledgment of faith in the being of a God. The irreligious tendency of things in France in 1790, so terrified the Pennsylvania Convention of that year, that a stricter clause was inserted in the Constitution then framed—a clause implying, grammatically, that

Pennsylvania is an Atheistical Commonwealth, yet so liberal withal, as not to exclude any person from holding office who believes in a God and in a future state of rewards and punishments! Exclusion of those who do *not* thus believe, was probably the intention, but the contrary is the grammatical construction.

The Constitution of the Federal Government emphatically provides, that ‘No religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States.’

For the purpose of effecting a reform in our State Constitution, I drafted a Memorial to the Convention, setting forth many reasons why the test-clause should be stricken out. Those reasons were general, covering the principle. The document was largely signed, and presented, but the effort failed.

Only two persons to whom I applied for co-operation, refused. Both had been recommended to me as liberal men. I am ashamed to acknowledge that one of them was a Quaker! He had forgotten the sufferings of William Penn for conscience sake. Probably he deemed it lawful for *the goree* to become in turn *the gorier*. Let us hope that I chanced to fall in with a reprobate exception among Friends. His soul was smaller than a mustard seed, the germ having only a lateral growth in the dark.

The other was a Roman Catholic Priest. *He* was *not* an exception. My situation, in reference to *him*, was somewhat like that of the farmer, who said that his corn-crop did not yield so largely as he expected, and he always thought it wouldn’t. Foolish man that I was, to look for grapes on a bramble-bush!

Society would not be safe, said he, if irreligious persons were eligible to office or were competent witnesses.

To which I replied, that such eligibility and such competency constitute the strongest possible safe-guards of society. Religious tests do not affect *opinion*, but merely restrain *expression*. All that a test can do, is to make hypocrites. A man who is irreligious *in fact*, may *in profession* be a Roman Catholic, or any thing else that may better suit his purpose. A test is merely a motive to concealment—and hypocrisy is more dangerous than heresy, because it embraces the evils of both.

Besides : To be *eligible* to office, and to be *elected* to office, are two distinct and different things. So also are *competency* and *credibility*, as a witness. What we ask, is, that no man's religious opinions shall either diminish or enlarge his civil rights, privileges or capacities. We ask that *the people* may elect any citizen to office whom they please ; also that every man may be competent as a witness, leaving his credibility to the Court and Jury—to be decided by his general character for veracity or the contrary, his interest in the pending cause, &c.

The Priest's fallacy was the substance of a Protestant Politician's speech in the Convention. He was a man of superior talent and great influence—the greater the shame that he should use his power in the direction he did. To adopt the proposed amendment, said he, would be to cut loose every thing that renders man safe in society !

Six or seven years afterwards that speaker had personal experience of a political test. The then President nominated him to the Senate of the United States as Secretary of War. On the question of confirmation, he received only three votes ! *He* was more sorry than *I* was ; yet I confess myself grieved that a man who is

so closely allied with many Universalists in personal friendship and political interest, should have been so bigoted as to make that speech in the Convention. I do not believe he would repeat it now.*

His brother, as Governor of Pennsylvania, was of a different spirit. He nominated Hon. JACOB GROSH to the Senate, as a Judge in Lancaster county, in 1841. Bigotry rejected the nominee, on account of his Universalism. The Governor renewed the nomination in 1842, and it was confirmed. Judge Grosh retired from the Bench after the November Sessions of 1851. An unanimous tribute of highest respect, by both the Grand Jury and the Bar, testified his official integrity and personal worth. He needed no such eulogium. I record the facts, mainly with a view to express my admiration of the Governor's persistence in the right, and to show that even the Bigotry of Lancaster county could not deny unqualified encomium of a citizen everywhere known as a Universalist.

* I doubt whether even the Presbyterian delegate from north-western Pennsylvania, would take the same position in this year of grace that he did in the Reform Convention of 1837—because that region is becoming liberalized. At the General Election in October, 1851, Hon. JOHN GALBRAITH of Erie was chosen President Judge of the District by a majority of 600, notwithstanding the political party to which he belonged was in a minority of 1100 votes.

Judge Galbraith's Universalist history began in June, 1832. He was at that time a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature, and heard me preach in Harrisburg. On returning to Philadelphia, in the month named, he and I were fellow-passengers in the stage. We conversed largely on Universalism, by his desire of inquiry; and that interview, as he informed me a few years ago, awakened thoughts and feelings which eventuated in his open profession and advocacy of Universalism. His private character honors the doctrine. His social position and influence in the district of his residence, may be inferred from his election to the Judgeship, as aforesaid.

I will only add, that the test in our State Constitution has always been a dead letter, practically. In twenty-four of the States there is nothing of the kind, as affecting any variety of religious opinion; and I question whether the test, as yet existing in the seven other States, could be applied to any prominent man, Protestant, Catholic, Jew, or Pagan, without resulting in its excision.

The liberality of opinion here assumed might be affirmed of even the majority of 'evangelical' people at the present day. There has been a gradual (and therefore I trust a permanent) growth in knowledge and in grace, and intolerance has few open advocates in this age of enlightenment, among Protestants. Very different was the state of things in 1837—whereof I could furnish many illustrations, including the public suggestion by Rev. Robert J. Breckenridge of Baltimore, that the police should abate the Universalist Church as a nuisance! He was a distinguished debater of the Old School Presbyterian order. As he could not effect an estoppel by the police, and as martyrology was rather antiquated, he adopted what he considered the next best course—that is, he accepted the challenge of Rev. L. S. Everett to discuss the merits of the offensive heresy, in the spring of 1838.

I had aided in the dedication of the Baltimore Church, and both invitation and inclination drew me thither as an auditor—the hope being strong within me that the disputants would demean themselves as Christian gentlemen, and thus render the interview profitable.

The question of gentility had but recently led to a fatal duel between two members of Congress. Such an one was 'not a gentleman,' was the insult complained of, and a demand for retraction not being complied

with, the offender, a New Englander of most amiable private character, ‘died as the fool dieth.’ He had courage enough to stand up before a rifle at the distance of sixty yards and be shot at, but *not* courage enough to stand up in condemnation of a foul ‘code of honor!’

Both the parties in the speech-duel in Baltimore were of naturally hot temperament, but they treated each other with personal respect, though the creed of neither was spared. The house, having seats for 1200 in the pews, was crowded in all its parts, including aisles, pulpit and vestibule, and due decorum was observed by the audience, notwithstanding the excitement everywhere visible in the countenances of the people. The debate continued eight evenings.

I had no occasion for dissatisfaction with the discussion. The Universalist, in my judgment, was decidedly in the ascendant of argument—yet I *felt* as the man with the shillelagh *wished* at Donnybrook Fair, namely, that some one would tread on my toes. It was not that I had pleasure in controversy, for controversy’s sake. Let me affirm, in all honesty, that I have always been averse to disputation, excepting as a means of enlightenment. For many years, oral debate was always my preference, because it was deemed the more effectual way of bringing conflicting opinions into public judgment—yet the verdict of later reflection is in favor of a written canvass as the more advantageous. Appeals to passion, in any injurious sense, are thus avoided, and opportunity for deliberation is guaranteed alike to the parties and their readers.

Following close on that Baltimore discussion, there was a discussion of another sort in Philadelphia. There was no audience, excepting by a self-constituted

umpire—nor did the contending parties ever appear before him at the same time, until after the question was definitively settled. That umpire was a gentleman who had been my room-mate for more than eight years and a half. He was in every respect worthy of my attachment, and he considered me worthy of his. But he had formed *another* attachment, and the question between *her* and *me* was finally decided against me, and I was obliged to give him up, April 26, 1838.

Very pleasant had been our companionship of friendship—but he would have doubted any such prophecy in the beginning. When the good landlady (who was a member of my church) told him, with a pleasure which indicated her estimate of his peculiar good fortune, that he was to be room-mate with her Minister, associations of clerical gloom were in his thoughts. Nevertheless he said nought, but rested on his reserved right of removal from the premises, in case his quarters should prove uncomfortable. Our worthy landlady had known him from his childhood, and congratulated *me* as she had congratulated *him*—and we severally acknowledged our gratitude by a long term of room-ship in her excellent house.

The associations in my friend's mind were natural—for clerical gloom is no unusual thing. We might almost say it is proverbial. The more numerous the exceptions may be in the profession, the more numerous are the illustrations of inconsistency. How *any* man can be even *cheerful*, with the conviction that myriads of souls around him are suspended over a fiery gulf by a single hair, is more than I can understand. Yet this is the *uttered* apprehension of the entire 'orthodox' world. Can it be *felt* by those who are ever otherwise than gloomy?

My room-mate, it is scarcely necessary to add, did not find the clerical gloom he anticipated. He was himself of most cheerful temper, and I record, with peculiar gratification, that he always observed the proprieties of friendship for the minister and the man.

THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.

AN ALLEGORY.

JULY 11, 1838. I had been travelling on a highway. Seating myself by a stone which bore the inscription ‘XXXI M.,’ I discovered that I was not alone. A man of dignified mien was beside me, and a desire to cultivate his acquaintance prompted me to open a conversation. “Friend, canst thou inform me how many miles I have yet to travel?”

He looked me steadily and mildly in the eye, and said, “Whither art thou journeying?”

I felt mortified that this inquiry had not previously occurred to my mind—but before I had time to make suitable acknowledgments, he added, “Whence comest thou?”

This was as difficult a question as the former. I turned to the mile-stone for information, but could learn nothing farther therefrom than that I had travelled *thirty-one miles*. “I am sorry to confess,” said I, “that I cannot answer thy question.”

“And I am equally sorry,” replied the old man, “that I cannot answer thine.”

A silence of several minutes ensued, during which I so far collected my confused ideas as to frame another inquiry. “Canst thou state the number of miles persons usually travel on the road?”

“*Three score and ten* has been mentioned,” said he; “some, however, travel much farther; many, not so

far; but the majority do not reach the tenth mile-stone of the journey. If thou wouldst know to what causes this inequality is attributable, I must inform thee that much depends on the constitution and habits of the traveller. It should also be mentioned, that many are destroyed by disease, and many perish by casualty. Moreover, much depends on the path in which the traveller walks—for thou wilt perceive that there are many sinuous paths which diverge from the smooth, plain highway. The way-faring man, though a fool, need not err from the true road—yet thousands depart from the straight way, and involve themselves in dark and gloomy labyrinths.”

A female, clothed in plain apparel, here presented herself to my view. “I have followed thee closely,” said she, “and have made this map of thy route.”

She placed the scroll in my hand, and I traced the mile-stones back, until, in the early numerals, all was dim, shadowy, dark. “I expected to set my eye on the spot where I commenced my journey,” said I, “but behold! shadows and darkness rest upon it! I know not whence I came, nor whither I am journeying!”

“Be not despondent,” said my instructress; “perhaps this volume will furnish a clue to a portion of the desired information. Read it, and be wise.”

In opening the volume, I discovered that many of the early chapters were entirely blank! The records, when commenced, were dimly traced at first—then the incidents rapidly increased in number and variety—and, by-and-bye, on turning a leaf, I perceived that the page was without a mark, excepting the inscription, ‘CHAPTER XXXII.’

I turned to my instructress with an inquiring look—but she merely said, in extending her hand to receive

the volume and the map, "My station is behind thee: I record only what is *past*."

The revery induced by these circumstances was presently disturbed by the old man, (whose interest in my behalf entitled him to the appellation of Mentor.) "Evangelist," said he, "thou hast traced the map of thy journey on the highway; and thou hast perused the record of events in the Volume of Memory. It is my province to counsel thee, and I choose to fulfil my duty by presenting a few suppositions for thy consideration. Hearken and receive instruction.

"Thou knowest what *has* been, and what thou *art*. Suppose thou wert compelled to start thy journey anew at way-mark V, and wert allowed thy choice, either to be again and at every period what thou *hast* been, without any variation of circumstance, (destitute of course of thy present memory and experience)—or to take thy chance for better or worse,—which wouldst thou prefer?"

I immediately reverted to the records I had just perused—and my mind was filled with the remembrance of youthful follies—of opportunities for improvement neglected—of disregard of wholesome advice—and of divers errors and misfortunes and sorrows, in childhood, boyhood, manhood. But the records of circumstances on which I could reflect with unfeigned satisfaction and joy were so numerous, and so strong was my conviction that matters might have been much worse, that without any hesitation I decided to prefer what *had* been, rather than incur the hazard of what *might* be.

"Thence learn," resumed the old man, "thence learn more devoutly to thank the Lord for the measure of good thou hast enjoyed, and let thy rejoicing be tempered by prayer."

The affectionate manner and wise counsel of my adviser engaged my undivided attention, and he proceeded to a second supposition.

“Evangelist, thou knowest what thou *hast* been—thou knowest what thou *art*—and thou hast seen the glory of ‘Our Father, the king of the highway.’ Behold the multitude before thee! Canst thou select an individual traveller whose state, all things considered, thou wouldst prefer to thy own?”

I beheld the multitude. Here was a man whose coffers were overflowing with wealth, and plenty and pleasure awaited his call. I remembered my poverty, and thought of the evils of dependence.—I looked again, and beheld another crowned with the wreath of fame. I remembered my humble state, and felt that no man did me reverence.—I listened, and heard the tones of surpassing eloquence, and the applause of the wondering crowd. I considered my homely speech, and felt that it could not be applauded by the multitude.—The scene changed. The gold became dim, and perished. The wreath faded and withered. The eloquent tongue was dumb.—The wealth of the heavenly kingdom was magnified in my sight. The olive of peace and the palm of victory bloomed in my view. The peace of God enlarged, and filled and satisfied my soul—and I replied, “I prefer my own condition, and I should decline an exchange with any traveller on the king’s highway.”

“Thence learn,” said the old man, “thence learn not only the unreasonable character of envy, but also the irrationality and ingratitude of repining at thy lot. Providence has assigned to each a station in the journey of human life—and blessed is he who fulfils the duties of his appointment, and is content with the measure of good he enjoys. Those travellers would be as un-

willing to exchange with *thee*, as *thou* art to exchange with *them*."

I was deeply impressed with this lesson of practical wisdom, and listened with increased interest to a third supposition.

"Suppose thou couldst be positively assured of having thirty-one, and only thirty-one miles yet to travel on the highway—and wert offered thy choice, either to go over the ground already travelled, experiencing precisely similar joys and sorrows, without any remembrance of what has already occurred, or to journey hence to way-mark LXII, subject to all contingencies—which wouldst thou prefer?"

As I pondered this question, she who had charge of the map and volume silently pointed backward with uplifted eye. In a few moments I turned to look in a contrary direction, and saw immediately before me two female figures, one of whom approached with characteristic timidity, and handing me a prospective glass, admonished me to '*beware!*' I applied the instrument to my eye, and though the highway beyond where I was seated, appeared somewhat dim, I thought I saw quick-sands in it, and thickets and briers—and occasionally I could see a '*lion in the way,*' crouched in the shadow of a lowering cloud. Beyond this, all was fearfully dark.

I returned the instrument with a trembling hand, and was about to pronounce a decided preference for the part of the road I had already travelled, when the other female figure advanced with a laughing eye and elastic step, and desired me to look through *her* glass—'*for,*' said she with a winning smile, '*the highway may present a different appearance, if viewed through another instrument.*'

I did as I was desired, and O, what a different prospect presented itself to view! Instead of quick-sands, and thickets, and briers, I saw beautiful lawns, and deep-green groves, and a wilderness of flowers! Springs of crystal water were bursting from the bank on either side of the highway, in the shade of trees which were loaded with the most luscious fruit!

I was enchanted with the prospect, and was on the point of declaring my choice to be “hence onward,” when the timid damsel admonished me to *beware of delusion*. Her joyous neighbor cautioned me against being *frightened by shadows*. My instructress, who had charge of the Map and Volume, assured me, that she had recorded many instances in which I had been deceived by appearances—but candidly acknowledged that the balance was in favor of the damsel with the laughing eye.

I duly weighed all these considerations, and finally decided, that even if the glass last used had displayed twice as many lawns, and groves, and flowers, and water-springs, and fruit-trees, as really existed, I should rather go forward to way-mark LXII, *subject to all contingencies*,—than to journey over the thirty-one miles already travelled, with the *certainty* of being again, in all respects and at every period, precisely what I *had* been.

“Evangelist,” resumed the old man, “thou hast decided wisely, and from that decision this lesson may be derived: In the good Providence of God, thou hast been blessed with a reasonable degree of health, and with an active temperament of both body and mind. Thou art confident that the loving-kindness of ‘Our Father’ will never fail, and thou art rather desirous of beholding new displays of his benevolence, than of

witnessing a repetition of mercies already experienced. Art thou sensible of thy deep debt of love and gratitude and fidelity to thy heavenly Lord? If thou *art*, behold thy brethren! The multitude before thee are ignorant of the true character of the Infinite and Everlasting Love. Behold that group of mourners! They are bowed to the earth by fearful apprehensions of vindictive wrath. It is *thy duty*, it is *thy privilege*, to comfort them by the comfort wherewith thou thyself art comforted of God. Behold that head-long company of despisers, who wander and perish in the crooked paths! Be it thy pleasure to declare the pleasantness and peace of the ways of wisdom—so shalt thou win the wayward to the enjoyments of integrity of life. Go on thy way rejoicing. Be diligent—be faithful. So shall the name of Our Father go forth as the brightness of the morning, and blessedness dawn on thy spirit in the light of a morning without clouds.”

—And I said, Lord, so teach me to number my days that I may apply my heart unto wisdom.

The session of the General Convention for 1838, was held in Boston. I remember it with peculiar distinctness, partly because the ‘occasional sermon’ devolved on me by appointment, but mostly because of an afternoon’s incidents in Mount Auburn. There, I had the pleasure of introducing Mrs. Julia H. Scott (late Miss Kinney) to Miss Sarah C. Edgerton. Their acquaintance soon ripened into devoted friendship—and both are now in the great congregation above. How they loved each other, and Universalism! They were deeply imbued with its spirit, and adorned its teachings by their lives and in poetry, and faith glorified them in passing to its realities. Their hallowed renown of

excellency and talent shall never be dim. They are twin-stars in the galaxy of our denomination.

There were many Universalists in Mount Auburn that day, and it was natural that our attention should be specially attracted by the monument bearing the name of JOHN MURRAY. We gathered around it, and united in prayer with Rev. Wm. S. Balch. How that prayer thrilled our hearts! There was an eclipse of the sun at the time, and the shadow on its disc had passed its maximum and was declining when the supplication attained its meridian. An admirable hymn, written for the occasion by Rev. L. C. Browne, was then sung in a familiar tune. My visitation to Potter's Meeting House seemed a reason why I should be invited to deliver a brief address, and the sun and our path-way were without a shadow when we departed from that 'city of the dead.'

A Sunday spent in Lowell immediately after the Convention tested my lungs, if it did nothing more.—Three sermons in the City Hall, at 10, 2, and 5 o'clock, and a lecture in the First Church in the evening, constituted a liberal day's work—but what does sound health fear of 'a break down' a few years hence? Nothing. 'Better wear out than rust out,' is an olden adage. Alas that something should not have been said about '*tearing* out!'

Recreation followed—of a sort which neither Mr. Balch (then of Providence) nor myself will be likely to forget. Conjointly, we had appointments at Southold on Long Island, and the question was, how to reach the locality in season. To Stonington was easy enough by Rail Road—but there was no Steamboat by which to cross the Sound, nor could we find a Packet bound for the Island at any point.

So to New London we posted over villanous roads, arriving in time for the only vessel to sail that day, its destination being Sag Harbor—distant some eight or ten miles from Southold in ‘a bee-line,’ across inlets, and straits, and tongues of land sufficient to symbolize the doom of Babel. A route on which wheels could be used, would traverse a circuit of more than thrice the distance.

We could see no way of doing better, so across the Sound to Sag Harbor we sailed, and arriving within view of the lights of the town, (for it was dark,) our Captain hailed a small boat outward bound. Greenport was its destination, and the preachers and their small luggage were transferred to the new-comer—the crew of which consisted of one man!

How it rained as we went down the Sound before a speedy wind from the north-east! The ‘crew’ was at the helm—and the preachers were stowed into a dingy hole about the size of a hogshead. We faced ‘the skipper’ side-wise, and found entertainment in his stories and songs of Whale-dom, during the dark hours of our voyage to Greenport.

Arriving past midnight, we rested at a hotel—and the next day, through the rain and in a carriage so leaky that we had to dodge the streams, we reached Southold in season for our appointments. The weather cleared up, and the enjoyments of our visit would have recompensed two such trips—provided a reasonable interval were allowed.

Among the points of visitation at Southold was one which some of our friends considered peculiarly appropriate for *me*. It was the residence of a canonical bachelor—one who declared (and his sincerity was not doubted by those who knew him) that the women were

the occasion of all the mischief in the world, from Adam downward.

He lived alone, strictly—and his habitation was clear evidence that woman's tidy hand never meddled with the premises. He cooked for himself, and washed and mended his own clothes—the wherewithal of livelihood being derived from a few acres which he cultivated with his own hands.

He had peculiar doctrinal notions. He held that Cain was literally the son of the Devil,—to which he added, a year or so later, that the Locomotive which rushed through a field of his, bisected by the Rail Road, had the same origin. The moon, he insisted, did not cause the tides: it would be as sensible, he thought, to affirm that the tides effected the changes of the moon. The earth, in his theory, was a living creature that breathed twice in twenty-four hours, causing the ebb and flow of the sea—and, when excited, an earthquake. His system of both Nature and Theology, was known in the neighborhood as 'Snakeology.'

It was certainly a scandal to speak of *my* bachelorism in connection with *his*—but in respect of stern integrity of character, no one could truthfully regard it a disparagement to be likened to that singular man.

The dawn of New-Year, 1839, brought with it a present from a friend, without clue to the donor. It consisted of an elegant copy of the Bible, and a set of tickets to GEORGE COMBE'S Lectures on Phrenology. I had studied the Scriptures with some diligence for many years, and had been one of the first to greet the Fowlers in Philadelphia, as exponents of the doctrines of Gall and Spurzheim. My friend probably knew how

closely Revelation and Phrenology were associated in my thoughts. I had said in the pulpit, plainly, that next to the Bible, in importance and practical value, I placed the book entitled "The Constitution of Man." And so the present combined a copy of the former with tickets of admission to hear the author of the latter.

Was it not remarkable that only three clergymen attended that first series of Combe's Lectures in Philadelphia? Elder Frederick Plummer, Rev. S. W. Fuller, and myself.

The fact was *not* remarkable, for 'orthodoxy' has never countenanced the beginnings of *any* science. The bearings and distances are always taken and nicely calculated, before the Church Navy will even speak a stranger-craft with civility. There is loud boasting of trained officers, and trusty crews, and great guns, in the huge Men-of-War—but fear of Infidel Pirates suggests that 'discretion is the better part of valor,' and each Vessel of Science must first establish an 'orthodox' character—or must show its irresistible magazine of Facts—before its flag is so much as saluted on the high seas!

It is needless to say that Mr. Combe greatly instructed us, nor that he was greatly pleased to find even three inquiring clergymen in Philadelphia. The number was enlarged at his second course. Meanwhile Mr. Fuller and myself formed a pleasant acquaintance with the distinguished lecturer, and hoped that he afterwards remembered us, not as independent thinkers merely, but as his personal friends.

Attention to Phrenology, together with current duties, debarred any missionary operations for a season. Nevertheless extra labor was not lacking. I had a work on hand which hardly justified the time bestowed

upon it. The reference is to a volume of Hymns and appropriate Music, denominated 'HYMNS OF ZION.' The motive to prepare it was as little selfish as any one may lawfully claim, and the execution was creditable. But the book, as a whole, did not compensate the attention devoted to it. The deficit is diminished by the consideration that sundry psalmody-compilers have derived much unacknowledged aid from my lyrical compositions, including my emendations of preceding authors in that line.

Why is it that so much limping rhythm, and barbarous rhyme, and uncouth doggerel, is sanctified by the custom of worshiping assemblies? It would almost seem that 'orthodox' theology, which is so hard in the preaching and the believing, has demanded a correspondence in gospel lyrics. I do not now allude to the *theology* of the latter—for people should sing (and also pray) as they believe, and so the Pulpit and the Pew be in accordance, however doleful the strain—but I allude to the lack of euphony and beautiful imagery in church hymns. Little skill have I in the latter item—but it has long appeared a burning shame that sentimental songs should have so greatly the advantage of gospel lyrics, in respect of poetical expression.

Besides the enjoyments and labors of the winter of '38-'39, my mind was greatly exercised by thoughts of a removal from Philadelphia. Commencing my pastoral charge with small preparation for so important a station, extraordinary exertions were essential to the respectable discharge of its pulpit duties. I might have gotten along with less earnest study, because there would have been more time for it, had I been less of a Missionary between Sundays. But so it *was*, for good

or ill, and the need of relaxation, by travel or another settlement, was strongly present in my cogitations.

Let me not be charged with vanity in alluding to the stout and unanimous Nay of my Society. I felt myself worthy of their attachment, and they were worthy of mine. The tenth year of harmony was rolling away. My people besought the son of their adoption to exorcise the spirit of un-rest, take things easily, and remain in the Family always.

O how mightily Reason and Feeling strove for the mastery! The former prevailed in May—how incongruously with the time of flowers!—and I tendered my resignation as Pastor. The letter, believe me, had scalding tears upon it.

Were you ever turned around, when traveling on a steam-boat, or the like? Has *Feeling* ever told you that you were journeying in *one* direction, while *Reason* decided that you were journeying in a direction exactly opposite? Such was *my* situation. It was a fierce struggle, and Feeling cried like a child when Reason prevailed.

That conflict taught me a lesson of charity—rather, let me say, it illustrated the principle of the charity which the Gospel had taught me long before. Thousands of sincere people are convinced that God has revealed the doom of endless sorrowing,—and the probability is that some of their own immediate kindred will be among the doomed. How terribly Feeling rebels! The head says, Yes—the heart says, No. The head preaches *for* it—the heart prays *against* it. Which of the twain shall triumph? which must yield?

The answer comes with authority: ‘God’s word testifies in the affirmative—and it is only depraved human nature that rises up in the negative.’

And so, as God *cannot* be changed, human nature *must* be. The change comes by *miracle*—(the Lord knows it could not come by any other means!) The renewed believer trembles and shudders somewhat at first—for the Divinity has not yet wholly sanctified the Humanity—but he gets used to it gradually—and by and bye he says, (as the saint said at the Wis-sahickon,) ‘I can shout Amen, over the endless wretchedness of even my own children!’

Great God! is there any account, in thy Holy Word, of an unpardonable sin? If there be, surely it is this!

—*My* conflict of Reason and Feeling had no such awful consummation. The former said, Go. The latter only sang, tearfully, ‘Home! sweet Home!’—Was there ever another such song as that?

The lesson of charity bids me rather pity than condemn the people—O how fearfully *sincere* they are!—the people who are so deluded by false interpretation, as to believe in ceaseless torment, and to regard it a religious duty to stifle every tender sympathy by way of effecting unity. God has threatened that doom, say they—and as *He* will not change to suit *us*, *we* must be changed to suit *Him*. The Lord knows they have a hard time of it, and he pities them: let Universalists pity them too.

‘But do *you* affirm,’ say they, ‘that Reason must give way to Feeling?’

Yes, when Reason is wrong and Feeling is right. Not otherwise.

‘But how shall the question of right or wrong be decided? You seem to argue that heart-prayer, in the example of endless punishment, must *not* give way to head-conviction, but the contrary. You acknowledge you were ‘turned around on the steam-boat’ in your

own case—yet Feeling had to give way. How will you explain, consistently?’

Thus: The question was between two scenes of usefulness and personal happiness—one of them at home, the other abroad. It therefore bore no analogy to your doctrine of a personal willingness to be damned for the glory of God! It had no relation to my own misery, nor to the misery of any other being in the Universe. Had it been otherwise, conscience would have assigned the victory to Feeling.

‘How do you satisfy yourself that it would have been just and right for you to do so?’

In several harmonious ways. I begin by assuming that all divine doctrine is practical, leading directly to the love of God and Man, in unity. The Christian Spirit assents to no permanent misery, even for enemies, but pleads for their redemption, and is satisfied only when Faith beholds the consummation in holiness. Conscience declares that ‘*he* shall have judgment without mercy who showed no mercy,’ and the Christian Spirit weeps as Christ wept over Jerusalem. Shall that Spirit weep always? O no! Shall its sensibilities be seared as with a hot iron? O no. Beyond the Judgment without Mercy visited upon the merciless, Faith beholds Mercy rejoicing and glorying against Judgment; and in contemplating universal salvation as the final result, the Christian Spirit shouts aloud! But mark well! it *never* can say Amen to the endless wretchedness of any soul. Only the Spirit of the Devil can do that!

—Behold how I have travelled from the narrative! Let me return to it. Return to Philadelphia perhaps—for in my letter of resignation, a couplet from Goldsmith’s ‘Traveller’ was cited, and self-applied:

“He still had hopes, his weary wanderings past,
Here to return, and die at Home, at last.”

But there was a preliminary question in the Family: Shall he leave Home at all? We will not accept your resignation *now*. You shall have leave of absence for a few months, and we hope you will then withdraw your letter.

Also my excellent yoke-fellow, Mr. Fuller—how alive he was with a kindred hope! During a visit of mine to New England, starting in July, he published an article in which, after mentioning certain complimentary facts regarding my church and its prosperity, he wrote as follows:

“I miss him much—most in my thoughts. Many hearts are full of good wishes in his behalf, and our bosoms are alive with the hope that he will be so refreshed with his journey, and find such a welcome when he returns, that he will feel there is no place like home, and no home for him like Philadelphia.”

That noble soul did not doubt that *I* missed *him*, but he could not know how greatly I should miss him nine years afterwards.—Let me apologize for this section of personal history, and draw a veil over the sundering of my pastoral charge in the city of brotherly love.

My labors in that Church were prospered and appreciated. Beginning with a small assembly of devoted friends, worshipping in an antiquated building, the congregation gradually increased in numbers and resources, (also, we trusted, in knowledge and grace,) and in 1836 the ancient meeting-house was remodelled at a large expense. Two years previously a Session Room had been built for Sunday-School and Conference purposes. It was likewise occupied by an association of young men, known as the First Universalist Institute, organized in the Spring of 1834. I have

pleasure in remembering my unremitted personal attention to these means of social and religious culture.

Those material improvements were effected mostly by voluntary taxation, but outside indebtedness, including an old mortgage, troubled the Church for many years. All obligations were finally discharged by the sale of a large lot in Moyamensing and a small dwelling-house in Lombard street. This was in 1842. The surplus constituted a fund, the benefit of which may be enjoyed for centuries. Little do the younger believers know of the difficulties encountered by both People and Pastor, to accomplish this end.

— My missionary service was wholly of the volunteer order. Seldom, excepting in Reading and in Easton, did I receive any ‘material aid’ beyond the expenses of travelling, and most generally my private purse (never over-burthened) was leaner when I returned to my home than when I departed.

Besides the places named in the preceding narrative, I have now before me a list of more than thirty towns and neighborhoods, within one hundred miles of Philadelphia, in which I preached more or less frequently. In many of these, interesting incidents occurred, but I shall not attempt to narrate them in these pages. I cannot however close this chapter without recording the circumstances of my first extemporaneous sermon—that is, extemporaneous in the popular sense.

My worthy friend, Thomas Amies, a celebrated paper-manufacturer in his day, resided on the ‘Dove Mill’ property, in Lower Merion, about 11 miles north of west from Philadelphia. I frequently accompanied him from the city, and spent happy days with his hospitable family. In the evenings we had meetings in a school-house.

Roaming one afternoon in the woods—it was in 1830—I stood on what was termed the ‘Pulpit Rock,’ alone. The birds were singing sweetly all around, and I said, ‘Why should I not *preach*?’ A subject which had been revolving in my mind was present—and the text was forthwith announced. 2 Cor. v. 19: ‘God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing unto them their trespasses.’ And then and there, my first extemporaneous sermon was delivered, to a congregation of trees! They were not critical, else they would not so often have nodded—unless they were asleep; but my heart glowed with the theme, and it seemed to me, in the issue, that all the trees of the forest clapped their hands, and shouted!

At *the sentiment*, mark you! Not God *out of* Christ, as many would say in treating of our God as a consuming fire—but *in* Christ as the Mediator, consuming the dross and refining the silver of men. Reconciling, not God to the world, but the world to God. Not reproaching sinners with their unworthiness, but revealing unto them the infinite worthiness of the Father.

O how kindling was the sentiment! and how it glowed in the sermon delivered to that congregation of trees! They clapped their hands, and shouted aloud.

It did not prove so satisfactory, I thought, when repeated in my church on the next Sunday morning. There was no nodding, in either sense, as aforesaid—and perhaps all the difference was in myself. Probably it was—yet partial friends commended the new order of things, and counselled me to abandon ‘stilts,’ thenceforward.

The advice was well meant, and gradually adopted. Self-possession, facility of utterance off-hand, and other

natural consequences, answered me a good purpose many a time—yet I have long regretted ceasing to write my sermons in full. Perhaps, on the whole, it was best that I adopted the advice referred to.

I am sorry to record, that most of the sermons committed to paper at that time, and afterwards, were committed to the fire before I left Philadelphia. They made some light in *the ending* of their history, at least. Sketches of sermons, usually called ‘skeletons,’ abounded, and were preserved. And as I looked at them lying in my desk, a voice seemed to say to me, ‘Son of man, can these dry bones live?’ There was no intentional irreverence in the answer, ‘O Lord God, thou knowest.’

Certainly *I* did not know—but only hoped that if they could be clothed with flesh and skin, and if the Lord would graciously breathe upon them, they might spring to their feet, ‘an exceeding great army.’

CHAPTER VII.

Settlement in Lowell—My Society—City Hall—Burning up of the world—The theory considered—Second coming of Christ—Bible metaphors—Visit to Pennsylvania—Death of Rev. S. W. Fuller—Questions without Answers—Congregational Creed—Death of my father—‘Lowell Offering’—Its origin and history—Thanksgiving Day—‘Star of Bethlehem’—‘Both sides’—‘What a get-off!’—Visit to New Hampshire—Wentworth—‘Your pulse is calm’—Rumney—Temperance Agency, and a long visage—Rev. M. H. Smith—His history—The Smith War—Discussion with Rev. Luther Lee—Knappism—Maltreatment of my wife—Change of heart—Universalism in death—Chaplain of a Regiment—Visit to the Shakers—Sons of the prophets—Departure from Lowell.

THE new locality to which REASON directed my BODY as its instrument of work, was Lowell, Mass. FEELING was left in Philadelphia, to join the absent duality at its leisure. It followed in due season, but its fibres connected both places, always.

Lowell had at that time a population of about twenty thousand, each with a soul presumptively, and most of them evidently. It was not an old manufacturing district, mark you! where the operatives have become fixtures, and where the great majority know nothing but the single branch assigned them in the subdivision of labor, and where the wages are nicely adjusted to the amount requisite to keep soul and body together—but it was a *new* manufacturing district, in *New-England*, with plenty of work, good wages, and many social advantages. The population, in respect of enterprise and intelligence, impressed me very favorably, and I was not loth to pitch my tent in that industrial camp.

The pastoral charge of the Second Church, recently vacated, was promptly tendered to me, unanimously. It was not strictly 'love at first sight' with *me*, nor love at first hearing with the people—nevertheless, I deemed it prudent to guard against the evils of 'marrying in haste.' An acquaintance of five or six weeks appeared to prove that 'the match' was a suitable one, and about the middle of August I accepted the overture for a pastoral settlement.

A union had previously been celebrated between Rev. Thomas B. Thayer and myself, by spiritual affinity. We were both bachelors, (the more the shame and sorrow,) and we made the best of that form of isolation by becoming yoke-fellows in spirit and plan. 'Co-operation' was the motto determined upon in the beginning, and joint-effort was the practical commentary even unto the end.

The early months of my settlement were devoted to preaching in a quiet way, and to pastoral visitation. The latter had not a wide range, for my society consisted mainly of single folks. Never have I seen so large a congregation with so few children. There is no necessary connection of the facts, but never have I known a more thoroughly-earnest company of believers. The 'working-men' of the Society were mostly Overseers, Machinists, and Artizans, employed in the Mills—men of little worldly substance excepting as earned by their own hands,—but their love of truth prompted such liberality with their means, and such industry with their intelligence, as must always highly distinguish them in my remembrance.

I scarcely know how to record the incidents of my connection with that zealous people. Seldom was I absent on missionary service,—for which reason this

chapter will be nearly barren of interest in that usually exciting line,—and our home-operations were rather of the continuous order than of the occasional sort. The latter were the more awakening at the time, and presumably would be the more readable in the narration: the former were of the greater value, because the more permanent in their influence. Each however did good service, and I shall endeavor so to combine the ‘continuous’ and the ‘occasional’ in these pages, as to present a reasonably interesting account of the busiest three years of my life.

Our meetings for worship were held in the morning and the afternoon. About New Year, the pastors commenced the delivery of Sunday evening lectures, alternately, Mr. Thayer in his own church, and myself in the City Hall. This building stood within a few rods of my church, and was preferred because it would accommodate a much larger number of people.

I had been accustomed to crowds and excitement, but the early part of 1840 was a new page in my history of Rational Revivalism. It suited me precisely, and it precisely suited my co-operators. Two lectures of an unsectarian character, addressed to the youth of Lowell, attracted much attention. Other lectures followed, devoted mainly to doctrinal exposition—and then a peculiar theory came up for consideration.

‘MILLERISM’ was rife at that time in all the land. There was to be a total burning up of the world in 1843—*certainly* there was—and preachers of the theory were plenty and diligent. Listeners were abundant everywhere, and converts were numerous and rapidly multiplying. Is it surprising that such a population as that of Lowell should be deeply moved? Thousands of young people were there, afar from home

and kindred. Checks to fanaticism, as existing in the reason of the many, were overwhelmed by companionship and sympathy with impressible subjects. And so there was prospect of a consuming ‘strange fire.’

The worst of it was, that the settled preachers, excepting the Universalists and the Unitarian, fanned the flame. They countenanced the fanatical tendency of things. Each seemed to consider ‘Millerism’ a means of ‘grist to his own mill,’ and treated it accordingly, with a saving non-committalism. ‘We know,’ said they in substance, ‘we know that the world is to be burned up sooner or later. We cannot tell precisely in what year it will happen. Perhaps in 1843. Mr. Miller may be right. His calculations appear to be exact. At all events, it is best to be prepared.’

A Review of the theory, having both Confutation and Instruction as its object, was the natural suggestion. I devoted three lectures to the subject. They were delivered to a Christian measure of people in the great City Hall. It was ‘good measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over.’

I could not pronounce the theory either ingenious or plausible. Close inspection discovered it to be a rope of sand, but there was a difficulty in the fact that close inspection was debarred by the general persuasion of Christendom that *there is to be* a grand conflagration *some day*. ‘Figures cannot lie,’ saith the adage—yet facts mis-dated, and figures perversely related, may utter the most monstrous falsehoods. It was thus with the theory of Mr. William Miller. It run its race, and died out, never to be revived in the same form—for which reason, it would be a waste of space to record his calculations. Nevertheless a few paragraphs may be allowable, on the score of curiosity.

The light of the theory dawned when Mr. Miller discovered that the date of the edict for rebuilding Jerusalem, Before Christ 457, subtracted from Daniel's prophetical 2300 days, (assumed to signify so many years,) left Anno Domini 1843! The numb-scuil of a theorist did not seem to reflect, that Christ had knowledge of the premises, and probably knew how to subtract—yet we do not find that A. D. 1843 is mentioned in the New Testament. It remained for an unlettered zealot in the nineteenth century, to reveal what Christ did not understand, or thought proper to withhold!

In all other calculations of the theory, there was a similar presumption. The premises, as to numbers, dates, and interpretation, were all professedly derived from the Old Testament; and nothing more than the simplest elements of arithmetic was necessary in obtaining A. D. 1843 as the period of a grand conflagration,—yet Christ and his apostles were either so ignorant or so unfaithful as to leave the world in gross darkness on the matter until the advent of Mr. William Miller!

It seems very surprising, now, that this single consideration did not restrict the influence of the theory to his own credulous fancy; yet it required analysis and confutation of every branch of the 'notion,' including both its principles and details of chronology, to stay the progress of the delusion. Despite of even multiform demonstration of its falsity, there were multitudes who clung to it until the last subterfuge of modification was exploded by time.

In the first of my three lectures I used a large black-board. On this, all the calculations were distinctly presented to the audience, accompanied by the prescribed proofs; and then they were severally analyzed with a view to confutation.

The second and third lectures were designed to destroy all fancies of the sort. The Christian Church has been disturbed and disgraced at many periods of its history, by calculations—and all these have originated in, and been fostered by, false notions of ‘the second coming of Christ.’

‘It is certainly a yet future event,’ say the clergy of standing and talent—and the religious community lends its eyes and ears to any ignoramus who may choose to meddle with figures of date or figures of speech. The calculations fail—the ignoramus ‘goes to his own place,’ and the phrenzy-fever subsides.

By and bye another ignoramus comes up from ‘the bottomless pit’ of speculation, and preaches another crusade against prophecy, chronology, and arithmetic. ‘The second coming of Christ is certainly a yet future event,’ say the clergy—and the people are tormented by the overflowing scourge.

It will always be so until the people learn for themselves (for the clergy will not teach them) that Christ predicted his second coming, as within the natural lifetime of some who heard him in the days of his flesh—as before the then existing generation of men should pass away, Matt. xvi. 27, 28, xxiv. 30–34. That ‘coming’ was connected with the second (national) death of the Jews—the first by Babylon, the second by Rome. The date was ‘the end of the world,’ not of KOSMOS, the material universe, but of AION, the Jewish age or era. The two words are used in connection in at least two passages of the New Testament, and are plainly contradistinguished. Matt. xiii. 38, 39, Heb. ix. 26. The *field* and the *foundation* belong to KOSMOS: the *end* belongs to AION.

All the accounts we have in the New Testament of

the darkening of the sun and moon, the falling of stars, &c., are but figures of speech, denoting great changes in the condition of things upon the earth. They are common in the Old Testament. For examples, see Isa. xiii. 9-14, Babylon: xxxiv. 4-10, Idumea: Ezek. xxxii. 7, 8, Egypt: Joel ii. 28-32, Jerusalem. The Son of Man coming in the clouds, Dan. vii. 10-14, is joined with *giving* him a kingdom—plainly referring to the establishment of Christianity in the earth, after the abolition of Judaism.

Thus the old heaven and the old earth passed away, and a new heaven and a new earth were established, Isa. lxx. 17, Rev. xxi. 2. 2 Peter iii. 3-14, is of like import. The metaphors are bold, but the event of which he treats was *nigh at hand*. He had so taught it, else seeming delay could not have given rise to scoffing some 1800 years ago. Either the apostle was mistaken in *date*, or modern theorists are mistaken in *fact*, as regards the meaning of the passages on which they rely.

—The Review embodied in those lectures accomplished its mission, by both speech and pamphlet. The prairie was on fire in 'orthodox' quarters, and a counter-fire worked well. Alas, it left a black spot in the churches where the flame had been fanned! In other quarters the fire was stayed by cutting down the tall, dry, rank grass and weeds.

A visit to Pennsylvania in the spring of 1840, gratified me greatly, both by the cordial welcome of Philadelphia friends and the heart-greetings of my kindred in the interior. The increasing infirmity, by disease, of a near relative, marred the visit, but hope of his restoration to usual health was quick within us all.

There appeared to be no grounds for such hope in the case of our worthy brother, Rev. Savilion W. Fuller, whom I visited in Philadelphia. A cough which had troubled him for more than a year, proved to be the fore-runner of pulmonary consumption. My largest expectation reached only to temporary relief by the pleasant weather of spring and summer ; but his earthly career was ended on Sunday morning, May 17, 1840.

His departure was solemnly triumphant, and befitted such a man. Deeply grateful for the attentions of friendship, his spirit specially glowed with devotion to the Father. Christianity, as unveiled to his understanding, was inwoven with his life.

“I am to preach to your people to-morrow,” said a brother-minister on Saturday: “What shall I say to them?”

“Tell them,” said the dying Christian, “tell them that I shall undoubtedly die, believing all that I have ever preached to them.”

Ere the message was delivered, his spirit tranquilly passed to the realities of the immortal life. ‘Let me die the death of the righteous ; let my last end be like unto his.’

—During the summer, there was the quietness of Christian growth among our people in Lowell. Our churches were united, each within itself and by co-operation, in furthering the knowledge and enjoyment of the truth. Conferences held on Sunday evenings, in our meeting-houses alternately, were times of special union and gratification.

The growth referred to was not interrupted, though it was not so quiet as previously, for a few weeks, commencing in August. Some excitement was caused by Tract operations on our part. We had issued a series

of pamphlets, compactly written and printed, and thousands were judiciously distributed by our people. No. 1 consisted of 'Questions without Answers.' The Pastor of the First Congregational Church announced that he had so frequently been called upon to furnish replies, that he should review the Tract in several Sunday-evening lectures.—Notes were taken and rejoinders delivered in the City Hall, progressively, on Wednesday evenings.

My reverend friend intermitted his lectures for a fortnight, by reason of absence from Lowell, but *our* meetings were continued—the Creed of the First and Second Congregational Churches being up for consideration. Examination brought out the hopeful fact, that these churches had the same creed precisely in 1832—that the Second reformed its theology a few years afterwards, distinctive Calvinism being entirely stricken out—and that the Third Church, organized in 1839, adopted the new order of things in preference to the old. The fact was hopeful. It was a sign of progress.

Meanwhile, letters successively brought sad tidings from afar—and in early autumn there came an epistle with a black seal.

Dr. ABNER THOMAS departed this life, in Berkeley Township, Berks county, Pennsylvania, on the 17th of October, 1840, in the 59th year of his age.

I must not recall that great grief for commentary in these pages. 'The heart knoweth its own bitterness:' let me not obtrude the sorrows of mine. Let me say, however, that my first consolation was derived from faith in God; my second, from a knowledge of my father's useful and honorable life; my third, from having endeavored to fulfil the duties of a son. Alas that

there should also be regret! Alas that I ever failed, in any particular, from childhood upward, to evince the love and gratitude due to so excellent a father!—He sleeps in a ground where no monument is allowed. His record is in the hearts of those who knew his manly qualities. His memory is sacred with his children.

—News of our family-bereavement reached me at a period of pressing interest in Lowell. It was like singing merry songs to a heavy heart, to think of business matters while in deep affliction—but necessity for activity prevented the mind from preying on itself.

The first number of the ‘LOWELL OFFERING’ was issued in October. That unique magazine made some stir in its day, which will justify a few paragraphs relating to its history.

During the previous months of the year, Improvement Circles were held in the Session-rooms of our two churches. Improvement in composition was the principal aim, and whosoever felt disposed, was invited to furnish original articles. These were corrected by the Pastors, (who were severally in charge of the Circles,) and publicly read at the meetings, with suggestive comments, to large assemblies. By this process, surprising advancement was visible among those who persevered, and several persons of extraordinary talent were discovered, mostly females.

Why should we not make a selection of the best articles, and present them to the public in print? The suggestion became a reality in four occasional numbers, the expenses being paid by sales of copies.

Why should not the suggestion be extended to a monthly publication, with a regular list of subscribers? This also became a reality, the projector being both editor and publisher. The peculiarity of the magazine

was in the fact, that all the articles were written by Females employed in the Mills—or, as they are popularly called, ‘Factory Girls.’

It was decidedly ‘a new thing under the sun’—and meritorious also, without any reference to the position of the writers. The articles were *bona fide* what they professed to be, and editorial corrections were very few and unimportant. All sectarianism was rigidly excluded from the work, while it was under my control, and my name was inserted only once, namely, at the bottom of the last page of the second volume. The succeeding volumes were issued under other auspices.

The magazine was highly commended by distinguished authors of America and England. In the latter country, a selection was published in book form, entitled ‘Mind among the Spindles’—with the understanding of course, that it was the mind of a population not degraded into factory-fixtures—the active mind of *New England*—mind having the advantage of an admirable system of Common Schools—and even *that* mind brought out in cultivation by the Improvement Circles of Lowell.

No department of our pastoral work (I speak for Mr. Thayer no less than for myself) is more pleasurable in the remembrance, than the attention we devoted to the young people, in the way of social and intellectual culture. Generally, they were far from home, among strangers, and busily occupied during the day. They needed recreation and yearned for proper companionship. The Circles referred to answered these necessities, and at the same time cultivated thought and promoted facility in its expression—all these influences and tendencies being made subservient to religious trust.

‘Thanksgiving,’ a festival long honored in New England, was celebrated in November, 1840. How *I* was engaged on the occasion may be learned from the following. It is here inserted by special desire of several friends. The suggestion of universal observance was nearly realized eleven years after the article was written. All the States of the Union excepting two or three, celebrated November 27, 1851, as

THANKSGIVING DAY.

An engagement to officiate at the wedding of an intimate friend, required me to mount my horse before the peep of dawn on Thanksgiving Day, 1840. The parents of the bride, at whose house the nuptials were to be celebrated, resided in a village fourteen or fifteen miles distant. I arrived in season to breakfast with the parties, and, having performed the ceremony, started homeward about 11 o’clock—being disposed to return by another and less frequented route.

As I journeyed leisurely along, I perceived, at nearly every farmer’s habitation which I passed, the usual evidences of happiness on a Thanksgiving Day. Families were congregated, and old folks and young folks seemed to me to have pleasing prospects of turkeys and pumpkin-pies—for these things have intimate relation to the social enjoyment of such occasions. Admirable custom! said I. O that it were observed throughout the whole land, and everywhere on the same day! For would not the happiness of each family be increased by the reflection, that every other family was enjoying the same blessing?

And why should not the wealthier folks see to it, that their poorer neighbors are amply supplied for the occasion? And why should not the tenants of our Almshouses, yea, and of our Prisons also, be provided with a great abundance, and of the very best, on that day? Verily, the dinner of the Rich would be more savory, if they knew that the Poor had reason to be specially thankful; and surely we should not partake of our good things with less relish, if we knew that even the Prisoners rejoiced together!

These and similar thoughts, together with some speculations as to how such a universal observance might be effected, so deeply occupied my mind, that I lost my way about noon; and stopping at a very genteel house to inquire the road, was invited

to dismount, and partake of a Thanksgiving dinner. The courteous manner of the invitation, and the venerable appearance of the good man of the house, encouraged inclination, and I entered his dwelling, first overhearing the instructions given to "the boys," namely, that my beast should also have a Thanksgiving repast.

I was introduced to the wife, and sons, and daughters, and sons-in-law, and daughters-in-law, and soon found myself gratifying philoprogenitiveness, by playing with divers youngsters of the third generation. "Happy family! here ye are all together," said I, "while I am some hundreds of miles distant from my kindred."

"One of ours is also absent from home," said the good matron; "if *he* were only present, our joy would be full."

I saw a tear in her eye as she spoke, and thought proper to change the conversation. And to what should I change it, but to my plan for a Universal Thanksgiving? The thought was well received; and we talked about it in the free flowing of full hearts—for on Thanksgiving Day, if at no other time, *the heart* will have its way, *the head* to the contrary, notwithstanding. In this case, however, there was perfect unity with head and heart.

Presently dinner was announced, and a goodly company were we, and happy also, as we moved in procession to the large room. First in order went the old folks, (man and wife for nearly forty years;) then came I, (as an honored guest,) with a buxom daughter on my arm; then followed the other members of the family; and the ploughman brought up the rear.

And what a famous dinner met our view! The large oaken table with a cloth as white as snow, was well-nigh covered with all manner of dishes, a large turkey being most prominent. There was enough for thrice our number, and to spare.

The seating of the company was admirably arranged, and seemed perfectly understood. At the head of the table sat the worthy pair, and, by courtesy to the stranger, my partner and myself occupied the other end. Right and left of us, the other members of the family were seated; and I noticed a vacant chair and plate about midway on the side next the father. My partner softly whispered to me, that the vacancy was left for her absent brother; and before I had time to make an inquiry, the venerable patriarch thus spake:

"Our worthy Chief Magistrate has recommended us to set apart this day as a special season for Thanksgiving, Praise, and Prayer; and our duty as good citizens to comply, is in harmony

with our duty as Christian people. And I hope our hearts may be suitably impressed by the blessings of the Lord, to return him our hearty thanks for all his mercies, and to implore a continuance of his divine benediction."

I cannot give a faithful sketch of the thanksgiving and prayer which ensued. It was indeed melting—so simple in its diction—so fervent in its expression—and withal so brief. Every heart was touched; especially, when the full soul of the father was vented in a prayer for the reformation and return of his prodigal son: "Thou seest, O Lord! that a chair and plate are here for him; and thou knowest, great God! that our hearts and arms are open to receive him." So affecting was the scene, that I freely wept; and none more fervently responded *Amen*, than did the invited guest.

After a moment's pause, carving was silently commenced in several places around the table, my own included—but the operation was suddenly suspended by the inquiry of a little granddaughter. "Gran'-papa," said she, "why didn't you pray for uncle John as well as for uncle William? You prayed for them BOTH *last* Thanksgiving." A flood of tears was the only reply. "Won't he come home from hell?" she continued. In an instant I understood the whole story. John and William were both wayward sons: the latter was still in the land of the living; the former had departed to the undiscovered country; and his simple-hearted niece had been told that he was in hell! "*Can't* he come home?" she eagerly inquired.

—O ye who yearn so fondly over *the quick!* have ye no sympathy for *the dead?* nay, for the quick who *would* but *cannot* die? Be seated at the feet of that little child, and listen to the pure language of divine humanity! Smother not the flame: it was lit by a coal from heaven's own altar! Quench not the Spirit: it is the breathing of the living God! Will ye pray for the prodigal's return from earth's wild waste to the Thanksgiving of an earthly home, and *not* pray that your own erring child may be brought from the world of wo to the Thanksgiving in the home above? Verily, I say unto you, Your creed may seal your lip—but in *the heart* ye pray nevertheless. Nay, *ye* pray not: it is *the Spirit* that maketh intercession with groanings that cannot be uttered. And shall there be also an answer? Yes, an answer also; and it shall be the answer of the Lamb of God!

—"My dear grand-daughter," said the old man with a tremulous voice, "we hope uncle John is enjoying a better Thanksgiving than this."

"Have they any Thanksgiving in hell?" said the little girl.

"My child, we hope your uncle is in heaven," replied the grandfather, greatly agitated.

I heartily desired that the conversation on that subject might here be closed; but the child, in all simplicity, subjoined, "My Sabbath-School Teacher told me that uncle John died without a change of heart, and that he is in hell."

— Answer me, ye believers in a partial salvation: The iron which entered the soul of that venerable man and all his adult kindred—was it not forged on your own anvil, and pointed with the serpent's tooth by your own hands? —

"Perhaps he did—perhaps he is; we hope he did not—we hope he is not"—replied the aged sire in brokenness of voice, and greater brokenness of spirit. The scene was too painful for me, and I said to the innocent cause thereof, "My little sister, our Father in Heaven loved your uncle John better than your grandfather ever did; and He is a great deal more merciful. You believe your grandfather would bring your uncle to the heavenly Thanksgiving, if he could; and you may be sure our Father in Heaven will not do less."

Immediately I introduced another subject, and exerting my colloquial powers to the utmost, succeeded in diverting the attention of the family from the mournful topic. They saw my object, and I did not need words to be assured of their gratitude. A chastened pleasure was enjoyed by the whole company; and, at the close of the meal, my host invited me to return thanks. It was a Thanksgiving unmingled with tears; and we retired to the sitting-room in a joyousness of spirit unfelt for the preceding hour.

The circumstances detailed, had evidently been forgotten by the children; for in the free hilarity of the day, they soon began their wonted pranks—and I was glad to see it, not only because it amused and gratified me, but because the older members of the family enjoyed it. I even joined in the gambols of a sprightly black-eyed boy, until his merry laugh was echoed from every part of the room.

Presently, however, the youngsters betook themselves to the spacious kitchen, for a game of blind-man's-buff; and I made preparations to depart.

"I know not who or what you are," said the old man; "but I know that we have this day entertained an angel unawares. A melancholy thanksgiving dinner should we have eaten this day, had it not been for you—for I frankly confess, that my little grand-daughter was too much for me. You know the whole story. You greatly relieved us. You did it by silencing the tongue of the prattler."

"And I silenced her, my aged friend, by convincing her," said I, "though I fear that the rest of you were only relieved. You were not convinced."

"Confessedly," said the worthy old man, "there are awful doubts still resting on my mind; and I fear that the questions which I could not answer an hour ago, will long ring in my ears, and bring down my hoar head in sorrow to the grave." After a deep gush of emotion, in which the family largely participated, he continued: "I may never meet you again. If you can throw a ray of light on the darkened path-way of an old man's pilgrimage, my soul shall bless you till my dying hour. Tell me, why you think you silenced the little girl by convincing her. Tell me, why *your* assertion should have greater force in her mind, than the assertion of her Sabbath School Teacher?"

"Good friends, let us be seated," said I, "and we will talk this matter over. First of all, admit it to be a fact, that your son died without a change of heart. The little girl's teacher made an assertion, and she believed it. *I* made an assertion, and she believed it—though mine was the opposite of his. He had greatly the advantage of me in one respect: she knew him well—I was a stranger to her. But I had vastly the advantage of him in another respect: *he* addressed the education of the head, not yet confirmed—I addressed the spirit of the heart, not yet tainted by the doubts and evil of the world."

"I see it, I see it," said the old man, thoughtfully. "I pray you repeat the argument you used to her."

"It was substantially this," said I: "You fondly love your son, and would bring him to the heavenly Thanksgiving, if you could. God is more merciful than you are: will *He* do less?"

"But," quickly responded the mother, "has not God said, that those who die without a change of heart shall never be brought to Zion?"

"No, good mother," said I. "He has not; yet you have long believed that He has. My argument therefore does not convince you; but it convinced your little grand-daughter—for her mind is not yet darkened by education. She is as God made her—simple, pure, confiding. 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven.' She will believe any thing you teach her—but yet awhile the feelings of her heart will be stronger than the lessons you address to her head. Worthy friends, if you would have joy and peace in believing, you must learn a lesson from that little child."

After a brief pause, I thus continued; "Mary and Martha had so much faith in the power of the Saviour, that they severally said to him, 'Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not

died.' And Martha also added, 'But I know, that even now, whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, God will give it thee'—yet she had not faith that he could bring back Lazarus, because he had been dead already four days! Worse than this is the doubting of many Christians. They believe that Christ can save one minute before death—but not one minute afterward! Oh, friends, Christ's power extends even into the realm of death!

"Besides: is there any one who believes that infants who die in infancy, and idiots, will always be infants and idiots? or that even the best men do not require and will not experience any change after death? Surely, surely, if the good be changed at all, the bad may consistently be changed for the better; and thus all our race, including children, and those who once were idiotic, be on the upward and onward march forever."

Perceiving that these rational views of the divine economy were received as a bright and beautiful revelation, I proceeded to apply them: "We must never depart from these divine truths—that God is infinitely wiser and more merciful than we are, and that the Redeemer's grace abounds much more than the sin of man. God was as merciful one hour after your son died, as He was one hour before; and it is only *the spirit of unbelief* which says, that the Saviour's grace cannot change the sinner's heart as well one hour *after* as one hour *before* his death. Your little grand-daughter as yet knows nothing of that wisdom of this world which limits the operations of an all-present, all-knowing, all-merciful God, to the short span of human life. And therefore she undoubtingly yielded to my argument. I addressed to her a sentiment taught me by the Wisdom from above: and her heart heard it, and believed it, and was satisfied."

"Your words are indeed like unto oil poured out freely on the troubled waters," said the old man; "and I feel as if the weight of a mill-stone was taken from my mind. But is there, then, no punishment for sin?"

"Yea, verily there is," I replied, "but it is a punishment meted out by the wisdom of the same merciful Father, to bring his ransomed children to Himself. Your departed son, for whom you did not pray, is in the hands of the same Divine Being as is the living child, for whom you poured out your soul in the fullness of a father's love. And they shall both be brought home, perhaps *through great tribulation*; nevertheless, they shall both be brought home to the UNIVERSAL THANKSGIVING of our Father's House; and the joyous assurance shall be heard, 'WE ARE ALL HERE!' And thus shall be verified the testimony, that when all things [God only excepted] shall be subdued, then shall the

Son also himself be subject unto Him that put all things under him, that God may be ALL IN ALL." 1 Cor. xv. 24—28.

As I rose to depart, the old man grasped my hand. His heart was full, and he could not speak. "Be not faithless, but believing," said I, as I presented my other hand to his wife—"Be not faithless, but believing, and the peace and blessing of God shall be abundantly yours. Receiving the true faith of Holy Writ, ye shall rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory, having the presence of THE COMFORTER, even the Spirit of Truth."

I bade adieu to one and all, with many thanks for social hospitality, and was soon on my homeward-way. The consciousness of having ministered to the comfort of a worthy household, gave to me an elasticity of spirit which prompted a rapid movement, and my well-fed horse was in a similar mood. At a sudden turn in the road, however, I nearly lost my balance. The effort to recover my position—awoke me; and, behold! it was a dream!

Nevertheless, a dream of much truth.

During the latter half of 1840, 'Zion's Banner,' a paper published by the Free-Will Baptists, became urgently hostile to Universalism; and in December the Methodists joined the crusade by issuing the 'N. E. Christian Advocate.' With their accustomed promptness and energy, the Universalists determined to have an organ of print-communication, and the first number of the 'Star of Bethlehem' appeared in the beginning of January, 1841. It was edited gratuitously by the resident pastors, and all expences were guaranteed by a 'Fraternal Association.' Some aid was afterwards tendered by two clerical brethren in New Hampshire, but nearly all the labor and all the responsibility centred in Lowell.

Our enterprise was eminently successful. Beginning without any subscribers, we closed the first year with a list of nineteen hundred—a remarkable fact when the local character of the publication is considered. Not a member of the Association was called upon for a

dime beyond the regular subscription price of the paper.

Very different was the history of the 'Banner' and the 'Advocate.' They involved large losses—which certainly did not grieve the Universalists of Lowell, for one of those papers was projected, and both were published, with a view, prominently, to the hindrance of our advancing cause. The 'Star' did not rise until the 'Banner' was hung from the walls of Babylon, nor until the 'Advocate' began his plea for the dogmas of Paganism. We did not wail when the one trailed in the dust, nor when the other was literally starved out by the lack of fees.

'STAR OF BETHLEHEM!' How gloriously it shines in the heavens of our memory! It was radiant only by reflection, and valuable mainly because it directed the people to the Spiritual Light.

—The 'Questions without Answers' which had troubled a clerical neighbor, claimed the attention of Rev. Luther Lee, editor of the Advocate. His Answers were transferred to the Star, accompanied by Rejoinders. This course was pursued so long as he was pleased to be respondent, but he stopped short, leaving nearly half of the Questions unanswered. He could be neither persuaded nor shamed into copying my Rejoinders.

'You will find,' said a Universalist to a Methodist, 'you will find that *we* examine both sides of the great question of Universalism.'

'O as to that matter,' replied the Methodist, 'I read nothing on religious subjects excepting the Bible and Mr. Lee's paper.'

'And that,' rejoined the Universalist, 'is clear proof that you examine both sides. I hope you will yet be convinced that the Bible has the best of the argument.'

Mr. Lee was a man of talent, though the inversion of his name expressed the symbol of his genius. The principal editor of the 'Banner' was below mediocrity in both talent and education—yet he had the presumption to challenge Mr. Thayer to a written discussion! Very amusing was the history of that affair, and as I had somewhat to do in winding it up, let me relate it.

Mr. Thayer called on the editor, and said to him, frankly, 'I hope you will withdraw your letter. You stand well, morally, and in piety too, I suppose—but the people have no confidence in your ability as a controversialist. Certainly *you* are not the man to step forward in such a discussion as you propose. I should dislike to publish your letter; it would not appear well in type; and I therefore hope you will withdraw it.'

'What a get off!' said the reverend gentleman, with a contemptuous self-complimentary sneer.

Forthwith the letter appeared in the *Star*, *verbatim et literatim*, with twenty errors noted in the margin! They were not errors in punctuation, though of these there was an abundance—nor of composition, though the style was barbarous—but gross errors in orthography and grammar.

Immediately a leading member of the editor's church waited upon me, with a grievous complaint against my brother-editor. Sad injustice had been done. The letter had been copied by a clerk in the Banner office, and it was *the copy* Mr. Thayer had published. As a means of correcting the wrong, *the original* was placed in my possession.

Due apology was made in the *Star*, so far as *the facts* apologized—but alas, strict equity required me to announce, as I did by specification, that the original contained eleven more errors than the copy!

My home-labors in the spring of 1841, were relieved by a jaunt into New Hampshire in June. The preaching points were Claremont, (at the State Convention,) Lebanon, Orford, and Wentworth. Crossing the Connecticut river at the beautiful village of Orford, I stood for the first time on the soil of Vermont, and pronounced a blessing on the 'Green Mountain Brotherhood.' Re-crossing, and pursuing an exceedingly picturesque route, (several miles being along side of Baker's river, a tumbling roaring stream,) I stood in Wentworth for the second time.

Six years had elapsed since the former visit, and there had been changes. The old had departed, and the children were now men and women. But good father Keith was still in the flesh, and in the spirit too—for both body and soul were alive in the eighty-sixth year of co-partnership. How his tear-joyful eye and gladsome countenance seemed to light up the spacious church on the green, crowded with people! *His* presence, as patriarch of the Pews, and the presence of Rev. John G. Adams in the Pulpit, and the presence of the Lord in the soul of the preacher, completed the joy of the latter. The well of water, springing up into everlasting life, overflowed.

Father Darling, of Rumney, had gone home a month previously, and was tabernacled by the River of Life. According to the birth of the flesh, he was 73 when he departed—but he was only 14 according to the new birth—nevertheless *a man* in the highest sense, for he was a *free* man of the Lord. He was not in bondage through fear of death. 'My work is done, and I am ready to go,' was his language when the messenger knocked at the door.

'Your pulse is calm and quiet,' said the physician.

‘There is nothing to disturb it,’ said the dying believer, dying only in the flesh.

And when the physician averred his conviction that *he* could not be so resigned to departure, the triumphant believer replied, ‘You never *can* be, until by faith you behold death swallowed up in victory.’ And so ‘he fell asleep.’

Monday evening, June 20, was spent (could it be otherwise than *happily* spent?) in the hospitable dwelling of Robert Morse in West Rumney. Six years before, Mr. Adams had his bachelor-domicile hard by, for study and the time for rest—and now once more we met by ‘the ingle side,’ having been together, in thought, each night for the space of six years.

A ride of fifty miles on the outside of a stage-coach, with a gentlemanly driver, brought me to Concord on the Merrimac before night-fall of Tuesday. The steeple of the old ‘orthodox’ meeting-house, which we passed as we entered the town, was surmounted by a weather-cock. Happily for the pastor, it was dumb—else it would have frequently crowed, as in the days of Peter.

The sound of ‘the church-going bell’ from another steeple, prompted an inquiry. ‘Hawkins of Baltimore, and other Washingtonians, hold a Temperance meeting to-night,’ was the information obtained at my hotel.

The meeting-house was entirely filled when I took a seat under the gallery farthest from the pulpit. Mr. Hawkins delivered an able speech of an hour, and then invited ‘reformed drunkards’ to come forward and address the people. No one stirred. The invitation was repeated—and *I* went slowly up the aisle. Any error of inference among the people was corrected promptly.

‘Very happy am I to inform you, Mr. Hawkins, that I am *not* a reformed drunkard. If you will grant per-

mission, I should be glad to address this audience, for a brief space, on the value of so living as to need no reformation in that line.'

Permission was granted in a way to make me feel perfectly at home, and for half an hour or more the people listened with the attention of interest. Several 'orthodox' clergymen greeted me very cordially at the conclusion of the speech, and after a close conference among themselves, one of the number sat down by my side. He informed me that they were seeking a State Temperance Agent—he had been deputed to ascertain how *I* was situated—where I resided—how occupied—whether I could accept the station, &c.

The last inquiry covered the series, for I was prepared to answer forthwith in the negative—but wishing to try an experiment, I informed the gentleman of my name, and of my connection as Pastor of the Second Universalist Church in Lowell. How his visage lengthened! He looked as if he had just lost every friend he had in the world, and I heard nothing more of the State Agency.

At that time, a series of Sunday Evening Temperance Lectures, by the clergy of Lowell, was in progress of delivery in the City Hall. There were eighteen clergymen in the city, and all united in the movement. A subject was chosen by or assigned to each—the speakers being ranged according to date of settlement in Lowell. Mr. Thayer was No. 3, myself No. 12. Commencing in February, the series was completed in July. In only two instances was there any gross trespass on the unsectarian character of the joint-effort in behalf of Temperance.

But sectarism felt that it was losing ground. The mingling of men of all denominations, in a common

cause, was breaking down party lines by revealing the excellencies which are everywhere to be found among religionists, however diverse their opinions. All this was working specially for Universalism—and so an effort must be made to counterwork the benign tendency of things.

Not a clergyman in Lowell seemed willing to step forward in the kind of crusade contemplated. It would be dangerous to personal reputation. And so, by concurrence of the leaders, a willing proxy was invited.

REV. M. HALE SMITH commenced the ministry as a Christian Baptist, and about a year afterwards became a Universalist. This was about 1828. In May, 1835, he renounced Universalism in Hartford, Connecticut. After communicating his decided change of views to the committee of the Universalist Church, and to Rev. Messrs. Hawes and Fitch of the 'orthodox' order, he left the town. Four or five days afterwards, he returned to Hartford, renounced his renunciation—said he had been crazy—and resumed his ministry as a Universalist.

In January, 1836, he wrote a dishonorable, deceptive, anonymous letter,—was accused of the act—solemnly denied it, in writing, in most emphatic and comprehensive terms, in March—was tried before the Massachusetts Convention, for both the act and the falsehood, in January, 1839—and only escaped expulsion by written acknowledgment of the offences charged, backed by the earnest pleadings of brethren who hoped he had sincerely repented.

Shortly afterwards he sought to induce his society (he was then settled in Salem) to withdraw from the Convention—which was promptly refused. He then left the Society, gathered a few friends in Lyceum Hall, and continued to preach Universalism as before.

In the spring of 1840, he renounced Universalism in a formal lecture delivered in one of the Congregational Churches, and repeated shortly after in another. This was a matter of great glorification among anti-Universalists, especially Rev. Parsons Cooke, editor of the 'Puritan.' The time was appointed for the public reception of the convert, but 'there's many a slip between the cup and the lip.' The disciple was missing—no one in Salem knew where he was—and the first knowledge of his 'where-

abouts' in two senses, located him at his father's house in Boston, professing ignorance of the whole transaction! He had been crazy *again*.

In the course of a few weeks he appointed a meeting at the Lyceum Hall in Salem, and then and there recanted his late renunciation, avowing himself a believer in the final salvation of all mankind! In reference to this 'backward somerset,' Rev. Parsons Cooke inquired, editorially, whether Smith was 'a maniac or an impostor.' He had made 'himself supremely ridiculous to all parties. The phenomena of such a mind defy classification. They are subject to no laws, either of rationality or delirium.'

A new society of Universalists was organized in Salem, and Mr. Smith accepted a call as Pastor, September 14, 1840. Shortly after this event, he renounced Universalism for the third time, and on the last Sunday in 1840 he was received into full 'orthodox' communion. He however thought it prudent to ask license as a preacher from an ecclesiastical body in Connecticut. This he received January 5, 1841—and was thenceforward exceedingly mad against Universalists, persecuting them even unto strange cities.

This was the man sent for by 'the evangelical alliance' in Lowell. He made his appearance in the City Hall, on Sunday evening, July 11, 1841. The audience was very large, and the platform placed the reverend endorsers of Mr. Smith in full view of the people.

I took my position in the middle aisle, fronting the speaker, a few paces distant from him, and listened attentively. He saw me, and knew me well in more than one respect. Probably he suspected trouble. Certain it is that after the sermon I stepped forward and handed him a note, (written a few minutes previously on the crown of my hat,) inviting him to a public discussion of his arguments and alleged facts—leaving it optional with him to include a review of his personal history!

No attention was taken of the note. After dismissal, I stepped on to the platform, shook hands with him, and wished to know whether he would accept my

challenge. He declined, because he must needs devote two weeks to his lectures, and would not consent to any interruption.

Vainly I proffered to wait his leisure—stating that it would exactly suit me to wait, as I had appointed a visit to my kindred in Pennsylvania, and would return in season to attend to his case. He was bent on declining at all hazards, and a Baptist clergyman interfered, with the suggestion of a private interview on the matter.

‘No, sir; that will not answer my purpose. I wish the people to hear both sides of the question.’ And the people were so anxious to learn what was going on among the clergy, that they crowded the platform, and a desk lamp was thrown down, and broken.

“We can’t have any discussion here,” said a leading member of the clerical coalition. To which I replied, If Mr. Smith will not meet me, perhaps *you*, sir, or some other of the clergymen who have brought him here, will take his place.

There was refusal on every hand, and the City Hall was shortly vacated. “To your tents, O Israel!”

There was great commotion in Lowell, as may readily be supposed. Every camp was alive with controversy. Not for the purpose of affecting any *argument*, but as a means of determining the extent of rational trust in the proxy’s *alleged facts*, Mr. Thayer and myself wrote a Biographical Sketch of Rev. M. H. Smith—embracing about as much matter as would fill twenty of these pages. It was a comprehensive summary, with dates and documents to establish every item. A large edition was printed and circulated.

This was decidedly an acid, and there was rather more than enough of it to convert the alkali of the alli-

ance into a neutral salt. Even the latter was sufficiently tart to set the serpent's tooth on edge, as effectually as if he had eaten sour grapes.

During my visit to Pennsylvania, the furnace of Revivalism in Lowell was glowing furiously. The Smith was at the forge, his coadjutors were toiling at the bellows, and some 'chains of darkness' were the result of the combined operations. Meanwhile the 'Star' was in the sole charge of my co-editor, and its columns were alive with stout argument and keen wit. In point and pungency, of reasoning and satire, I have never seen those two numbers of our paper excelled.

On my return from Pennsylvania, I delivered a series of Lectures in the City Hall, by way of review. My topics embraced the entire range of discussion, as affecting both the facts alleged and arguments presented by Mr. Smith. For *him*, personally, we had no respect. He came to Lowell, (so it was openly announced,) 'on the responsibility of all the evangelical ministers in the city,' and it was for the purpose of reacting on *them* as his vouchers, that we entered into the canvass. The drawer of the note was utterly bankrupt, but the endorsers were responsible, and they were held for payment by timely protest. They paid it, with compound interest and costs.

Mr. Smith delivered his series of lectures extensively, with the zeal of a proselyte who suspects being suspected, though it is doubtful whether even Judas was better paid, computing by the day. He afterwards published a book, which was subsequently condensed and adopted as a standard of the American Tract Society. For this reason, chiefly, I have devoted considerable space to his history.

He preached for several years as a Congregation-

alist, and in 1851 withdrew from the ministry to devote himself to the Law.

The matter thus detailed, led to an acceptance of my challenge for a discussion, by Mr. Lee. He elected to have it in writing, and it was accordingly so conducted—the letters (forty in number) being published in our papers in Lowell, ending in June, 1842. Whatever were the qualities of the correspondence, it was transferred to many Universalist periodicals, whereas not an editor of the contrary part ever inserted any portion of it.

During the progress of this discussion, other matters of interest were on hand. It will be believed that *both* hands were full in my own case. Publication of the Lowell Offering, with its adjuncts of editorship and attention to the Improvement Circle—joint-editorship of a weekly paper—pastoral duties,—these, with the discussion, constituted an oppressive sum of labor.

—The winter of 1841–2 was, as usual, a season of much activity in the religious interests of Lowell. Nevertheless there was a good feeling among the people of all sects—not implying a unity of sentiment, of course, but there was no breach of the bond of peace, by violent speech or personal invective. The Universalist clergymen claim having avoided offensive personalities from first to last, (excepting in the truthful narrative aforesaid,) and our neighbors were generally courteous in their tone. Whenever their bile became troublesome, it found vent in the ‘Banner’ or the ‘Advocate,’ anonymously; and whenever there seemed to be necessity for extra scurrillity, they sent for such men as Rev. M. Hale Smith and Elder Jacob Knapp.

The latter was a renowned ‘Revivalist,’ having qualities which peculiarly fitted him for abusive work.

His sermons elsewhere had consisted chiefly of assaults on Universalists and Universalism—not in the way of fair statement and discussion, but by misrepresentations of doctrine and impeachment of motives. He attracted large congregations by his anecdotal style, extravagant metaphors, and eccentric denunciations.

He came to Lowell about the middle of March. Sad experience, as in ‘the holy alliance’ of the preceding summer, prevented announcement that he came by invitation of all the ‘evangelicals.’ He came—and surely if Bedlam ever broke loose, its inmates abounded in the ‘orthodox’ churches of our city. Pandemonium had also a few representatives. The localities of ‘the nether world’ were described as only ‘a familiar spirit’ could describe them, and its frightful scenes were depicted with Tartarean relish. Such was the prevailing judgment after the phrenzy-fever subsided.

Universalists saw that such fiery Revivalism would burn itself out in a brief space, and so they gave no special attention to its progress. There was melancholy amusement in its operation. Scores of scandals were afloat concerning Universalists. Several of them related to myself. The most aggravated one respected maltreatment of my wife. I went to one of the Revival meetings (so the story ran) and violently dragged her away from the anxious seats by the hair of her head! The offence was serious, and deserved a serious answer—published as follows:

There are several errors in the report. 1. I have never attempted to influence my wife in her views, nor in her choice of a meeting. 2. My wife has not attended any of the revival meetings in Lowell. 3. I have not attended even one of those meetings myself, for any purpose whatever. 4. Neither my wife nor myself has any inclination to attend those meetings. 5. *I never HAD a wife.*

The answer appeared to be satisfactory. It was also useful, because it cast suspicion on all the extravagant narrations of Mr. Knapp. Secular papers republished the scandal and its confutation, extensively—and evil was thus overruled for good beyond the little world of Lowell.

During the Revivalism referred to, Mr. Thayer had many visitors who were seeking light, and they found it. Others came to *me* with the same object. No subject of inquiry was so frequently introduced as that of a change of heart, and the conversation was always in the same strain—substantially as follows :

“I have been told, repeatedly, that Universalists do not believe in a change of heart.”

Undoubtedly we do. By *heart*, you do not mean the material organ known by that name, but the mind and affections. We believe in the necessity of a change in these, in order to fit the possessor for the kingdom of God.

“In what then do Universalists differ from other professing Christians?”

Prominently in two particulars. We maintain that the change as taught in the Gospel is *rational*. By this is not meant that we can always understand the process or trace the means of the change. ‘The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth—so is every one that is born of the spirit,’ John iii. 8. We believe in a change of heart by the operation of thought on feeling, and the reaction of feeling on thought. When the connexion of cause and effect is not understood, the change may be termed miraculous.

“You said there were *two* particulars in which Uni-

versalists differ from other Christians. What is the second?"

Universalists believe that the Lord's purpose embraces a change of heart in every individual of our race, and that this purpose will be consummated in the Lord's own time. We see that it is not done now, but it is by *faith* we walk as Christians, not by *sight*. Paul said, '*Now* we see NOT YET all things put under him, but we see Jesus who for the suffering of death was crowned with glory and honor, that he by the grace of God should taste death for every man,' Heb. ii. 9. In Christ's death we behold the commendation of God's love to man *as a doctrine* to enlighten the mind; in Christ's sufferings we behold the means of reaching the feelings. The preaching of Christ crucified thus becomes the means of a change of heart in those who believe; those who believe both *have* and *are* the first fruits of the spirit; and the first fruits are a sample of the universal harvest.

— Another common topic of inquiry was, the fitness of Universalism for the dying hour. Its unfitness for that extremity was a prevailing theme with the clergy, their object being rather to awaken alarm than to produce rational conviction. It was therefore nothing surprising that the objection should be mentioned to Universalists in its popular form.

"Universalism," it is affirmed, "will do to live by, but not to die by."

The fact that a man dies tranquilly, is no evidence that his opinions are true. No persons depart with greater composure than those who believe that Christ was an impostor—as witness the Jews. The Moham-medans also—where can a people be found who meet death with greater composure, unless it be our own

Pagan Indians in the midst of fiery torture by their enemies. Among professing Christians, Roman Catholics will favorably compare with any of the 'evangelical' Protestants, in the particular mentioned; and Universalists are equal to any of them, as abundantly testified by facts.

"If this be so, in what respects is Universalism better fitted to die by, than any other doctrine?"

I might answer by inquiring what better Christianity is, for that purpose, than Judaism, Paganism, or Mohammedanism. Moses died serenely—so did Socrates—so did Mohammed—but Christ cried out, 'My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me!' Were a Universalist to depart with that agonizing exclamation on his lips, the fact would be everywhere proclaimed as a proof that 'Universalism will not do to die by.'

"I never thought of that case! It is fearful to consider. How do you explain it?"

The 'orthodox' sects say that God's wrath was so terrible that Christ cried out in agony—but such a notion is sheer blasphemy, pardonable only on the plea of ignorance. It was the abandonment and desolation of a painful dying, the extremity of bodily sufferings, that caused Christ's exclamation of wo. It was necessary that his temperament and nervous organization should be the most sensitive possible, so as to exhibit the greatness of his love in praying for his enemies. Insensibility to bodily pain, in that hour, would have diminished the saving power of the cross.

"How do you prove that Universalism *will* do to die by, aside from the facts you might quote?"

I might rather ask, How can our opposing brethren prove that Universalism will *not* do to die by? Surely, if a clear conviction of the Lord's universal and per-

petual love will not answer the soul's need, in life, or in death, it is vain to look for help. If the soul be alarmed and tormented by fears of endless wrath, *Universalism* is not in fault. It is the *absence* of Universalism that causes the trouble.

“Have you never heard of cases in which persons who professed Universalism in life, abandoned it in death?”

Yes—but they are mostly apocryphal. Even granting their truth, there have been *more* cases in which persons embraced Universalism on their death-bed, and departed joyfully. But as the latter do not prove that Universalism is true, neither do the former prove it to be false. Isolated facts cannot establish a principle. All this has already been illustrated. The question now is, whether firm, sincere trust in God as the Father, Friend and Saviour of all, will or will not impart comfort and joy to the soul, in the hour of departure. If it *will*, the objection is both senseless and false: if it will *not*, I should be glad to hear of something that will.

I have said little in this chapter of relief-seasons from labor. It must not however be inferred that head-and-hand work was perpetual. On the contrary, I have very pleasant recollections of holiday recreations, in company with Mr. Thayer and with others. I merely refer to those happy times lest it should be supposed I had forgotten them, but must devote a larger space to a few visitations out of the usual line of a pastor's experience or observation.

It will hardly be credited by my Quaker friends, but I certainly had ‘the broad seal’ of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, affirming my appointment as

Chaplain of a Regiment! On two occasions—(they were the stated days of ‘training’ in two successive years)—I appeared on the tented field with a cockade in my hat, as a customary element in ‘the pomp, pride, and circumstance’ of a general muster! My friend Alexander Wright loaned me a suitable horse, and when I compared my brown clothes with *his* coal-black coat, I thought the steed had a more clerical appearance than the rider.

There was nothing ludicrous or otherwise improper in my thought in the time of prayer. The supplication that went up from the centre of the ‘General’s Staff,’ was a sincere spirit-yearning for the period when men shall beat their swords into plough-shares and their spears into pruning-hooks—even that blessed era when the nations shall learn war no more.

I intend no discussion of the subject in these pages, but my early questioning of the law of force in a military way, has been shaken in later years of observation and reflection. I have no doubt, and never had any, of the ultimate triumph of justice and liberty—but I fear that many people have only a one-sided view of the requisite means. Passion may lawfully be restrained by punishment or the fear of it, to give Reason an opportunity to exert its power; legal suasion is an important auxiliary of moral suasion, in the same sense; and even war may be allowable, if there be a more bitter thing than death. ‘So I returned, and considered all the oppressions under the sun, and beheld the tears of such as were oppressed; and on the side of their oppressors **was** power; but *they* had no comforter.’

The great Frederick once said that ‘he had always found the Lord to be on the side of the strong battalions.’ It was impiously uttered, and is not true, for

the battle is not *always* to the strong; and even when might is victorious in the conflict with right, the remark of an eminent statesman is worth considering, that 'you can do anything with bayonets excepting make a seat of them.' Yet when we consider that hereditary authority is never voluntarily relinquished, and that Despotism everywhere seeks to perpetuate its power by restriction of speech and censorship of the press, I can see small hope for the freedom of the world, apart from the up-lifting of the strong hand against the oppressor.

Similar thoughts were with me during my official presence on 'the tented field.' My enjoyments were centred chiefly in observing the various phases of character and life, outside of the camp-limits. It was worth being a Chaplain, to have an opportunity of witnessing so diversified a development of human nature, without being subject to public censure.

There was a very comical auctioneer-pedlar on the ground, dressed as a Shaker, excepting that he wore breeches and had red stockings, his shoes being fastened and garnished by large steel buckles. He was a dapper little man, of most voluble and witty tongue when recommending his wares, yet he answered questions in the peculiar Yea and Nay of the people whom he caricatured. I mention him in this place to introduce an account of my visit to the Shaker Community in Harvard, in the winter of 1841-'42.

I went thither by invitation of one of the preachers, a man of less than my own age. I had met him in the 'Trumpet' office in Boston, and had joined him in an argument in favor of Shakerism against several of my brother-ministers. I did it as simply a lover of 'fair-play,' but my earnestness and single-dom combined,

seemed to have awakened some hope of my conversion to the creed of 'Mother Ann Lee.' At all events, I was strongly pressed to visit the settlement.

There was deep snow on the ground, and I could not judge of the outward economies of the farm as we approached the North Village. I had however been at the establishment in Shirley during a season of earth-cultivation, and had no doubt that the Harvard Family kept every thing in equally good order. But I was not well pleased with the quarters of the branch of which my expectant 'spiritual father' was a member, and the impressions of the friend who accompanied me were similar to mine. There was not the tidiness nor the air of comfort we expected to see, even in the sitting-room, and we had no desire to inspect the sleeping-apartments of that nest of bachelors at 9 o'clock on Sunday morning.

We spent about an hour and a half in conversation, relating chiefly to the peculiarities of Shakerism, and then repaired to the Meeting House. The room was truly a sample of neatness in every respect, from which we inferred that 'the sisters' had it in charge. They certainly were the perfection of neatness themselves, albeit their apparel was of the plainest material and arrangement. Mostly they were past the prime of life, but there were two or three damsels in the company whose bright eyes and glowing cheeks consorted illy with their antique caps. 'The brothers' were dressed in stout drab or gray cloth, with ample skirts to both vests and coats. They took off their broad-brimmed hats in entering, and hung up their coats when preparing for the muscular parts of worship.

The visitors occupied one side of the apartment, and 'the saints' stood, kneeled, danced, whirled, and occa-

sionally sat on light movable benches, in the central space. In the progress of the services, one of the elders favored us with a brief and sensible address on good morals, closing with an exhortation laudatory of Shakerism. The members meanwhile stood in rows a few feet apart, and so arranged that the front row of 'the sisters' formed one side, 'the brothers' another, and the visitors the third, of an equilateral triangle. The speaker's position was in the angle directly opposite 'the sinners.'

The arrangement was more impressive than the address, but the position of silent prayer into which that singular community noiselessly passed, was among the most solemn scenes I have ever witnessed. There must have been much 'drilling' to effect so harmonious a movement. All kneeled on the open floor at the same instant, and remained motionless for a considerable time, in an uniform, devotional attitude. They appeared like so many statues, or like a company of once-living worshipers, now petrified. Any beholder who could experience other than solemn and worshipful feelings under such circumstances, must be of peculiar organization.

I cannot say as much regarding other parts of the exercises. A few of the sisters and brothers (presumably those who had the best voices) took a position somewhat aside, and the remainder (about fifty in number) stood in two ranks of each sex, the divisions facing each other, the brothers having their backs towards the spectators. I remember this part of the arrangement the more particularly, because I observed the slight inward curvature of the spines of the men, corresponding to their slight genuflection when in motion. Occasionally they turned around, and we saw that the

fore-arms of each were at right angles with his body, the hands meanwhile hanging loosely from the wrists. The vision had ludicrous associations, but propriety restrained any sign of merriment by my friend or myself.

The singers began, and the dancing began—it might rather be called ‘springy walking,’ with an occasional step of an artistic type. Forward to the centre the facing ranks moved to the time of the unison-singing, and then backward—the inspiring sentiment being expressed in these couplets, continually repeated:

‘Joyfully we will advance,
And in his praises sing and dance.:||:
On the sea of glass we stand,
With harps of glory in our hand.’:||:

In due time, probably when the muscles were a-weary, the entire company formed into a circle and began a symbolic march to the kingdom above. I was pleased (profanely I fear) with this part of the ceremonies, because it brought ‘the sisters’ successively past my seat, and I had a near view of the damsels before referred to. Sinner that I was, I both admired and pitied them! The offence will be pardoned when I add that I also pitied my friend of Boston memory. Certainly I did not admire him, and cannot think he relished the ungainly attitude, the half-dancing half-walking exhibition, or the barbarous music of that circular march to the kingdom of heaven.

The pilgrims presently halted, and the words and music were changed to a sort of chanting-anthem, of which I remember only these words:

‘And says Mother Ann,
If you will be holy and true,
Crowns of glory you shall wear,
In e-ter-nal day.’

Next in order came the most wonderful section of saintly exercise. Several of the sisters and brothers began to whirl, slowly at first, and then more rapidly, until I felt giddy in the observation. Their brains must have been better balanced than mine were, or they had less or more of the article than had fallen to my share, else they could not have spun around like a top, as they did for several minutes at a time. They did not appear to be the least giddy when the motion ceased. Possibly they practically antedated 'the spiral motion' of the modern theory of creation.

There was nothing of farther interest on the occasion referred to, and I probably saw the forms of Shaker worship in their most inviting aspect. A lady who, with her children, was in the settlement at the time by necessity of poverty, afterwards informed me that I was known to the elders by report, and that special pains were taken to impress me favorably. She abandoned the community so soon as she had better prospects, and *I* did not become a proselyte!

The Shakers are, I have no doubt, a sincere and morally worthy people, a few of the leaders being men of more than average intellect. They are certainly an industrious and prosperous community, and I am glad there is an institution of the sort to accommodate such Protestants as desire to be Monks or Nuns.

During the quietness that preceded the storm of Knappism in Lowell, I reminded my Society of my determination to leave New-England at the termination of my third year; and after the storm had swept by, leaving our Churches stronger than before, the matter was again brought up. I was anxious my excellent people should invite a successor in advance, so that I

might introduce him to the members and families of the Congregation, the Sunday School, &c.

Greatly to my satisfaction the choice fell on Rev. A. A. Miner, then of Methuen, a neighboring village. Several exchanges of pulpit service between him and myself, had brought the parties into a very agreeable acquaintance. An engagement ensued, and the union was solemnized on the first Sunday in July, 1842. My valedictory was delivered in the forenoon—his introductory in the afternoon.

I departed from Lowell with both sorrow and pleasure. Sorrow, because never had any man a more energetic, devoted Society, nor a more earnest and faithful yoke-fellow: Pleasure, because I was relieved from labors which sometimes oppressed me sorely. The oppression was not in the usual range of a pastor's duties, but in self-imposition of enterprises which involved both toil and anxiety. The Offering is the chief example. Protracted correspondence of discussion should be added. With these exceptions, my co-worker had a full share of labor and responsibility. His zeal was equalled only by his ability, and his industry by his success.

The progress of our joint-efforts in Lowell was as pleasing to the Universalists as the result was satisfactory. Both churches were largely attended, and harmony was in all our borders. We were also instrumental in adding several laborers to the Christian ministry.

In 'the school of the prophets' under charge of Mr. Thayer, Rev. Holden R. Nye of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Rev. Varnum Lincoln of Andover, Mass., pursued their studies. Rev. J. J. Putnam should be included, notwithstanding his after connection with the Unitarians;

and Rev. C. A. Bradley was, I believe, an attendant at the First Church during the stirring times referred to in these pages.

As associated with the Second Church during the same period, I may mention Rev. John W. Hanson of Gardiner, Me., Rev. George H. Emerson of Salem, Mass., and Rev. W. G. Cambridge. Rev. D. M. Reed, of Newburyport, was also numbered with the congregation during my pastoral charge.

I prefer no claim to these brethren as my sons in the ministry. I could devote little time and small attention to a family of the sort, and with one exception they did not preach until after my removal from Lowell; yet I hope they remember me as a friend and brother who aided them somewhat in their journeying to the kingdom of heaven.

To the Sun of Truth if thou turnest thy back,
The shadow of SELF will darken thy track.
Is 'Forward' the motto? It will end in woe,
For taller and darker that shadow will grow.

O brother! thou hast turned thy face to the Sun,
And a *good* pilgrimage with thee is begun.
To the spiritual equator still forward press,
And every step thy shadow will be less.
Onward, still onward with cheerfulness haste,
Past Syren bower and o'er Satyr waste,
For the shrine is with beauty and blessing crowned,
And glory is beaming for ever around.
Thou shalt know thy pilgrimage complete,
When all of shadow is beneath thy feet.

CHAPTER VIII.

Rambles in Pennsylvania—Schuylkill Valley—Maiden-creek—Good girls and sour vinegar—Pottsville—Down into a coal-mine—Settlement in Brooklyn—Sun-shine and Shadow—Marriage—Journey to Fort Ann—Snow-bound in returning—Visit to Lake Otsego—New church dedicated in Brooklyn—Dr. Ely's reported conversion—Dr. Coxe's fermentation—'One of their gang'—Modification of endless misery—Thanksgiving Day—Journey to Lowell—Five miles of ice—Journey to the West—Ohio River—'Orthodox oaths'—Cincinnati—Rev. Jno. A. Gurley—Miami valley—Alone in Louisville church—'Father of Waters'—'The Grave Yard'—Prairie-country—Lewistown, Pa.—Sermon by moonlight—Devil's doctrine—Discussion in a grove—Rich man in hell—God out of Christ—Accepts an invitation to settle in Cincinnati—Departure from Brooklyn—An escort of love.

THE first Sunday after leaving Lowell, I spent in Brooklyn, N. Y. A committee had visited me the preceding spring, with pressing overtures for settlement in that beautiful city, but I peremptorily declined. Not because there was no society organized as yet, nor because the believers were few, nor because they worshiped in a small house rented at a large price, nor because the opposition was strong and active. O no! These would have been reasons for acceptance, had I not determined to travel.

One Sunday spent in Brooklyn shook that determination somewhat, and it was more stoutly shaken in another quarter, shortly after. The earnestness of the few Universalists with whom I became acquainted, and their anxiety for my co-operation, induced me to consider their solicitation seriously. The influence re-

ferred to, as being in another quarter, was strongly suggestive of 'a local habitation.'

Mr. Thayer joined me in New-York, by appointment, and never had two bachelors a more delightful journeying of a few weeks, than *we*. It was his first trip south of 'Gotham.' Whithersoever we went, he was cordially welcomed—in the introduction, for *my* sake—in acquaintance, for *his own*. We spent some days in Philadelphia among my olden friends, and thence passed up the beautiful valley of the Schuylkill—he having keen enjoyment in the enrapturing visions because they were novel, and *I* because they were familiar.

Of course we stopped in Maiden-creek, on a special visitation among my Quaker kindred and friends. This was peculiarly MY HOME, because my good mother resided there. Wherever *she* was, had always been the magnetic point in the compass of my life, and my yoke-fellow accompanied me from *his* centre to *mine*.

It was in the time of wheat-harvesting. How the golden grain was brought low before the sturdy cradlers! How the rakers and binders gathered the bountiful sheaves! How the whole company of eighteen men scampered before an outraged community of humble-bees—the two preachers lying meanwhile in the shade of a tree, out of harm's way!

It was also the season of berries and cherries, and very fruitful were the bushes and trees to which 'Aunt Sibby' welcomed us. I have mentioned her neighborhood-name—but it appears more correctly among the witnesses of my parents' marriage, as Sibylla Starr. No one could be kinder than *she* was, to everybody. Sometimes, perhaps, the girls whom 'she took to raise' were doubtful on that point—for, when they were

crabbed in their manner or sour in their temper, she locked them in the cellar, and made them shake the vinegar-barrel until they became good-natured. In this way, or in some other way, she always made good girls and always had sour vinegar!

From Maiden-creek we continued our rambles up Schuylkill valley to Pottsville. The pastor of the Universalist society in this borough was one of my 'boys.' I became acquainted with him in Bridgeton, lower New Jersey, during one of my missionary tours in 1835. He was then engaged in handicraft. Deeming him fitted for the ministry, by character and natural talent, I induced his removal to Philadelphia for the purposes of study, and in due time he settled in Pottsville. He was very ill at the period of our visit—afterward located successively in Providence and Newark—and at the date of present writing is pastor of a flourishing society in Easton, Pa. May the worthy people in that field of much volunteer-ministry of mine, be long favored with the pastoral services of Rev. JAMES GALLAGER.

Mr. Thayer and I had much to see in Pottsville, on the surface of the earth and beneath it. Down into a coal-mine we went a-foot—down, over cross-timbers of the rail-way, and past the timber pillars sustaining the superincumbent mass of earth and rock—down, at an angle of about 45 degrees we went—down, into the utter dark, the sun-light resting on the surface some five or six hundred feet above our heads—down into the utter dark, with the glimmering of a lamp to light our way!

At the foot of the shaft we paid the usual 'toll,' and were guided along a lateral 'gang-way' for some distance—and then, looking upward at an angle of about

45 degrees, we saw the miners in ‘the breast’ of coal, at work, each with a lamp in the front part of his cap. It was a place to try the nerves of the inexperienced, and a pit sufficiently gloomy to terrify the superstitious; but we could not depart without using ‘the pick’ to bring **away** a trophy.

Our chief enjoyments in Pottsville were social, and they were centred mainly in the family of Hon. Strange N. Palmer. The hospitalities of several previous visits were always crowned with invitations to share them again; and so my friend and myself were perfectly at home. I had not been in Pottsville since 1837; but the present visit was so agreeable that I was there again in August, and again in November of the same year, and again in the February following—after which I went there less frequently.

Meanwhile, my travelling companion had resumed his busy life in Lowell, and I had accepted an invitation to locate in Brooklyn, and was diligently at work.

This city was, and is, the overgrowth of New-York. The intervening strait, of about 730 yards at Fulton street, is crossed by a Ferry, equal if not superior to any thing of the kind in the world, and many New Yorkers removed to Brooklyn for pleasantness of residence. Among these were a few Universalists. Several attempts to have occasional lectures, failed by proprietary denial of the only convenient *Hall*; and as a final effort, a frame meeting-house on Adams street, recently vacated, was hired in the spring of 1842. My pastoral relation with a small number of zealous, worthy friends, was dated in August. Our congregations gradually increased, and in the space of a few months, the house was well-filled at morning and afternoon service, and crowded at evening lectures.

Interruptions of home-labor were few and brief, never exceeding one Sunday of absence, and seldom that. A visit to Lowell, in the latter part of September, was among my truant-weeks. I mention it in this place with mingled pleasure and sorrow, because two out of a unitary group of five have passed away. Miss Sarah C. Edgerton and Miss Charlotte A. Fillebrown were at that time sojourning with the worthy mother of my late yoke-fellow, and he and I completed the visible circle of friendship and love.

That week of sun-shine became a life-long memory, resolved into a glorious dream—a dream in which two angels speak to me of the happy past and of the happier future, without allusion to the shadowy valley between.

— A more commodious place of instruction and worship was needed in Brooklyn. The Society was not strong enough to build a Church, and eight men (seven in Brooklyn and one in New York) secured a fine location and erected a commodious Meeting House, with stores in the basement, on the plan so frequently adopted in New-England.

The progress of the building attracted increased attention to our meetings. Prospect of permanency added to the number of active friends, and New Year was ushered in with hearty congratulations of the New Era. A journey into Pennsylvania, shortly afterwards, resulted as follows :

MARRIED in Pottsville, Feb. 14, 1843, Rev. ABEL C. THOMAS of Brooklyn City to Miss MARIA LOUISE PALMER of Pottsville.

This announcement explains three things : 1st. The peculiar agreeableness of that visit to Pottsville in July. 2d. ‘A local habitation’ preferred to travelling

3d. The warp of destiny and the woof of free-will—as noted in a former chapter.

How cold the weather was, and how warm the hearts were, in Maiden-creek valley, when the new relative was escorted into the neighborhood by a line of sleighs, laden with kindred and friends! How cold the weather was, and how warm the hearts were, in Brooklyn, when the pastor brought his companion into the social circles of his people!

Under the Mosaic statutes, a man was exempt from war-service for one year from the date of his marriage; but a very pressing call from Fort Ann took me thither in March. It was the neighborhood of Mr. William Miller's residence; and though the proverb was true in his case, that 'a prophet is not without honor save in his own country and among his own kindred,' still *the theory* itself was so countenanced by responsible church-dignitaries, as almost to anticipate the burning up of the world in 1843. An invitation to visit the central vicinity of the conflagration could not be resisted.

By steamboat to Bridgeport, on Monday, March 13, was pleasant enough, notwithstanding the rain; but the rain came down in snow on the route of the Housatonic Rail Road, and *that* was *not* so pleasant, for it impeded travel. Nevertheless we overtook the train of Monday on Tuesday evening about 11, and assisted it to Albany, arriving on Wednesday morning at half-past 2. The Hudson was ice-bridged, firmly.

Misinformation detained me in Albany one day. On Thursday morning at 4, (O how cold it was!) we were on our way north in an open mail-sleigh, and in about twelve or thirteen hours we were in Fort Ann, a distance of sixty-odd miles, having been only once tipped over into a snow-drift.

The many pleasing incidents and conversations of four days in Fort Ann, attached me greatly to the worthy people, and I regretted to leave them. But I had married a wife, and therefore could not stay. So a company of twenty-three escorted me, by sleighs, to Sandy Hill, one of the county-seats of Washington; and two evening lectures in that place completed my mission. Nine sermons in six days, on the high-pressure principle, did not weary me, but if you ever catch me again in that cold region in winter, without undergarments, and warmer socks, and overshoes of some sort, and a thicker cloak, you may roll me in the snow.

Homeward-bound. And snow-bound also. Not on the journey from Sandy Hill to Albany on Wednesday March 22. *That* was gotten through with by day-light, there having been only one tip-over into a snow-drift. But what a *tedium* on the Housatonic Rail Road!

We started from Greenbush (opposite Albany) at 5 o'clock in the morning of Thursday. The violent snow-storm then beginning, buried the rails; and before noon we were brought to a dead-halt, 55 miles from Bridgeport, and six from the nearest station a-head. Finding it impossible to proceed with the train, the Conductor released the Locomotive and struggled on for wood and water. We saw no more of the engine until Friday morning at 9!

There we were, several of the passengers being ladies with children—and there we waited, and waited. The whistling wind we fancied to be the breathing of the iron-steed, and the roaring of the tempest along the valley of the Housatonic we imagined to be his sounding tramp. In vain. The patience of many was exhausted, and at 11 o'clock, night, I was one of the last who left the cars, seeking lodgings among the farmers.

How others fared, I know not, excepting by report, but nearly thirty of us were quartered in a small farmhouse on the line of the road in North Kent. Two-thirds of the number, myself included, were provided with a kitchen-floor for lodging—chosen because we could not do better. Each wrapped his cloak about him and laid down, but not to pleasant dreams. There were sore bones on the morrow.

At 9 o'clock on Friday morning, we hailed the approach of three locomotives, preceded by a snow-plough. 'All aboard!' was the cry; and in two hours we got ahead six miles! Here we put up, the engines being attached to the mail-train westward—and Philosophy was again called upon for consolation.

We waited for 11 hours, and then word came that men were busy in cutting through a snow-bank a few miles east of Kent Plains, and that we could not advance until next morning. So those procured beds who could, and the small remainder had the parlor floor of a hotel to themselves. I slept soundly in my cloak of long service. What right, indeed, had I to complain? The landlord's family was in deep affliction—his wife having been buried a few days previously; and while I was composing myself to sleep, her mother was dying in an adjoining room. She departed before midnight. 'What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!'—We arrived in New-York on Saturday evening, having been three days and two nights on the journey from Albany.

A visit to Cooperstown in June, was more pleasant than the preceding—not because I found better friends, but because there were two of us to share the enjoyment. We had also the company of several friends on the journey.

The scenery of the Hudson river has been glorified unreservedly by travellers, and I have no disposition to disparage it. Nevertheless the Juniata is superior in many respects. There is less depth and width of water in the latter, and there is no towering Catskill looking down upon it; but the gorges of the eastern slope of Alleghany, as traced by the Juniata, present a succession of sublime and rugged scenes, unequalled by any route I have ever travelled. Were it possible to view it from a fine steam-boat in motion, it would be a resort of scenic-admirers.

But there is no sheet of water in Pennsylvania equal to Otsego Lake in New-York. There is a charm thrown around it by the genius of Cooper in his 'Leather-Stocking Tales,' especially the 'Deer Slayer' and 'The Pioneers'—but independently of this, the lake itself is enchanting. Even the raw air and sprinkling of snow on the 1st of June, 1843, could not withdraw us from rapt contemplation of the fairy-scene.

The outlet of this lake is a few yards in width, and is named the Susquehanna, North Branch. How often have I wished to be one of three or four friends who would take a boat at that point, and float to Chesapeake Bay! Let the voyagers be accompanied by an intelligent pilot—one who had passed down frequently with rafts and arks on the spring floods. What sublime scenery would be passed on the route! What interesting local traditions, of Indians and the early settlers, might be gathered! Surely it were worth a voyage across the Atlantic to look upon Otsego Lake, and trace the Susquehanna to Chesapeake Bay.

From Cooperstown to Utica, and a few days spent with my early friend and brother, A. B. Grosh, and others, completed our visitation, and we returned to our home

in season to make preparation for the interesting incidents of Thursday, June 22, 1843. It was a day of rejoicing with the Brooklyn Universalists. The 'Tabernacle' was dedicated at that time, and our subsequent increase in numbers was accompanied, we trust, by individual advancement in the spiritual life.

A circumstance occurred in August, which aided us much in attracting the attention of independent thinkers. It originated in a paragraph, extensively copied from the 'Columbia Spy' of July 26,—as follows :

"Rev. Dr. Ely, of the Presbyterian Church, who held a discussion with Rev. A. C. Thomas some years ago, preached a sermon in the Universalist Church of Reading, a few weeks since, in the course of which he declared his belief that the doctrine of endless misery is not taught in the Bible."

In one view, the report was not incredible—for his rejection of Universalism, in our discussion, rested on a single clause of the Scriptures! 'But for this clause,' said he, 'this text would render me a Universalist.' He referred to a portion of Luke xx. 34–36: '*They which shall be accounted worthy* to obtain that world and the resurrection from the dead,' &c. This clearly implied, as Christ's teaching, that all who shall be raised from the dead will be as the angels of God in heaven, and there is no way of evading Universalism excepting by denial of a universal resurrection.

The question, 'Whose wife shall she be?' was asked by the Sadducees, who did not believe in any resurrection whatever, in the presence of the Pharisees, who believed in the resurrection of the just only. The query did not respect *the number* but *the condition* of those who should be raised from the dead; and Christ's answer was directed to the point referred to him. He also incidently corrected the error of the Pharisees, by

teaching that God is ‘not a God of the dead, but of the living, for ALL live unto him.’

Dr. Ely could not be prevailed upon to notice this exposition at the time, and his conversion at a later day was not incredible, though improbable.*

I wrote to Reading for information, obtained it, and promptly published a correction of the report referred to. Dr. Ely, it appears, had preached a stringent endless-misery sermon in the Presbyterian church in Reading the preceding winter, and had been invited to repeat it in the Universalist church. Leisure did not then permit, but he promised to comply on his next visit. The time arrived, and the Doctor preached in the Universalist church, but not the same sermon. It was a discourse to which Universalists would not object. ‘It is good enough Universalism for *me*,’ said the Pastor.—The paragraph before quoted was a perverted edition of this incident.

* I desire in this place to record my estimate of the character of Dr. Ely. It cannot be otherwise than honorable to him as a man of superior talent and of exalted moral worth. In his days of worldly prosperity, he was as liberal as the day with his means, and never did the voice of the poor appeal to him without meeting a response in ‘melting charity.’ In his opposition to Universalism, he has sometimes erred in speech and always in argument—but I am confident we never had a more sincere or candid opponent.

He removed to Missouri in 1836, with a view to the establishment of a Presbyterian college. Men in whom he had confidence induced him to embark largely in land-operations. Ill calculation and the general disasters of that period swept away his fortune. Many of his friends had made investments on *his* recommendation, and a few of them censured him in the issue, but I never entertained a doubt of his strict honesty of purpose.

On his return to Philadelphia, he was settled as Pastor of a Church in the Northern Liberties, and the relation still continues. I am grieved to learn that his health has recently been greatly impaired. It would please me to hear of his recovery.

Rev. Samuel H. Coxe of Brooklyn saw the original announcement, and his wrath was kindled. There was an opportunity (he thought) to hit a prosperous Universalist neighbor, and so he wrote and published a characteristic letter—in substance as follows:

He had known and increasingly esteemed Dr. Ely for about thirty years, and knew that the statement above-named was false. Dr. E. had recently preached in Dr. C.'s pulpit, an admirable, faithful sermon. They had conversed alone on Universalism, and Dr. Ely had expressed a deep, cordial detestation of the doctrine. "He especially denounced its preachers as 'perverters of scripture;' and peculiarly did he characterise one of their gang, who shall be nameless, as consummately specious and infatuating in his wily and soul-destroying way with the multitude, as a 'perverter of the Holy Scriptures.'"

In the latter part of that letter, Dr. Coxe waxed still hotter, and flatly denounced Universalism as *a lie*, and its teachers as false prophets, &c.

So much scum indicated violent fermentation in my reverend neighbor. It was both pitiable and melancholy to witness this foaming out of his own shame. Prudence, to say nothing of principle, impelled me to a contrast of manner and spirit, and the issue of several lectures in review was as advantageous to our cause, as the progress was exciting. Many believers date their illumination with that era of dense crowds in our Tabernacle.

'One of their gang' was obviously a hit at ME, by Dr. Coxe. All that related to 'perverting' scripture was Dr. Ely's, for he had written in like form in one letter of our correspondence in 1835.

The offensive letter referred to was published early in September, 1843. On the 22d of that month I invited Dr. Coxe to an amicable discussion of Universalism, but received no answer. On the 4th of October I sent him the following:

DEAR SIR: My letter dated September 22, and delivered to you the same day, is yet without reply. My invitation to an amicable discussion was prompted by an earnest desire to canvass the doctrines referred to; and I pray you to regard this renewed invitation as a confirmation of my solicitude.

If you deem it advisable to decline, I should be glad to learn your reasons, and will receive it as an additional courtesy if you will favor me with answers to the following inquiries:

1. In what respects do you denominate *Universalism* A LIE? Next Sabbath evening I shall review the corresponding sentence in your communication to the 'Evangelist,' and your own statement of particulars might facilitate my intention to bring the subject before the people.

2. In what passage of Holy Writ do you find the strongest and most positive proof of your doctrine of endless punishment?

3. In what passage of the Bible do you discover the earliest announcement of that doctrine?

4. Do you affirm endless punishment as a judgment for *the sins of this life?* or do you consider it the consequence of *an eternity of sinning?*

I shall not have immediate use for your views on the last three items; but they would be of much service to me in a course of lectures which I shall commence next month.

I received no reply. This might have operated to my personal prejudice had there been any question of my social position or denominational standing—or it might have degraded Universalism with some, as a silly, ephemeral whim, had it not been for the Doctor's virulent assault. Nor could he plead disinclination to controversy, for he had been a man of war from his youth. I was therefore entitled to use his silence in any way of probable assumption. I certainly used it with some effect in the announcement and progress of a series of lectures.

My first query being unanswered, it behooved me to define Universalism and identify it as the Gospel of Christ, thus proving that it is *not a lie*. The second and third questions opened a wide range of exposition of fact and text. The fourth inquiry led me to con-

sider the popular modifications of 'orthodox' doctrine regarding endless punishment.

The ancient form of the doctrine rested the soul's immortal destiny on the doings of this present life—preponderating good or evil being submitted to an after-death judgment. It went even farther, necessarily—because endless weal and endless woe could not be included in any verdict, and so either the virtue or the vice of every man, historically, must be without recompense. Still worse. The ancient doctrine proclaimed that every man's immortal state is to be decided by what he is or was at the time of his death—or for an hour or a week previously! This is the popular doctrine of probation, united with a special day of judgment.

The monstrous connexions and inferences of this hypothesis are so glaring, that distinguished authorities have sought to modify it. The following are examples—cited from the renowned publications of the 'American Tract Society:'

"Sinners will deserve to be punished as long as they continue to sin. If they sin during the whole of life, they will be exposed to sufferings during life; if for a thousand years after death, they will deserve to suffer during that time; if eternally, their punishment will have no end." TRACT 224.

"God may justly punish sin so long as it exists; and it may exist for ever. He who sins through this life, may evidently sin through another such period, and another, and another, without end. God may justly punish us while we continue to sin, if he can justly punish us at all." TRACT 181, by President Dwight.

The foregoing, as linking sin and punishment in the relation of cause and effect, is sound doctrine; and we shall be obliged (though sorrowfully) to admit the truth of *endless punishment* if *endless sinning* can be proved. But the modified theory necessarily abandons all the

chief proof-passages of the doctrine of endless torment! namely, all such as are supposed to teach hereafter-punishment for the sins of this life. The popular notion of a probationary state, and the cardinal tenet of an after-death day of judgment, are also annulled and cancelled by this improvement of ancient 'orthodoxy.'

Other important subjects were treated in that series of lectures, there being greatest interest in the proofs and illustrations of Universalism as a Religion of Devotion. Our people expressed their thankfulness to God in several harmonious ways. One of these was peculiar. During the evening preceding 'Thanksgiving Day' in November, they placed a copy of my article by that title, in nearly every dwelling-house in Brooklyn.

There can be little doubt that it was generally read. It was in the narrative form, which is attractive to most persons, and related to a festival then present. It was openly condemned in several of the churches, in the morning service of that day. The preachers denounced it as 'an insidious thing,' designed and adapted to ruin souls by inspiring a false confidence in God; but it may be doubted whether the people enjoyed their dinner the less, on account of my suggestion of a Universal Thanksgiving, on earth and in heaven.

An appointment in Lowell called me thither in the early part of 1844. The weather had been extremely cold, and there were comparatively few passengers on board the steamboat of the Norwich Line. We queried somewhat as to the reason, and also why it was that the Koskiesco had been substituted for the regular boat, the latter being of more recent construction. All mystery was solved so soon as we were in Hurl Gate. Beyond, the Sound was choked with ice, and it

was not politic to risk the hull of a new and elegant steamer in breaking through! Let us *hope* that the Koskiesco was adjudged to be the stouter vessel.

It was a serious business to rush against a great field of thick ice, and when head-way was stopped, to back off, get up a full pressure of steam, and then rush at it again. Yet thus it was for an hour, perhaps two hours or longer—the precise space is not remembered. Our boat stood it nobly, but by and bye all motion ceased, and backward was not easier than forward. The machinery stopped at ‘the dead point,’ and all effort to move the piston was in vain. Usual leverage was tried, but it would not meet the emergency. As a last resort, ropes were fastened to the extreme ends of several wheel-arms, and by means of the great leverage thus obtained the piston was started, steam came to our aid, and again we were in motion. Backward slowly, then forward rapidly against the ice the vessel pushed—and thus she worked her way into the open Sound.

There was no farther difficulty until we passed New-London. Shortly the breaking process was resumed, but the boat got decidedly the worst of it in the fresh-water ice of the Thames. The hull was cut nearly through, the paddles were broken to pieces—and so we came to a permanent halt. We were five miles or so from Allyn’s Point, the Rail Road Station; conveyances were not to be had, excepting hand-sleds for the baggage—and so the passengers started off on foot, over miles of ice. The air sparkled with the cold, but the sun shone brightly; and two hours of slipping, walking, and sliding brought us to our pedestrian terminus. We reached Boston late in the evening, and Lowell the next morning—the fatigue of the peculiar journey being more than compensated by a most cordial

welcome from 'hosts of friends.' How pleasurable it is *to see* that you are not forgotten by those whom you have fondly remembered! *To believe*, is indeed perpetual refreshment: *to see*, is unutterable joy.

—Lowell was familiar, in localities and faces. My Spring journey was entirely different, and in an opposite direction from Brooklyn. Westward ho! was the word, seeking a few weeks' relief from such constant labor as was wearing me down. Besides: that olden fancy of 'travel' was within me—that spirit of unrest which had for years been pointing, prophetically perhaps, toward the setting sun.

So in May I turned my face in that direction. The route was familiar, by the Juniata, across the Alleghany, and so to Pittsburg and thence by the Ohio. At Wellsville began the novelty of the journey. Down *La belle Rivière* we passed in a good boat and pleasant weather, and my eyes were never weary of seeing. What a widening of thought there was in that great western country! The towns were not larger than I supposed, and the enumeration of miles had long been familiar—but as we swept onward, day and night, there was a newly-awakened sense of vastness in that western realm.

The waters were high and turbid. Here, on this river, said I—yonder at Pittsburg a large vessel might be freighted, and float through a territory as fertile as Eden, one thousand miles to the mouth of the Ohio—and thence one thousand miles more to the mouth of the Mississippi. Crossing the Ocean to Liverpool, the productions of the heart of this continent, freighted on the spot, would for the first time be disturbed.—There was nothing original in the thought—but I began *to feel* the vastness of that western realm.

I had resolved, on starting from home, that I would not seek any occasion of controversy in the journey; but there was so tempting an opportunity on the way to Cincinnati, that I was impelled to 'treat resolution.'—Two men were engaged in boisterous conversation in the forward cabin. Both were past the middle of life, and, as I afterwards learned, stood high in their respective neighborhoods of residence—the one in Galena, and the other in Kentucky.

Their conversation was interlarded with terrible profanity. Every sentence, literally every sentence, was coupled with a fearful oath, or more fearful imprecation—not in personal antagonism, but in narration of events with which they severally had been associated. Their speech was both shocking and saddening, and I retired to 'the guards' in front of my state-room. Perhaps I should explain that 'the guards' is the familiar term for the passage-way running lengthwise of the boat, overlooking the water—a railing being the guard against accident.

A passenger whom I had noticed reading the Bible an hour before, came along in a few moments, and stopped at my door. "Did you notice the awful profanity of those men?" said he.

"I could not avoid noticing it," said I, "and I have been querying as to where they could have learned such intensity of cursing."

"It must be a habit with them," responded my friend,—"a habit acquired in early life."

"Probably so," I rejoined, "but the difficulty remains. There must have been *a beginning* to the evil habit, with some one; and my querying seeks its origin."

"I suppose," said he, "that it originated in the cor-

rupt heart of man, which, we are told, is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked."

"*Some* hearts are so, I have no doubt, but—"

"*All* hearts are so, until they are regenerated," interrupted my friend.

"I cannot agree with you, sir, but we will not debate that point now. Your supposition is reasonable, that such cursing as we have heard, had its origin in some desperately wicked heart. I cannot believe, however, that those two men *feel* the malignity their words express. They use the language of habit. But the man who *first* used it, must have had corresponding malignity."

My neighbor approved this enlargement of his supposition, and I continued: "Those men have probably been in profane company from boyhood. Possibly they learned it of such preachers as pollute the Christian sanctuary by the cursings of Paganism."

"Why, what do you mean?" was the inquiry of my astonished neighbor.

"I mean precisely what I say. Some desperately wicked Pagan conceived a hell in the likeness of his own malignity; and his theological cursing has become canonical in many Christian pulpits. The worst of it is that the Supreme God is accused of revealing as *His* truth, what the desperately wicked heart of a Pagan imagined."

"I cannot yet understand what you mean," persisted my astonished neighbor.

"I mean precisely what I say. Those two men do not *feel* the malignity of their cursing. If their worst enemy was in torture at the stake, they would not permit him to continue there an hour—yet the preachers say that God will curse his enemies with endless fire, and laugh at them besides! The people would not

swear so terribly in the streets, if the preachers did not swear so awfully in the pulpit."

"Do you mean to say that the preachers are responsible for such awful cursing as we have heard this day?" said he.

"Their *doctrine* is certainly responsible for it," I replied, "even the Pagan doctrine of endless torment, begotten in sin and brought forth in iniquity."

"You are a Universalist," said he.

"Very likely, and I rejoice to know that there is no malignity in Universalism. Hence it could not have originated in a desperately wicked heart. Its fault, if it be a fault, is in its generosity. It certainly contains no element of cursing. It proclaims no wrathful God, no vindictive judgment, no merciless hell. Every imprecation we heard this day, is presumptively an evidence that those men are not Universalists."

"Do not Universalists sometimes swear?" said my friend.

"I shall answer you the more understandingly, if you will specify the language of a regular out-and-out Universalist curse! Let me hear how it would sound."

There was no answer.

"A stern opponent of Universalism, Rev. Mr. M'Clure, published a book against the doctrine. One of his points was, that Universalists are not sincere. He proved it by the fact, that when they get angry and swear, they use orthodox oaths! The most emphatic, consistent Universalist curse which *he* could conceive, was this: 'God save your soul to heaven!'"

The contrast was so marked, and the fancy so novel, that my neighbor laughed out-right, and walked away. What *his* reflections were, I know not. My own were interwoven with memories.

Journeying to Pottsville in a stage-coach, years ago, I was greatly annoyed by the profanity of an Irishman who sat facing me. He was a violent, big-fisted fellow, and some discretion was necessary in handling him. So I first approached him through his patriotism, and then through his religion. At a favorable juncture I asked him whether their priests allowed the people to curse and swear?

“O no, indade; they would dale mighty roughly with us for the likes of that,” said he, solemnly.

“And yet you have been cursing and swearing terribly within the last hour. Would you do so if you thought you were sitting face to face with one of your priests?”

He looked at me intently for an instant, then humbly begged my pardon, and did not utter another profane word. He was not restrained by respect for his fellow-passengers, nor by reverence for the Supreme Being, but by superstitious awe of the conjectural priest.

An incident, by way of contrast, is connected with my remembrance of a Surgeon in the Navy. He was highly educated, and in all respects, of manner and language, a finished gentleman, excepting that he was profane. Not, however, when in conversation with *me*. We were frequently together, and I regarded it the highest proof of his personal respect, that he never uttered a profane word in my presence.

On one occasion I mentioned my grateful sense of his consideration, and asked, “How does it happen, Doctor, that you have greater respect for *me* than you have for the Supreme Being? You are in *His* presence *always*—yet, as I learn, you are frequently profane in your speech.”

“I know it, I know it,” said he, in the self-condem-

natory tone of conviction. "It is a habit, a *bad* habit, acquired in the Navy. From the Commodore down, every body swears, excepting the Chaplain."

"I hope there is no swearing in *his* presence," said I. "Profanity is certainly a *bad* habit. No gentleman swears in the presence of ladies or clergymen, provided they are of the sort who have respect for themselves; and hence I consider the habit an ungentlemanly one. It is unworthy of *you*. Why do you not break yourself of it?"

"I *cannot*. The habit is fixed," said he.

"You cannot! Yet you never use profane language in *my* presence, nor in the presence of ladies. The difficulty, Doctor, is not in the habit, but in your *lack of nerve*. You have not courage enough to be true to your own convictions."

"Well, I suppose you are right," he replied; "but it is hard to 'teach an old dog new tricks'!"

—What a contrast! Superstition restrained the uncultivated Irishman; the educated Doctor was restrained by courtesy. One was a devout Roman Catholic—the other was a polished gentleman. Profanity was a habit with each—and both believed in endless woe! Neither of them had *God* in his thoughts, and neither of them, therefore, could enjoy 'God's comfortable presence.'

I am grieved to hear that some men who are considered Universalists are addicted to the same ungentlemanly habit—but it is a consolation to know that all who *do* swear, 'swear orthodox oaths.' I do not mention this as a palliation of the offence, but as an aggravation. The palliation, if there *be* any, is with those who swear according to their creed; the aggravation is with those who add inconsistency to the folly of profanity.

We arrived in Cincinnati after a very pleasant (though not speedy) passage of nearly three days from Pittsburgh. It was very early in the morning, on one of the days appointed for the market in Fifth street. So I walked with the buyers and talked with the sellers. There were few of the former astir as yet, and the latter were disposed to be chatty. Famous things had *they* in every branch of edible commodity, but only information was for *me*. And I gained it. Surely, thought I, there is no land in which so much of the Lord's providences can be had for so little of man's money!

Very shortly the sounds and other tokens of industrious thrift were everywhere heard and seen. Can it be possible that this spot was closely covered with trees, fifty-five years ago! And that now there are 90,000 inhabitants!

Let me not enter into details, neither let me be critical about a matter of no practical account. Nevertheless, what sort of a spirit was it that sought in Roman history for a name of this city? East and West of you are two rivers, contra-distinguished as 'Little' and 'Big.' Surely, you should have adopted the euphonious sir-name of those streams, and called your city MIAMI.

Mine host was Rev. John A. Gurley, an enterprising brother who journeyed westward from New-England some years before, and established himself in Cincinnati. He became editor and proprietor of a widely-circulated paper, the 'Star in the West,' the business of which so occupied his time and attention, that he had recently resigned the pastoral care of the Universalist Society—and *now* the station was vacant.

I preached to the people on Sunday. After morning service, a widow-lady handed me the following letter:

DEAR BROTHER :—I was born and cradled in Orthodoxy. My parents were wealthy, and I had every advantage of education and society, and a large circle of relatives and friends. My parents were very kind and indulgent; my brothers and sisters were very attentive and affectionate. You would naturally suppose I could not be otherwise than happy.

I was early enjoined to love and fear God. The former I could not do,—but the latter I did to perfection. Often in my earliest childhood I wished I was a lamb, or kid, or butterfly,—or *any* thing without a soul to be in danger of endless torment.

I was told I had once an amiable and excellent brother, who died at the age of fifteen,—long before my memory; but virtuous as he was, on account of not being a member of the church, he was suffering the just judgment of a righteous God,—which was, to burn eternally in a lake of liquid fire! The thought was too heart-rending to be endured. I often wished I had the power to dethrone Deity, and release a beloved brother whom I had never seen.

At a very early age, there was a great revival of religion in the church of which my parents were members. I was awakened to inquire, What shall I do to be saved? A deacon in our neighborhood would often say, “I would willingly save you, if I had the power.” O how wretched was my case! If God were only as good as our deacon, I might not despair.

In a few months I was enabled to believe that Christ would save me from eternal wrath. I rejoiced in this hope,—but soon I was taken sick, and given up by our physicians. In this trying hour, hope left me and despair fastened his fangs upon me. My wailings were heart-rending. I said to my mother, “How can my father work for the bread that perisheth? Why not pray day and night for his child? O that I could roast behind that back-log for a thousand years,—or be thrown into your oven, and the fire kept hot for millions of ages,—to be afterwards released! I might then be resigned.” Wringing my hands in agony, I exclaimed, “Would that my cruel enemy was dethroned, or myself in hell, that I might know and endure the worst.”

Every thing was done for me that *could* be done. Our preacher said I was one of his best members, and that God was merciful, and myself an heir of heaven. But I remained in this state of agony and despair for six or eight months.

I then enjoyed a comfortable hope again, but was never happy when I thought my husband and children were in danger of being lost. I held a dear little infant in my bosom, and wished

it might remain for ever in infancy, that it might not incur the awful hazard.

Think, then, under these circumstances, how great the transition, when listening to your discourse from the text, What is Truth?—I was brought out into the glorious light of the gospel. I was happy. I could have shouted aloud for joy. My friends were removed from the bottomless pit of despair,—or rather, the pit was annihilated from my mind,—and heaven was ringing with loud anthems of praise to the Lamb, and to Him that sitteth upon the throne, for ever and ever.

I thank heaven for this great deliverance through your instrumentality; and may the Lord be with you, and bless you in your outgoings and incomings, is the prayer of

Your sister in the faith, ———

The sermon alluded to was delivered in Newark, N. J., in September, 1834. Nearly ten years had passed, and now, at the distance of nearly a thousand miles by the route of travel, the writer tendered her grateful acknowledgments—grateful in *her*, grateful to *me*. Surely such cases serve as both recompense and encouragement in the ministry of Evangelism.

‘Cast thy wheat-seed on the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days,’ said the wise man in relation to Charity. When the waters are receding from the submerged soil, the sower goes trustfully forth to sow. Day by day he approaches the brink of the river, and then he turns and looks over the field. He cannot see the process of germination where lately he sowed, but farther back he beholds the tender blade—farther still, the green stalk gladdens his sight—and he shouts as he views the waving of the golden grain where he first began to sow.

On the shore of the rolling river thou shalt stand, O sower of Truth-Seed! and the rejoicing of the reapers shall be echoed in thy heart.

I had little opportunity to note the religious aspects of Ohio. There was ocular proof in the large congre-

gations at the Miami Conference in Springboro', and in the larger assemblies in Cincinnati, that the Universalists were alive. What I had seen of the West, inclined me favorably to overtures for removal to the Queen City. 'There must be consultation at home,' said I; and so, after two Sundays in that friendly community, my course was down the River.

About day-dawn we reached Louisville. 'We shall depart in an hour,' said the Captain. There was barely space to visit the Universalist Church. Inquiry at a store close by, procured me the key; and there in the Pulpit I stood, alone, and read a lesson from the Psalms aloud, and sang a Hymn. There was also a heart-prayer to the Father of Spirits.

There is no virtue in wood and stone, yet is there not something peculiarly solemnizing and worshipful in '*the place* where prayer is wont to be made?' The tabernacles of the Lord were so amiable to David, that his soul yearned for them. There may be true devotion in the noisy marts of trade, but ordinarily there is not the necessary abstraction from visible, audible antagonisms. Be the philosophy what it may, I was sensible of a special spiritual presence, standing alone in that Christian Temple in Louisville, at the rising of the sun.

The Quaker himself, notwithstanding his cardinal tenet of introversion, cannot rid himself of the power of association. A case in point, occurred in the State of Delaware some years ago. The meeting had been thinned by removals of families to the west, and by deaths, and estrangement of others left only one devoted member. He lived some distance from the ancient place of worship—yet every First-day morning he went thither, opened the house, sat alone in

silence for an hour or longer, and then closed the premises and returned to his habitation. The silent worshiper was not solitary, for God was in his thoughts; and the reality so solemn to *him*, is solemn in the reflection with *me*.

The rapids at Louisville, called the 'Falls of the Ohio,' appeared dangerous, but the river was very high, and with some tossing and rolling on the waves, we reached the back-water of the Mississippi below. The 'Father of Waters' was brim-full and overflowing with the upper tributaries, and the flow of the Ohio was checked into sluggishness.

We approached Cairo, at its mouth, about 11 o'clock at night. I was on the hurricane-deck with the Pilot, and pitied the sleepers in the cabin beneath my feet. Overhead, the stars were looking down upon the deep stream—not *into* it, for that was impossible—and I was looking a-head upon the wide waste of waters. Close to the submerged 'levee' we passed, due south—round the point of Cairo we turned, due west—and the slackened speed of our powerful steamboat gave evidence that we were breasting the mighty current of the 'Father of Waters.'

Little talent have I in the way of describing either scenery or personal emotions. Let both be imagined. For the first time I saw the renowned Mississippi, and by star-light. 'With a sorrowful deep sound' the great river was rolling onward one thousand miles to the Ocean—and its sources were two thousand miles distant, in the bald crown of the Rocky Mountains. Our high-pressure engine had an unusually deep 'voice,' and the slowly-measured escapement boomed solemnly over the watery waste, in the mid-night star-light.

'We are passing over the Grave Yard,' said the

Pilot. 'In low water, I once saw thirty-six steam-boats from this point—some snagged, others sunk, others in motion above or below, and others awaiting their turn to steer for the narrow channel. Many lives have been lost here.'

Over the Grave Yard we were passing, on a flood that was over the high banks of the river. And the steam-voice seemed to boom a requiem for the sleepers in the solemn depths.

I took little note of mile-measurement, but I remember that the crown of Tower Rock was above the water. What a spot for a monument to Fitch and Fulton!

—A day in St. Louis was all I could spare, and a part of a day and a watchful night at Alton, twenty miles above. Below the latter point, the muddy Missouri came raging in from the south-west. It is a mightier stream than the Mississippi, and should have given its name to the junction for the additional reason that it gives character to the river below. For several miles of the united streams, there was a marked line in color, but gradual blending left only the over-mastery of the Missouri at St. Louis.

A watchful night at Alton—watching for a boat! A swift one slipped by without notice of its approach, and a slow one was my destiny, my destination being up the Illinois. The boat corresponded with the river, both being deep and sluggish.

At many points, the river-banks were brim-full, and at others overflowed as far as we could see through the dim woods. At one place, we took a passenger and his carpet-bag from the peak of a log-cabin, the water being up to the eaves. He had been brought in a skiff from the bluff a half-mile back, and sat there patiently, waiting for a steamboat! At another place we 'wooded'

—that is, we took all that was not under water—the squatter and his family being meanwhile in the garret of the cabin. It was amusing to see the sallow youngsters peeping at us through the door-hole in the gable.

The squatter came in a skiff to our boat, the latter being held by cables fastened to the trees. ‘The water is rising, woodman, and your family will be drowned out,’ said I to the squatter.

‘I have a scow behind the cabin, and will flit to the bluff,’ was his reply.

There was small use in remaining on the spot, for every stick of saleable wood was gone; and ere an hour the scow, containing all the worldly treasures of the squatter, was passing through the woods to the high land. Rather *his* and *him* than *mine* and *me*.

I have not so distinct a remembrance of Peoria and the lake above, nor of other localities, as to justify description; but Hennepin is clearly in the vision of memory. I remained two days with worthy friends, and was greatly pleased both with *them* and with their high Prairie. From the belt of timber along the river to the belt of timber back, was the most beautiful and fertile patch of a few thousand acres of virgin soil that I had ever seen. The surface was slightly rolling in parts, with sufficiency of gradual rise to allow free drainage to the river. Wheat was beginning to harden, and the crop (if not damaged by rust) would average fully thirty-five bushels to the acre.

My proposed route was northward to Chicago, and so by the Lakes homeward—but there were sad tidings of the stage-route across the Prairies by reason of great rains; and I determined to return by the river to Pittsburg, and eastward over the Alleghany.

Stopping at Lewistown on the Juniata to visit my

elder brother, the preaching mood was upon me, but no place was to be had for the accommodation of a meeting. Efforts to obtain a hall awakened much interest,—an interest not diminished by the taunt of the Lutheran clergyman, that the Devil was the first Universalist preacher. I heard of it on Saturday morning, and forthwith appointed a meeting for the evening in the open square before the Court House, and also for Sunday morning in a grove on the bank of the Kiski-quoquilas, about half a mile north of the town.

The next step was a written invitation to that clergyman to hold a discussion in the grove in the afternoon. The invitation was accepted, and the preliminaries agreed upon—the promptness of my reverend friend being very agreeable. He was a man of fine talent and education, descended from a distinguished stock.

On Saturday evening there was a very large gathering. It was in the warm month of June, the air was balmy, and not a cloud was in the sky. The full moon, rising over Black Log Mountain, shone full in my face as I stood on the Court House steps, and I never felt more joyfully solemn than I did then, in considering the heavens, the work of God's fingers, the moon and the stars which his wisdom ordained. The thought flowed in prayer, and the stillness of rapt devotion was in the great assembly.

The sermon was of the discursive-unitary order. A portion of it related to the taunt that the Devil was the first Universalist preacher.

The first temptation covers a wide range of commentary, but I will not now dispute the doctrine of a personal Devil, nor will I question his presence in the Garden, disguised as a serpent. Let us rather confine ourselves to an analysis of his sermon, for the purpose of deciding who it is that is walking in 'the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor.'

‘Ye shall not surely die,’ was the substance of his testimony as addressed to our first parents. His sermon is thus divisible:

1st. Sin is a thing pleasant in itself, and to be desired;

2d. Those who sin shall not *surely* die—that is, there is a way of escape.

In both these particulars the Devil has been a liar from the beginning. There are no two elements in Universalism more distinct and positive than these,—that sin and misery are cause and effect, and that there is no method of escape from the punishment of wrong, under the government of God. Universalists therefore flatly contradict the Devil in both branches of his sermon, and take sides with the Almighty in declaring, ‘In *the day* thou eatest thereof, thou shalt *surely* die.’

But how is it with those of the contrary part? In all the churches in Lewistown, the Devil’s doctrine, in both its divisions, will be preached to-morrow! Your preachers, if they have adopted the modern improvements of ‘orthodoxy,’ may not indeed remind you of the rare pleasures of sin, nor tell you that the wicked are happier than the righteous—but such will be the purport of their testimony. In families, in schools, in every department of government, larger rewards are offered for doing what is in itself repulsive than for doing what is agreeable; and sorer punishments are threatened to deter from deeds which are considered pleasurable in themselves, than to restrain from less tempting gratifications.

The simple fact that your preachers proclaim endless rewards for virtue and endless punishments for vice, clearly implies that the wicked have the best of it in the present life—so largely the best of it, that a never-ending future retribution is necessary, in order to make an even balance in ‘the long run!’ *The principle* involved is unquestionably the doctrine of the Devil.

Still farther to show that they have joined hands with the old serpent, your preachers will eloquently point out a means of escape from the just punishment of sin—and the whole effort will so travel in a circle, as to come back at last to the text-sermon in the garden, ‘Ye shall *not* SURELY die!’

After the assembly was dismissed, a citizen remarked in my hearing, as I passed through the crowd, that the ‘saddle had been put upon the other horse.’

Our meeting in the grove on Sunday morning was well attended, but it seemed as if the entire population was present in the afternoon, to hear the discussion.

The preliminaries specified *my* affirmative as the first branch, and the Lutheran's affirmative as the second. Three moderators were chosen, not one of them a Universalist. Each speech was limited to thirty minutes—and there were to be eight speeches in all.

I opened in the affirmative of Universalism and my opponent followed. When this branch was closed he refused to proceed with the affirmative of endless punishment, and insisted that I should speak first in the negative! There could not be clearer proof that he felt the weakness of his cause. It was certainly both pitiable and amusing. The Moderators saw he was in error, but were loath to pronounce against him, and finally begged me to proceed in proof of the negative! Even *that* was complimentary.

“I will comply, on condition that my friend will name the five principal passages on which he intends to rely in the affirmative,” said I.

He complied, and I devoted an average of six minutes to each, pointing out wherein they fell short of proving the doctrine of endless woe. It was done in a short way, necessarily. For example:

It is not my duty (and if it *was*, six minutes would not be sufficient time) to explain ‘the rich man and Lazarus.’ I will say, however, that it is a parable, designed to set forth the publicans and sinners on the one hand, and the Scribes and Pharisees on the other, in contrast. The lost sheep, the lost piece of silver, the prodigal son, and Lazarus, are so many different representations of the publicans and sinners; and the murmuring Scribes and Pharisees, who considered themselves righteous, are represented successively by the sheep and the silver *not* lost, the elder brother, and the rich man. In the latter case, the Heathen notions with which the Jews became infected in Babylon, are used in the way of *imagery* merely—very much as my learned friend sometimes employs his knowledge of Heathen Mythology to illustrate or embellish his sermons. It does not follow that he is a Heathen—though I fear he leans that way!

Abraham refers to Moses and the Prophets. My friend *knows* that the Law of Moses limited all rewards and punishments to the present life. Egyptian Heathenism did *not*, but held to judgments and endless punishment in the future state. Let my friend quote a passage, *if he can*, from Moses and the Prophets, in which that Heathen doctrine is endorsed.

He is a Greek scholar, and he knows that the word translated *hell*, in the parable, is *Hades*. He knows, moreover, that Christ's soul was in hell, Acts ii. 27, 31, and that the same original term is used in 1 Cor. xv. 55: 'O *hell*, where is thy victory!' It is so rendered in German, and corresponds with Hosea xiii. 14: 'O *hell*, I will be thy destruction.' My friend *knows that HELL is to be destroyed*, according to the testimony of the Bible. And now let him prove endless punishment by the parable of the rich man in hell, *if he CAN!*

All the passages he had given me as his proof-texts, were thus attended to in a short way. In his speech that followed, he did not attempt to answer a single point of my argument, but introduced entirely new matter! It may have been good policy, but certainly there was no fairness in the procedure. The fact was strongly put before the people in my remaining speech, though most of the space was employed in analysing his new proof-texts. One of these was a barbarous misquotation. 'God *out of Christ* is a consuming fire,' said he, with special emphasis on the words in *italic*. My rejoinder was brief:

My friend is the *son* of a Doctor in Divinity, and the *grand-son* of a Doctor in Divinity. He has himself a fine education; yet there is not an old woman in Mifflin county who supposes that 'God *out of Christ*' is anywhere mentioned in the Bible. God was *in Moses*, governing the posterity of Abraham; God was *in Christ* reconciling the world, even all the posterity of Adam, unto himself. Christianity is an UNIVERSAL INSTITUTION in its object; and we might as properly speak of God *out of NATURE* as 'God *out of CHRIST!*'

As *I* had the negative in commencing, my friend had the affirmative in closing—yet he gained little by the

unusual arrangement. The meeting was dismissed, and the disputants walked into town right sociably, and parted with mutual good wishes.

A year or two afterwards this clergyman removed to Germantown, preached awhile, abandoned the ministry, and is now an Attorney-at-Law in Philadelphia. It is the impression in Lewistown that the discussion near the Kishiquoquilas spoiled a Lutheran preacher.

What I saw, and heard, and thought in that western journey of 4000 miles, brought on 'the western fever,' and it 'took me off' in the autumn. I had seen Cincinnati—had heard the unanimous invitation of the Universalist Society to become the pastor—and had thought about it on the tour. Consultation with one who had an interest in my movements equal to my own, gradually resolved into an affirmative reply; and we started westward in the latter part of October.—

Two years and three months in Brooklyn. How earnestly and harmoniously all parties worked! It was not the pressure *without*, that brought us and kept us so closely together. It was the grace *within*, even the unction of brotherly love. Never have I seen the blessedness and the blessing of unity more thoroughly exemplified. Never had a pastor more devoted or generous friends; and nothing but the conviction that I should accomplish more good in Cincinnati, and with less exhausting labor, could have induced me to remove from Brooklyn.

There was certainly much social sacrifice in the case. Besides the preceding reference, the proximity and advantages of New-York were worthy of large consideration. Brothers Sawyer, Balch, Williamson, and his successor M. Ballou, Raynor, Hallock—these were my

contemporaries and intimate personal friends. Never was there a more harmonious and social ministerial circle. How my heart sunk within me when I thought of leaving it!

But judgment prevailed against feeling, and we departed for the West, 'not knowing the things that should befall us there.'

Had ever a minister and his family such an escort as *we* had from Brooklyn to Jersey City? I explained it by the fact that *the first love* of the Society was departing—a son, brother, father, *going from home*. So it appeared to *them*—and to make the matter worse, he was taking his companion along with him.

The venerable and gentlemanly brother who led that complimentary escort, was gathered to his fathers in 1851, and the earth had one noble spirit the less. Another of those good brethren previously found a watery bed in Long Island Sound, and not a braver nor truer heart than *his*, went down in that wreck of the 'Atlantic.' Other generous souls have passed behind the veil, but the many remain to bless the world with their deeds of faith and love.

The memory of that escort, and of the attachment it expressed, shall abide with us for ever.

MEM.—In the spring of 1845, Rev. THOMAS B. THAYER was settled in Brooklyn as my successor. He continued in the relation of Pastor for six years, and returned to his 'first love' in Lowell in the spring of 1851.—The 'Brooklyn Tabernacle' was destroyed in the great fire of September 1848. A new and elegant Church, in another location, was erected in the following year. Rev. H. R. NYE is the present Pastor, (1852.)

CHAPTER IX.

Settlement in Cincinnati—Our own home—Acclimation—My neighbor Gurley—Rev. E. M. Pingree—Rev. I. D. Williamson—Two chances—Mine own opinion of myself—Ohio Convention—The journey—Thunder and Lightning—Fanaticism and Enthusiasm—The Doomed Wolf—Death of Rev. George Rogers—My mother's visit—Miami Association—'Prepare thy chariot'—My mother's decease—Ten days in the country—Negro Sermon in a log-cabin—Mr. Gurley's farm—Pastoral relation dissolved—My successor—Settlers in the green woods—Farewell to the West—Passage to Pittsburg—Steamboat race—Hard a-ground—Mountain benediction—Pottsville—Visit to New-England—My printer-craft—City of Reading—An 'eclipse' sermon—Retrospection—Five 'sketches'—Re-settlement in Philadelphia.

NEARLY one thousand miles, by the route of travel, to our new location! Perhaps the distance appeared the greater because of the feeling expressed by the squatter's wife, far in the Great West. A casual hunter, whose home was in New-England, explained to her the long journey to his residence, and she wondered how anybody could live so far away! Dear soul, her home was the centre of the Universe to *her*. We had left *one* centre, and were seeking another.

Travel would be more intelligibly computed by days than by miles. With what marvelous rapidity space is traversed by the agency of steam—and still more marvelous is the annihilation of time and space, in the transmission of thought by electro-magnetism! We were conveyed to Cincinnati by the one, our hearts meanwhile sending messages to Brooklyn by a spiritual sympathy symbolized by the other. What a blessed

era it will be, when the circuit shall be completed, linking all hearts, each pulsating in unison with the loving heart of God !

Some progress in this divine harmony was made immediately on our arrival in the Queen City, for we were received as guests into the family of Judge MORSE, and the manner of their hospitality continuously confirmed the cordiality of our welcome. It was the sort that increases obligation by not suffering it to be oppressive—not the entertainment of strangers but of friends.

We were enabled, within five or six weeks, to procure and furnish ‘our own hired house.’ For the first time we then sat down at our own table. There never *was* such a comfortable dwelling since the beginning of the world, because it was *ours* ! A few hundred dollars could have bought the duplicate of every item of furniture, but money could not have bought the happiness we felt. We were in our own home, and had not forgotten to prepare a guest-chamber, with ‘a bed, and a table, and a stool, and a candlestick,’ as in the days of Elisha, 2 Kings iv. 10.

Our comfortable domestic arrangements were no protection against ‘the ills that flesh is heir to’ in the West. I suffered severely in the process of acclimation by Job’s bodily affliction, accompanied by paroxysms of burning fever. One of Job’s comforters gave me assurance that such things were ‘healthy.’ *He* had been afflicted in the same way when he first removed to Cincinnati, and they troubled him only a year !

To walk as a cripple to meeting, and preach while standing on one foot, merely touching the toe of the other to the floor, was the smallest part of the evil with *me*. The immediate causes of my suffering were of the

blind and dumb kind. The virus, instead of being exhausted outwardly, was returned to the circulation, and its presence was afterwards testified in a more serious form.

Notwithstanding my illness and its occasional accompaniment of 'heim-weh,' our Church interests were highly prosperous throughout the winter of 1844-'45. The congregation completely filled the great meeting-house, the Sunday School flourished, and social harmony crowned our growth in knowledge and the spirit of worship. I remember, with peculiar pleasure, my devotion to the children—and may add that *Flora* and the *Seasons*, *Altars of Nature*, *The May Queen*, *The Rainbow*, and other pieces of mine which were well received at home and abroad, were written during my ministry in Cincinnati. Volunteer editorship of nearly seventy numbers of the '*Youth's Friend*,' may also be mentioned.

My social advantages, as with clerical brethren, were restricted. My nearest pastoral neighbor resided many miles distant, exchanges were few and far between, and seldom had my house the privilege of entertaining 'an angel of the churches.' I felt the restriction the less because Rev. JOHN A. GURLEY was close at hand. No man was happier than *he* in the company of kindred spirits. His liberal hospitalities were but an expression of his own happiness, and I liked him the better because he never forgot that it was as far from my house to his as from his to mine. We were much together, on terms of closest intimacy, and I have great pleasure in remembering the uniform harmony of our personal relations.

There were several other ministering brethren who resided in or hailed from Cincinnati, and with whom I

was on terms of happy intimacy—but they were so frequently absent (and one of them so engaged in secular business) that I reckoned them as visitors rather than as residents. Rev. George Rogers, whose family had been located in Cincinnati since their removal to the West, was one of these. He came home on a visit about two months after my settlement in the Queen City. I had not seen him for many years, and right cordial was the meeting and the greeting.

Early in the winter above-mentioned, a public oral discussion excited much attention—the parties being Rev. E. M. PINGREE, Universalist, and Rev. N. L. RICE, Presbyterian. The former invited the interview, submitting the choice of locality to the latter. Cincinnati was chosen, the discussion being held in a spacious Hall. It was largely attended. Physical infirmity debarred me from being present.

Mr. Rice was highly reputed as a debater in the world of ‘orthodoxy,’ and Mr. Pingree in the world of ‘heterodoxy.’ As usual, the victory was claimed by the friends of both sides, but the advantage of influence could not be otherwise than with Universalism. Multitudes heard it proclaimed for the first time who else had probably remained in ignorance of its teachings, whereas Calvinism was both familiar and abhorrent with Universalists. The result might have been different had Mr. Pingree been a weak man. He was greatly otherwise. To more than ordinary talent and energy he superadded the advantages of an excellent self-education, and the grace of gospel zeal. Universalism, in the advocacy of such a man, *must* be victorious in its influence, against any opponent. Sectarism has nothing to do with this judgment. In *all* cases, heterodoxy has the advantage in controversy, provided

there be a talented advocate; and hence it is that orthodoxy generally avoids an investigation before the people, such investigation being what heterodoxy craves.

It is related of Mr. Pingree that he was extremely quiet in his manner when he entered the ministry, and modesty for some time veiled the power of his mind. A brief residence in the West entirely transformed him. He became vehement and impetuous in his delivery, and eagerly sought public disputation, with a view to disseminating the principles he so highly valued. He was a close student, a clear thinker, and a strong writer, as every reader of the 'Star in the West' will acknowledge—for none can have forgotten the able articles of the associate editor, 'E. M. P.'

He was Pastor in Louisville, Ky. Alas that so useful a man should shorten his days by over-taxation of strength! Inward warnings and outward warnings were alike unheeded—not because he doubted the judgment of his friends or questioned his own consciousness, but because he feared the cause of Universalism would suffer by refusal to engage in controversy when challenged, or by declining to challenge when opponents were boastful of a champion. My last conversation with him was in the summer of 1847. In answering my expostulations, he frankly acknowledged his error, and declared his intention to be more careful in future. It was too late. Pulmonary consumption soon marked him as a victim, and he departed Jan. 6, 1849, in the 32d year of his age.

—The opening of spring-time in 1845, found me striving against diminishing bodily strength, and the opportunity of procuring Rev. I. D. WILLIAMSON as a supply for a few months, induced me to solicit permis-

sion to spend the summer east of the mountains. It was granted.

Mr. Williamson has certainly had 'hard luck' in this world. A bronchial affection, joined to spasmodic asthma, compelled him to leave New-England and the Middle States, and seek relief in the milder climate of the South. Our intimacy of friendship was established during his residence in New-York and mine in Brooklyn, though our acquaintance and mutual esteem dated many years previously. He was in Mobile at the period alluded to, his family-residence being on the Ohio, about 40 miles above Cincinnati. It precisely suited *him* to devote the summer months as my substitute, and it precisely suited *me*.

I hope never to see another mortal suffer as *he* suffered in my house, late in the autumn of 1846. He was on his way to Memphis, to spend the winter months. Spasmodic asthma was upon him in all its horrors, and after an hour's struggling for breath, he was sufficiently relieved to say to me, faintly, "Do you wonder that I wish to go South?"

"No," was the emphatic reply; "I would go to the Desert of Arabia, if necessary, to be rid of such visitations as these."

He is now settled in Louisville, Ky., and it gratifies me to learn that he suffers less than he did formerly. It would please me better to hear of his perfect recovery.

Leaving my family in Pennsylvania, where we had passed the summer in quietness, I returned to Cincinnati in the close of September, 1845. Not seeking conversation, little conversation sought *me*. On only one occasion did it amount to more than the saluta-

tions of courtesy. The exception occurred on the passage from Pittsburg. I had been looking over a parcel of Universalist papers, and had laid them on a trunk in my state-room. A fellow-traveller passing by the open door on the guards, requested permission to 'read the news'—which of course was granted. Alas, 'the good news' proved *better* news than he had been accustomed to hear. It was 'too good to be true'—a proclamation exceedingly perilous to the souls of men!

In about an hour he returned the papers, with thanks, adding, "I am sorry to learn that you are a Universalist—for such I presume you are."

"And *I* am sorry to learn that *you* are *not* a Universalist," said I. "We are *both* sorry, therefore. It would be a sad thing to part without gladness on one side or the other. Have the goodness to tell me *why* you are sorry that I am a Universalist; and I will tell you afterwards why *I* am sorry that *you* are not of the same faith."

My neighbor was a gentleman in both appearance and manner—of about forty years of age. *Who* he was, or whence he came, or whither he was journeying, I did not inquire. It was enough that he returned the papers with evident intent of religious conversation, and his anticipation of triumph might be inferred from the fact, that several persons accompanied him to the door of my state-room. All were within hearing, and the dialogue proceeded.

"Have the goodness to tell me *why* you are sorry that I am a Universalist?"

"Universalism is a dangerous doctrine," he replied.

"That does not meet the case, sir. Have the goodness to inform me *why* it is dangerous. You may assert that it is dangerous, delusive, demoralizing, or

any thing else; but my question still comes back, *why* is it so? Please assign *a reason* why you are sorry."

"I meant," said he, "that Universalism is an *unsafe* doctrine; and my reason is, that *I* am safer than *you* are. All the chance *you* have, *I* have; and *I* have a chance which *you* have *not*."

"Please tell me, sir, *what* chance you have that the Universalist has *not*. To aid your reply, you will bear in remembrance that the only hope of the Universalist is in the purpose of God. I use the word *hope* instead of *chance*—for the scriptures read better in this way. Paul does not say, 'We are saved by *chance*'—nor does he speak of 'the *chance* of the gospel' nor of 'the *chance* of salvation.' Nevertheless, let me hear *what* chance you have, additional to the hope of the Universalist."

"Let us not be over-critical about words," replied my neighbor. "By chance I mean guaranty, security—very much as when a man says, 'I have two strings to my bow.' If one breaks, he has another."

"That is," said I, "if God's goodness breaks down, or fails, it is all over with the Universalist. His only chance, guaranty, security, is gone. Tell me, sir, what *other* 'string' you have to your 'bow?' I am suspicious that you stand on the platform of the 'orthodox' Sunday School Teacher, who always made her scholars curtsy when they read the name 'Devil' in the Bible. It is *safest* to do so, said she. She reasoned thus: 'Either there is a Devil, or there is not. If there is *not*, it is only so many curtsys lost: if there *is*, some consideration may be gained by politeness.' This was her additional chance!"

My neighbor and his companions smiled, and I proceeded to apply the illustration:

"You appear to reason in the same way: Either there

is an endless hell, or there is not. If there is *not*, you are as safe as the Universalist: If there *is*, you have a chance which *he* has not. In this, and in this alone, consists the extra safety, guaranty, security, chance, of which you boast! Either you *are*, or *ought* to be a Roman Catholic."

"I am *not*, nor do I see why I ought to be," said my neighbor, with some emphasis of piety.

"You admit, I suppose, that being a Roman Catholic is no absolute bar to salvation. In other words, you admit that a Roman Catholic may be saved."

"I hope to meet all good Roman Catholics in heaven," was the reply.

"I am glad to hear you say so; but Roman Catholics do not hope to meet any Protestants in heaven—because all Protestants are heretics, and all heretics are bad. So they reason—and forasmuch as you are seeking the position of greatest safety, it behooves you to wait upon Bishop Purcell forthwith, and be admitted to the *three chances* of Roman Catholicism. *One* chance as a Universalist; *two* chances as a Presbyterian; *three* chances as a Roman Catholic! If you do not feel safe enough even there, you may add several chances by becoming a Mohammedan—and if faith in seven hells be not a sufficient guaranty of salvation, your case is hopeless!"

"Your raillery is ingenious, but not candid," replied my neighbor. "I acknowledge that all *good* Catholics will be saved; but I *deny* that they are any safer than *I* am."

"Truly, sir, but you will not deny that there *are* good men who are Catholics, and you hope to meet many of them in heaven. They would return the compliment, so far as the personal virtue of many Protestants is concerned, but they have no hope of meeting

either orthodox Protestants or heterodox Protestants in heaven. *They* reason more strongly against *you*, than *you* do against *us*. *You* admit that Universalists have a chance, and Roman Catholics a chance; but *they* do not admit that either you or we have any chance at all! You deny that they are any safer than you; and *I* maintain that Universalists are as safe as any other persons—for all safety, at the last, must rest on the purpose of God.”

“But suppose it should turn out, at the last, that endless misery is true: where would the safety of Universalists be?” queried my neighbor.

“Suppose it should turn out, at the last, that Roman Catholicism is true: where would the safety of Protestants be?” was my reply.

This supposition perplexed him sorely, and he said, after a pause, “I am suspicious that you are yourself a Roman Catholic, and not a Universalist!”

“Be assured, sir, that I am a Universalist, and a Protestant. As a candid truth-seeker, you would not urge an objection against *me*, which might as pertinently be urged against *you* by a Roman Catholic. In *my* view, the only final safety of *any* man, as I said before, is in the purpose of God. Christians ‘*ARE saved by HOPE*’; and herein consists my reason for being sorry that *you* are not a Universalist. You hope to be saved *by and bye*, and you think you have two chances of salvation to my one; but, sir, your hope is not of the right sort. It does not save you *now*. You are not included in the number who *ARE* saved.”

“I do not understand you,” said my neighbor.

“The salvation which distinguishes the Christian—his peculiar privilege, I may say, is in his *hope*, not in his *chance*. Chance is an uncertainty, a hazard; the

hope of the Christian is sure and steadfast, anchored within the veil. Hope of immortality redeems from the bondage of the fear of death. ‘Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope,’ said Paul. But *you* have no such hope, else you would not seek to strengthen it by a chance, denied to the Universalist. Your hope is within the veil, but you are fearful the gospel cable will break—and so you seek an additional cable for your anchor. You wish to have two strings to your bow!”

“But what will you say of those who ‘have *no hope* and are *without God* in the world?’ for Universalism comprehends these.”

“The fact that men are without God, does not prove that there *is* no God, but only that He is not in their thoughts. The fact that men are without hope, does not prove that there is no hope for them, but only that they have not fled for refuge to take hold of it. Meanwhile, those without God have not the joys of faith in Him, and those without hope are *not* saved. In the next grade of people, we find those who, like yourself, make up their lack of faith in God by faith in themselves—professors of religion who twine a rope of sand around the gospel cable, and then declare that they have *a chance* additional to *the hope* of the Universalist!”

“Your pleasantry does not offend me,” said my neighbor, “neither does it fairly answer my objection to Universalism as an unsafe doctrine. I still insist that a good man is safer than a bad man.”

“That, sir,” I replied, “might be true, and yet Universalism be the only safe doctrine known among men. But do you not see that you have abandoned your two-chance objection?”

“How so?” he inquired.

“You began with assuming a chance of safety, extra, by reason of your rejection of Universalism *as a doctrine*; and all you now contend for, is, that a good man is safer than a bad man! You admit that a good Jew, though pronouncing Christ an impostor—a good Pagan, though an idolater—a good Mohammedan, though an infidel—a good Roman Catholic, though a disciple of ‘the man of sin’—a good man, of any sect or of no sect, of false faith or of no faith at all, is safer than a bad Presbyterian, even though he be ‘orthodox up to the hub.’ If you still insist that Universalism is ‘an unsafe doctrine, it cannot be on the score of a chance added by the orthodoxy of your faith, but on the ground that Universalism does not promote practical goodness; and this is an entirely different objection from the one with which you began.’”

“What!” said he, “do you affirm that Universalism promotes practical goodness?”

“Yes, sir—and your astonishment proves that you do not understand the merits of Universalism, as estimated by its intelligent professors. We claim that it is the only doctrine which can fill the soul with joy and peace in believing, and also that it is peculiarly fitted to promote devotion towards God and righteousness among men.”

The conversation here turned upon the morality of Universalists and Universalism, but the chief interest of the interview was centred in the preceding dialogue. We parted in excellent temper, and I thought my neighbor and his friends were favorably impressed by the claims of Universalism. I felt certain, at all events, that they would not repeat the two-strings-to-their-bow objection, without remembering the distinction between the gospel hope and an ‘orthodox’ chance.

Immediately after my arrival in Cincinnati, I applied for a release from my pastoral engagement in the West, being persuaded that renovation of health demanded cessation from public speaking for a season, or such interruptions at least as were not convenient in a stated ministry. My worthy friends unanimously refused their assent, being persuaded, on the other hand, that acclimation had been effected, with promise of firmer health than I had previously enjoyed. "*They* ought to know best, I suppose," was my endorsement. My family joined me, and the approach of cold weather brought invigoration.

Never have I labored more energetically than throughout the winter of 1845-6. Success seldom equals the wishes of the ardent Universalists of Cincinnati, yet my efforts were generously appreciated. Their expectations were certainly larger than my pretensions, and I frequently felt the oppression of 'the enchantment which distance lends to the view.' The 'spur in my head,' be assured, related rather to the religious interests of my congregation than to any personal reputation.

Being seated one day in Mr. Gurley's office, writing for his paper, an intelligent farmer came in to purchase Universalist books. He was promptly attended to by the salesman, and then approached the desk. His salutations showed that I was personally unknown to him.

"I have some thought of remaining in the city till Monday," said he, "so as to attend meeting to-morrow. Mr. Thomas is the preacher now, I believe. Are you acquainted with him?"

"O yes," was my answer, "I have been somewhat acquainted with him for several years."

"A good deal is said about him in our neighbor

hood," continued the farmer. "You have heard him preach, I suppose. What is your opinion of him as a preacher?"

"I have heard him preach frequently, both in the East and in the West," said I. "Sometimes he preaches very well, and sometimes very poorly—the average being about the same as other men. Occasionally his sermons satisfy me, but they often fall short of what I should like them to be."

Illy-suppressed merriment of one of the printers caused a doubt to flit over the farmer's countenance. A smile of certainty ensued, and, grasping my hand cordially, "You are the man himself," said he, "and I will certainly hear you preach to-morrow."

The *lesson* of the incident is valuable. Every public speaker pays a large price for his reputation, in the exertion necessary to equal it; and in this sense he may sometimes truly say, 'save me from my friends.' I was never more sensible of this fact than during the session of the Ohio Convention in May, 1846. It was held in Columbus.

My journey thither was in company with Mr. Gurley, in his private carriage. He is an admirable travelling companion. We had a light, easy vehicle and a good horse—the weather was delightful—the roads were in fine order—we visited several excellent families in the journey of two hundred miles thither and returning—we had perpetual conversation by the way, on all themes instructive and pleasant—we enjoyed ourselves greatly at the Convention—in a word, it was a visitation which neither of us will be likely to forget. In one respect, my companion did great injustice to many people, and to *me*, by pushing me forward as the sole preacher at several points on the way.

If any one feels sufficient interest to trace the map-route from Cincinnati to Columbus, by way of Lebanon, Dayton, and Springfield, he shall be at liberty to look through my eyes upon as beautiful and fertile a section of earth as the sun ever shone upon. It is hardly credible, yet it is a fact, that a few stumps were the only evidence I saw that we were passing through 'a new country.' Prosperous villages, a few miles apart, and intervening well-cultivated farms, gave token of industry and thrift—yet a dense forest had covered the ground about fifty years before!

I should have made an exception of part of the route from Springfield to Columbus, along the admirable National Road. Within 12 miles of the Capital of Ohio, we passed through great armies of forest-trees, frowning upon us as disturbers of the solemnity of the wilderness. There was an occasional house of entertainment for travellers, particularly for emigrants journeying westward—but besides these, there were few habitations of man, for miles in extent of hoary woods.

There was not any more excitement at our great gathering in Columbus, than suited the brotherhood, myself inclusive—and this is saying more than I know how to express in other language. Every enterprize in Ohio is in motion on the high-pressure principle. 'Stump-speaking' in political campaigns is adapted to the masses of 'sinners,' and the analogy is not defective as regards the 'saints.' Religion, as to speech at least, is of the vehement order; and I have sometimes been curious to know whether even the Ohio Quakers are not in the same vein. It is certain that Ohio Universalists are of that class generally—at their annual meetings especially.

We had some illustrations in Columbus. I intend no

disparagement in any sense, but I certainly heard more ‘thunder’ during that session, than I had ever heard elsewhere among Universalists in the same space, and it certainly was accompanied by respectable ‘lightning.’ Not a minister was content with the quietness of vital electricity. Every one was impetuous as a torrent. As for myself, I needed no inward urging to thunder also. The deficiency was in my lungs. Nevertheless, I did the best I could in that line.

There is little danger from excitement if Reason be kept in the ascendant. The danger springs in Mysticism. Fanaticism and Enthusiasm, though of the same Lexicon definition, appear to me to express very different things. The false prophets of Baal were Fanatics, 1 Kings xviii. 26–29. Of a corresponding class of Christian professors, it has been pointedly said, that ‘they worship the Lord as if the Devil was in them.’

On the other hand, he whose affections have been reached through his understanding—he who deeply feels the value and importance of Religion, will be an Enthusiast. He may not be noisy, but he will assuredly be in earnest. His utterance will depend on personal temperament, the customs of the age or people, and other incidentals.

All the apostles were enthusiastic, none of them fanatical, excepting when two of them desired to call down fire from heaven. Jesus was himself an enthusiast, though we may presume him to have been of gentle delivery. John was of the same stamp. Peter was impetuous—and there were Boanerges, or sons of thunder, in the list of apostles. The fact may be suggestive of the diversity essential in the Christian ministry.

One thing appears certain: There should be neither thunder nor lightning in *prayer*. How often have I

remarked, that a clergyman or a layman who prays most vehemently and boisterously while uttering his own words, entirely changes his tone into quietness when he closes with ‘Our Father who art in heaven!’ It pleased me to note, at Columbus, that however emphatic a brother was, in addressing *men*, his voice was subdued in addressing *the Lord*.

Revivalists of the fiery school have been censured, unjustly I think, for their terrific style of preaching. The fault is in their *doctrine*, not in *them*. We should rather say that the fault of the doctrine is in its falsehood—the fault of the preachers is in their inconsistency. If they sincerely believed and realized the fearful theory of endless punishment, they would either preach it in more burning words, or go mad—or both. The following narrative, written in 1839, was designed to illustrate these thoughts.

THE DOOMED WOLF.

Our pleasant and somewhat retired village was in the midst of commotion. A revival of Religion, commonly so called, was in “the full tide of successful experiment.” The people, with few exceptions, attended the meetings, and they were greatly moved—for the moving preachers were there, armed with all and singular the terrors of Pandemonium, superadded to the blackness, and darkness, and tempest of Sinai. Shall not the aged tremble, and the youthful quake, when the strong man is bowed as a reed in the rush of the whirlwind?

But a circumstance occurred in the progress of the excitement, which wrought it up to the highest pitch of endurance, and then—the long agony was over—and the preachers departed—and the people removed—and the village became a waste and howling wilderness. Peruse the narrative, and deem it a vision, if thou wilt—nevertheless, diligently seek and consider the intent thereof.

It was a delightful afternoon in September. The outward harvest had been secured as the reward of industry, and a harvest of souls was being gathered in the sanctuary as the fruit of many days’ excitement.

But there is a stir next the door. What means it? There are voices, and anon there are departures in haste. The whisperings spread till they pervade the house—and there is a general uprising. The Deacon announces the cause of the commotion. A ferocious wolf has been making depredations, not on the sheep-fold, (for that were a small matter,) but on the children left at home. The meeting is dissolved, and woful is the reality to many a parent's heart! The wounded, and dying, and dead, are found in divers parts of the village! Ye preachers of Revivalism! here is work for you—but, remember, it is Gospel work. See that ye attend to it. "Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people, saith our God."—Truly it is a sorrowful time—and will the funeral be less sorrowful? Verily there is work for you. See that ye comfort the people.

In the midst of it all, there is still Revivalism, for is not here a subject of most woful and touching appeal? The heart is now open, and ye can look into it, and breathe into it your own will. But there shall come a more vivid theme. *This* ye can fathom—but that which shall be to-morrow ye cannot understand—and ye shall labor in vain to solve the mystery. Wherefore, prepare.

On the morrow, ere the sun had risen, there was a fearful wolf-howl heard—a cry as of suffocating agony—and the mother clasped her babe still closer to her breast, and wept as she thought of the funeral scene of yesterday. And the men went forth to destroy the destroyer. Think ye that they went forth in quietness of feeling? But the destroyer was beyond their reach—for, behold! he was suspended high in air, directly over the meeting-house! The villagers gather in groups to contemplate the spectacle, and to exchange surmises in relation thereto. Those whose families have suffered by the devastation of the wolf, cannot conceal their gratification that he is now receiving the just punishment of his ferocity; and there are even a few who shout in exultation as they witness the doom of the destroyer. Let vengeance make haste—for the time is short.

Mysterious indeed, and awful, is the scene! He is suspended by the neck, yet not so as to prevent a continuous wild and agonizing howl, nor a fierce struggle for release. The rope is distinctly seen, as the sun appears above the horizon—but it tapers upward and upward, and is lost in the blaze of light.—The preachers are aroused to solve the mystery. They come forth, and gaze horrified. "It is the judgment of God," said they. And then the air resounded with a wilder cry from the struggling animal. "Hearken ye, and repent and believe," continued the preachers. And a deeper gloom settled down on the village.

The hour for meeting arrived—but who shall describe the feelings and thoughts, the sayings and doings of that day? The solemn tones of the church-bell mingled with the doleful sounds above—and O what a worship-warning was heard in the combination! The hymns were sung—but the howl of the wolf mingled with the voice of the psalm! And the sermon——imagine it, if thou wilt, but be not apprehensive of conceiving too horribly of its representations. The scene was laid,

“Far in the deep where darkness dwells,
The land of horror and despair;”—

and an illustration was drawn from the perdition of the wolf, who struggled, and was not released—who howled, and was not comforted—who lives in torment, and shall not die.

The people were moved, even to intensity of woe. The sinful were convicted—the praying were converted—the penitent were redeemed—but there was no shout in the camp of Israel—for did not the wolf-howl chill the fevered blood of enthusiasm? Verily, verily I say unto you, the sunshine of that day was obscured by clouds of gloom.

Noon arrived, and the people were dismissed with a benediction which they heard not—for their thoughts were with the agonized destroyer. And when they went forth, and looked upwards, they spake to each other of what they saw; and feeling and thought were expressed in tones of sorrow. The bereaved parent forgot his own dead child in sympathy for the living and tormented foe. No longer did any exult in what they beheld, but all desired the cessation of the spectacle. Did not I say, Let vengeance make haste, for the time is short! Consider it, and be wise.

What shall be done? A rifle is brought, and a strong arm elevates it, and a keen eye aims it, but the ball falls short of the mark. “Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God,” said the Deacon; “the destroyer cannot die!” Still another attempt is made, and another—for were not the people *human*? Verily, they would even hazard the issue, for peradventure a fortunate shot might terminate the sufferings of the wolf. Are *ye* the men who so lately exulted in his woe? Nevertheless, in vain ye strive—for *the destroyer cannot die!*

The bell again summons to public worship, but the summons is regarded by few. Why shouldst thou enter the sanctuary, and leave thy thoughts and feelings in the open air? Why shouldst thou listen to that which thou canst not hear? Or why shouldst thou elevate thy voice in the psalm, with the wolf-howl ringing in thine ears? Thou canst not do it, unless thou wilt mock God.

And so the sanctuary is well nigh deserted. Not so the streets of the village. Means are devised to release the sufferer—but desire hath not always the means of accomplishment—and all is vain. Put away thy rifle—for powder, and lead, and keen sight, and a strong arm, will avail thee nought. The tapering rope is lost in the light. Dost thou not know that it is held by a hand which thou canst not see? Wilt thou fight against God? Thou canst not slay what he hath quickened into undying life.

Twilight came, and still the wolf was seen struggling and heard howling. Night shut out the sight—but darkness cannot smother sound. And what a night to the people of that village! The wolf howled in his pangs, and the dogs howled in their terror. And shall the people sleep? Some stopped their ears—but they could not smother thought. Children nestled closer to their parents, and sunk into broken slumber—but old men and young men, and matrons and maidens—saints and sinners—preachers and people—toiled through the weary night-watches, and arose unrefreshed at day-dawn, and went forth—and there still hung the destroyer, still struggling, and still sounding the doleful dirge of deathless doom!

Another day—and what a day! The bell will shortly summon you to the sanctuary. Wherefore will ye obey the call? Ye cannot sing the song of praise. Ye cannot hear the pulpit message. Nevertheless, obey the summons. Go one, go all—for haply ye can *pray*. Pray for yourselves and for your children—for will ye sit down patiently and become mad? Ye are feverish with night-watching, and your nerves are not brass. Go therefore to the sanctuary, and pray.

To the sanctuary they repair, and they pray. O how fervently they pray. Even for *the wolf* they pray. “O Lord, it is enough! Merciful Heaven, O how long?” Friends, remember the devastation of the destroyer. Remember the burial scene. Nevertheless, pray—for ye are *human*, and ye have been converted. “O Lord, most merciful! release the sufferer, lest thy people be cut off from the land!” And the wolf’s wild wail sounded fearfully in the still air. “Or if this be not thy will, in great mercy permit the destroyer to die!” But the destroyer still struggled, and the woful howl chilled every heart.

And they went forth from the sanctuary in despair. Sirs, ye may well be solemn in this time of gloom, for it is a solemn and gloomy thing to know that ye are within sight and hearing of an agonizing creature which cannot die!

And so the day waxed till the meridian, and waned till the night-fall; and the people became haggard and grief-worn, and shut

themselves up in their dwellings—but the voice of woe is a penetrating thing. “The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, nor whither it goeth.” But what if thou knowest whence cometh the doleful sound which thou hearest this night? True, thou knowest not whither it goeth, nor what the end thereof shall be,—nevertheless, thou hearest what thou listest not; and thou shalt *think* of it, whether thou wilt hear or forbear.

But, friends, ye are wearied with watching, and ye will sleep. Peradventure ye will dream. Ay, *if* ye sleep, ye *will* dream—and ye will see, and hear, and feel, and think, and pray, and shudder! For are ye not human? and is humanity ever *dead* while soul and spirit cling to the body? And while *ye* sleep, will the poor wolf repose on a bed of flowers? Yes, ye will dream this night—and also *ye* will suffer, and awake in agony.

Another day has dawned, and the same sun has risen, and the same people have gone forth to gaze on the same spectacle. Humanity can bear much—but it cannot bear every thing. A few days ago, there was a burial scene, and there were maledictions on the suspended wolf. But vengeance is swallowed up and lost in sympathy; and the desire now is, that the destroyer may be permitted to die! A small boon, surely—but he *cannot* die—and the people cannot remain to behold him writhing in pain, and to hear the woful wail of a dreadful doom.

And, family by family, they prepare to depart. It is a common impulse. No one asks his neighbor, Why? for every one has the answer in his own heart; nor Whither? for every one feels that he neither knows nor cares, provided he can flee from the awful spectacle. And ere the sunset of a fortnight, they are all far, far away. Only one living creature is in or near the village—and that living creature cannot die!

And grass has sprung up, and nettles, where happy children were wont to play; and desolation covers the long-hallowed scenes of domestic joy. And the wind sweeps mournfully through the dwellings fast falling to decay, bearing with it the doleful howl of the still suspended and still suffering destroyer!

The once happy villagers are scattered far and wide; but they have not forgotten the fearful spectacle, nor any of its circumstances; and when they present themselves at the throne of grace, they remember to pray that the poor wolf may be permitted to die!

—— “Well, and what is the meaning of this improbable story about a doomed wolf?”

First tell me wherein it is improbable, except in the suspension of the destroyer? And is it any more improbable that God

has thus suspended a wolf, and will not grant him the small boon of permission to die, than that he will ever immortalise some of his own offspring, merely that they may suffer undying pangs?

If thou hadst been in that village, wouldst thou not have prayed for the wolf? Verily, if thou hast the heart of humanity, thou wouldst PRAY EVEN FOR THE DEVIL, under such circumstances!

Friend, thy imagination has peopled a gloomy world of endless despair. Suppose, if thou wilt, that a score of those woful sufferers, instead of being wholly out of sight and hearing, were suspended in the heavens, directly over thy dwelling. Thou canst see them writhing in deepest pangs—thou canst hear their continuous wail of despair, tortured as they are in every fibre! Among the number are some of thine own kindred and friends—perhaps thy father, mother, or child!—once happy—now doomed for ever! How long couldst thou stand unmoved? What! already praying for their release?—or, haply, that they may be permitted to die? Even so. And I tell thee, friend, that if thy prayer were long unanswered, thou wouldst curse God in the bitterness of thy heart, and flee from the horrible scene!

But whither wilt thou flee? They follow thee. In the broad glare of day, they are still seen suspended over thy head. In the pale moon-beams, and in the cold star-light, thou shalt still behold their struggles; and thine ears shall ever be filled with their terrific cry! Thou mayest dig a cave and exclude thyself from the day—but thou canst not stifle thought, nor canst thou strangle either memory or imagination! The scene of horror is with thee still, and fearful is the agony of thy soul. Pray God that the doomed may die, or thou wilt soon be mad!

On returning from the Convention, I was greatly pleased to find my good mother at our house. She had visited us in Brooklyn in the autumn of 1844, and now, in the spring of 1846, we were very happy to greet her in Cincinnati.

Mr. Rogers was also in the city. He had been to New England on a missionary tour. Exposure engendered illness with perilous symptoms. The acuteness of disease was removed, but pulmonary consumption was wearing him away. He ventured the homeward route, and when he arrived, about the first of June, the stamp of death was upon him.

Yet he did not seem aware of his situation. Even three weeks later, he talked to me about the cozy house he intended to build for his family in Rossville. He said he was tired of rambling all over the land, and he desired to settle down at home, to dig in his garden through the week, and preach in the vicinity on Sunday.

Never have I heard a more enrapturing description of domestic happiness and rural life, than from the lips of that dying man. It was uttered slowly, with intervals of rest,—and I did not interrupt his strain by any remark. Very loath was I to dim the beautiful vision, but there were many things which must needs be attended to,—the adjustment of his entangled money matters, for example—and I said to him,

“Brother Rogers, you have expressed my own ideal of happiness, and it would please me greatly could I hope that it would become a reality in *your* case. But your next abode, I fear, will be in ‘the narrow house.’”

His sparkling eyes, intent upon me during this utterance, were closed for a profound silence of a minute or two—and then he replied, “You are right, Brother Thomas.”

From that time, all hope of building a house in Rossville, was lost in the more glorious hope of ‘a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.’

With what calmness and clearness he spoke of his burial! He preferred, he said, to be removed some distance from the confusion and bustle of the city, and he had no desire for the publicity of Spring Grove Cemetery. He had thought the whole matter over, he added, and he wished to be buried in the ground adjoining the church in Delhi township. He had many a time wandered over those hills, alone—he had been

instrumental in the erection of that church—and it gave him pleasure, he said, to believe that the birds would sing sweetly around the grave of one who loved them.

The joys of the faith he had proclaimed for so many years, were frequently his topic. Not a cloud was in the heavens—not a shadow on his pathway. The valley of death was radiant by reason of the glory beyond.

At nearly midnight of July 6, 1846, he departed. Brethren Gurley, Bull, and myself, of the ministry, were present. Never had we witnessed so joyous a smile on his usually happy face, as we beheld in the moment of dissolution. His features had previously settled into the seriousness of death, and his eyes were closed. Slowly the lids opened, and his countenance relaxed into a beaming smile, illumined by the black orbs which sparkled in their upward gaze.—Did the body sympathize with the glad spirit in its first glimpse of the purely spiritual life?—Gradually that smile departed—the solemn rigidity of death ensued, and ‘the earthly house of this tabernacle’ was before us, lifeless.

We conveyed it to the quiet burial-ground in Delhi, six miles west of Cincinnati, and deposited it there. I had introduced him into the Universalist ministry, and it fell to my lot to deliver the funeral sermon—the text itself being a commentary on our departed brother. ‘Man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets,’ Eccl. xii. 5.

A pilgrim was *he*, in his mission of Evangelism. His family, as the central point of attraction, could scarcely be regarded as the home of one who was perpetually journeying all over the land. He has gone ‘to his long home’ at last, and while the clods of the valley are sweet unto him, the mourners will go about the streets when the tidings of this day shall be wafted on the sigh-

ing winds. In the cities and villages of this great country, in the woods and prairies, in splendid mansions and in the cabins of the poor, there will be mourners for *him* who came to them with the message of salvation.

—A monumental obelisk was erected over his remains. The inscriptions simply announce *who* reposes there, the date of his birth, and the date of his departure. The language of Acts xx. 24, was added, as the trustful and practical motto of his history.

My mother visited her sisters and their families in Preble county. One of these sisters she had not seen for at least a fourth of a century. The other had been in Pennsylvania once since her removal to Ohio. What a joyous meeting of the three! The question ‘When shall WE THREE meet again?’ was probably in their thoughts when they separated; and the answer could not be hidden from the sisters:

“Oft shall glowing hope expire,—
Oft shall wearied love retire,—
Wide shall death and sorrow reign,—
Ere we three shall meet again.

“When the dreams of life are fled—
When its fading wreathes are dead—
Where immortal spirits reign,
There we ALL shall meet again.”

My mother joined me, by appointment, among our kindred in Springboro’ early in August. Alas that I could take no part in the session of the Miami Association at that time! The maple-grove adjoining the Meeting House was alive with people, and vocal with instruction and prayer and praise. One person only appeared to be wholly mute. How strange it seemed

to me to answer Nay, when the loving brotherhood invited me to preach. My *feeling* responded to theirs—their *judgment* coincided with mine. And so I was silent at an Association, for the first time in my life.

The difficulty was in some way connected with the right lobe of my lungs. Was it the old virus of acclimation? Gradually enlarging for a month, a space the size of a man's hand was hot and sore, and even ordinary conversation distressed me. It almost seemed as if I should appropriate the warning of Elijah,—‘Prepare thy chariot, and get thee down, that the rain stop thee not,’ 1 Kings xviii. 44.

For many weeks succeeding that meeting in Springboro', I seldom attempted to preach, and prudence forbade even that. Medical treatment availed nothing, though demanding extreme excoriation of the entire frontal and lateral chest, for weeks together. Trial of perfect quiet in the country was equally unavailing; and only as winter approached could I attend to my pulpit labors without severe suffering.

Meanwhile my mother had started homeward to Pennsylvania in September, taking Columbiana county, Ohio, in her route, for visitation of kindred. Her first letter expressed how happy she was in social intercourse with friends. Her second announced a severe cold contracted in travelling eastward from Pittsburg. The third was from one of my sisters, expressing little hope. The fourth bore a black seal.

Mrs. ESTHER THOMAS departed this life, in Maiden creek Township, Berks county, Pennsylvania, October 30, 1846, in the 67th year of her age.

What a change from the recent joyous visitation!—Despite the little attention given to eulogy of the departed, by persons who knew them not, my pen must

record a mother's worth, as estimated by those who knew her best. Her children, reared in devoted love, reverentially and gratefully acknowledge their life-long indebtedness. No one could exceed her in the social and sympathetic excellencies of a neighbor or friend. Equanimity of temper and gentleness of manner were blended by the 'charity that seeketh not its own,' and her active life of virtue was crowned by religious trust. She lived beloved and esteemed, and passed in tranquillity to the realm above. Sacred be her memory.

—My term of pastoral engagement expired with October, but the urgency of the Society induced me to renew it for six months longer. In cold, bracing weather my affection did not greatly trouble me—suggesting that it was partly neuralgic—but there was small hope of ability to endure another summer in Cincinnati, as a preacher. The hills which environ the city on three sides, exclude the benefit of the pleasant winds from the east, north, and west, leaving free access only to the humid air from the south. The location cannot be pronounced unhealthy,—it is generally otherwise—but during the summer there is an oppression in the atmosphere which is expressed by the term 'sweltering.' Any one who desires to get away from it, can readily do so by ascending Mill Creek hills on the west. I tested the change, briefly, in the summer of 1846.

The farm of our prosperous friend, John Mottier, is situated a few miles from the city in that direction. In August I accepted an invitation to his hospitalities, with the stipulation that I should not be expected to talk to any body. Ten days were passed in a very unsocial manner on my part. The included Sunday was not spent in the house, you may be sure, for the weather was very fine, but in the woods. My forenoon

rambling brought me within range of singing and shouting—faintly at first, but more distinctly as I walked in the direction of attraction. Its centre was in a negro-cabin in the edge of a neighboring forest—the occasion, public worship. Reaching the door, I sat down on a log, but was cordially invited to enter.

The room was probably twenty feet square, and the audience numbered perhaps twenty-five persons. The preacher was a little old man, jet black, with white hair. He was of the Calvinistic-Baptist order, quite fluent, with the peculiar accent of his race—a manumitted slave from Kentucky. He had sufficient self-possession, thought and imagery, to make him interesting if not instructive to the visiter, on whom he evidently sought to make a favorable impression. I aided him by an occasional nod of approval, when he reached the climax of an argument and looked confidently around him. The white brother's interest, thus signified, increased the vehemence of the preacher.

I am averse to introducing barbarism of orthography, corresponding to his pronunciation, but must needs do so to a small extent. It is impossible to express his manner in print. His topic was 'the perseverance of the saints,' and his arguments and illustrations were probably such as he had heard from the great preachers of his sect.

"Bless de Lord," said he, "de soul may be born agin, and come away from de kingdom of de Debil, and de Debil can never git dat soul back agin, for de Lord takes care of his own. He writes deir names in his book, and de Debil can't git into heaven to blot 'em out. He once was dar, but he will never be dar agin. He has a spite aginst new-born souls, and would blot out deir names if he could; and den de Lord would

look on de black mark, and say, ‘Whar is de names dat I writ in my book? Whar?’ ”

The visiter’s nod of approval encouraged the old saint to amplify.

“And de saints would take up de word, and cry aloud, ‘Whar is de souls dat was born agin? Whar?’—And de angels would cry aloud, ‘Whar is de souls dat was born agin? Whar?’—And away down in de deepest hell de Debil would answer, ‘Here dey is—here!’ And de fallen angels would laugh and shout for de victory. And de saints and angels in heaven would weep—and de saints on earth would groan—and de Lord would hide his face behind de wings of de cherubim!’”

Another nod of approval urged the really eloquent old man to the climax.

“No! De Lord is mighty in battle. He put de Debil out of heaven, and he will keep him out. He can’t come in at de door, for Christ didn’t die for him. He can’t climb over de wall, for de flaming swords are dar. De Lord writes a name down, and it is dar. And de Debil knows he can’t git into heaven to blot it out. And hell groans, and heaven shouts, and de saints and angels cry aloud, Amen! And here in dese woods we will shout Alleluia!’”

The preacher spoke truly of the responsive shouting, excepting as concerning one person in the assembly—and even *he* had part in what followed. “Is white brother a Christian?” said the old man, by way of respectful inquiry.

“I try to be one,” was my answer.

“White brother pray with us?” was the succeeding inquiry of invitation. How *could* I decline, even with a soreness of lung that made me writhe in suffering.

Compliance with the request was an outpouring of desire that we all might lean upon God with the trustfulness of that earnest old man.

Singing closed the meeting, and the strain that went out from that lowly cabin into the dim woods, was surely an acceptable offering to the Being who looks approvingly on every gathering of sincere worshipers.

—Adjoining Mr. Mottier's property, Mr. Gurley had bought a farm of forty-odd acres. The land is rolling and very fertile, there being the attraction of four acres of primitive forest in the south-eastern angle of the premises. At the period to which I allude, there was an ancient, veritable 'log cabin' on the property. I doubt whether Mr. Gurley enjoys himself any better in the commodious house he has since erected, than he and I frequently enjoyed ourselves in that memorial of 'settling in the green woods.'

Our visits were of the exclusive order. We needed neither servants nor cooks, though this might have been doubted by excessively-nice folks, could they have looked in on our culinary operations.—The allusion will be pardoned by those who can appreciate the pleasures and benefit of occasional rustication. With *us*, self-help was an accessory of the enjoyment contemplated, and the enjoyment itself was a preparation for the better discharge of our duties to society. Ah, John, those were happy times!

My own duties, as both preacher and pastor, were discharged with less bodily comfort than I was inclined to make known, during the winter of 1846-'7. The balmy spring, so genial to others, renewed my sad experience of a twelvemonth previously, and I said to the people, 'My chariot will be at the door on the first of May.' It stood there, by urgent solicitation of the So-

ciety, until my successor-elect arrived. I introduced him to the congregation in the opening of June, and seldom has any man been better pleased with any change than *I* was, in passing from the Pulpit to the Pew.

Rev. HENRY JEWELL was my successor. I had assisted at his installation in Lynn, Mass., seven years previously, and knew him to be an earnest worker. Mr. Gurley had known him from first to last, and there was no reason to doubt that their friendship would wax stronger and stronger even unto the end.

It gratified me to be of service to the new pastor and his parishioners in promoting a mutual acquaintance, and they appreciated my interest in that behalf. It was also pleasurable to get away from the bustling city into the quietness of Preble county, among my kindred.

The second generation of the settlers informed me that the neighborhood was more social in the times of their early remembrance than it is now; and they declared, for an additional reason, that ‘the former days were better than these.’ A farmer *then* had but to cross ‘the clearing’ to the edge of the woods to secure a deer in the season, or a wild turkey—and *now*, such game is a rarity in the vicinity. When the population was sparse, all families residing within four miles were considered neighbors; and there were larger social gatherings in the days of only paths through the woods, than there are now in the days of straight high-ways.

It was interesting to hear the people of thirty-five years of age and upwards, rehearse the scenes of ‘bees’ and ‘log-rollings,’ twenty-five years ago. It was a time of mutual help—the earliest settler being excepted, and only *he* because there was no one to help him. The difficulties he encountered, single-handed,

made him generous—and so, when a neighbor settled down in the green woods within three or four miles, the experienced axe was volunteered in a neighborly way. The circle of co-operators thus increased, and in a few years there were enough stout men in the neighborhood, to clear several acres of ground and put up a comfortable log-cabin for ‘the settler,’ in a day. This was called ‘a bee’ or ‘log-rolling,’ and a happy time the mutual-helpers had of it in the green woods.

Notwithstanding such assistance, most of the settlers endured many privations. Usually their funds were exhausted by paying for a fractional part of a section of land—(a section being a square mile, or 640 acres,)—and after much hard work, there must necessarily be waiting for the harvest of the stump-fields. Farm-produce became abundant within a few years, but sad roads, a distant market, and small prices for what the farmer could spare, and high prices for every thing he needed in the way of purchase, combined to perpetuate his difficulties.

Perseverance and rapid settlement of the State removed the evils of former times, yet many of my kindred persisted in affirming that ‘the former days were better than these.’ Was the affirmation akin to the wild charms of a forest-life? or was it the up-rising of social feeling, in blessed remembrance of the good times of mutual help?

On the 5th of August, 1847, the steamboat was in motion that conveyed us from Cincinnati to Pittsburg. As usual at that season of the year, the river was low. I had seen it 50 feet higher, and the highest flood ever known at Cincinnati, was 64 feet above low-water mark. It is (or was) registered on the wall of a store at the

north angle of Main and Water Street. At the date mentioned the river was low and falling. Only the small stern-wheel steamboats ventured the trip, and even these had difficulty to pass certain shallow places.

Never had I felt so much at ease, in my ministerial history, as during that voyage. My wife and children were on board—we had a good state-room—the weather was fine—we were homeward-bound—I had left no responsibilities of any sort behind—and I had no appointments a-head. It mattered little to mine and me, whether we were three days or twenty days on the route.

Another steamboat, about the size of ours, had started up the river a few minutes before us. It was evident from the beginning that there was to be a trial of speed, and this, I confess, was not an agreeable prospect. It was useless to protest, for the Captain protested in advance that ‘he would move along gently.’ But we gradually gained upon and passed our competitor, and *she* in turn passed *us* toward night-fall, while we were ‘wooding.’ The scene that followed is worthy a more descriptive pen than mine.

A balmy night had set in—the hills were clearly defined against a cloudless sky—and the stars looked calmly down on our watery path-way. The stream of sparks ahead of us, left no doubt of a vigorous stirring of the fire beneath, and the quick ‘voices’ of two high-pressure engines gave token of a rapid strife. Danger seemed to be lost sight of in watching the progress of things, notwithstanding the tall iron-chimney of our neighbor was red-hot above the hurricane-deck. Slowly but perceptibly we gained, and when the boats were side by side, our engineer sounded the shrill steam-whistle in triumph—the other responded in acknowledgment

of an honorable defeat—and the two shrieking, screaming steam-ventricles, joined to the high-pressure escape-ments of motive-power, and the fiery trains from the tops of the chimneys, and the huzzas of the passengers, combined to form a terrific scene. And the stars looked calmly (perhaps sorrowfully) down on the foolish strife of speed.

Our boat was fairly a-head—but at day-break we were fast aground on a bar, having missed the channel. A few hours afterwards, our neighbor glided silently past us. Very pleasing it was to observe that no note of triumph was sounded over a rival in tribulation.

We had many river-men as passengers on the lower deck, and never was there a merrier set of fellows. They had sold their rafts, and were now returning with the proceeds and their cables. On one occasion they literally ‘danced all night, till broad day-light.’ The next mid-night I was aroused by the cry of ‘a man over-board!’ He had fallen backwards from the low ‘guards.’ Prompt means of rescue were adopted, but the river-man of Beaver returned to his wife and his children no more. ‘In the midst of life we are in death. To whom shall we look for succor but to *thee*, O Lord!’

Our route from Pittsburg was by Canal and Rail Road. On the ‘Summit’ of the Alleghany Mountain, I drank a cup of water from a spring that flowed to the West, and another from a spring that flowed to the East, and wished health, peace, and prosperity to the brotherhood, ‘from the rising of the sun even to the going down thereof.’

Our journeying was pleasantly retarded by the kindness of kindred by the way. On the first of September we arrived in Pottsville and ‘pitched our tent.’

Here, and for the previous three months, I was an idler—not of choice, be assured. My situation took the NOT out of the necessity laid upon Paul, and I satisfied my yearning to *preach* the gospel by *hearing* it preached. Meanwhile the bracing air of the Schuylkill mountains was ‘excellent medicine,’ and in the latter part of October my companion joined me in a happy visitation to Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Boston, and Lowell.

I can but consider the winter of 1847–’48 a season of idleness. It was not absolutely so, but relatively. I was without the time-occupation of a pastor, but the inward pressure of activity found vent, partly in the printing-establishment of my father-in-law, and partly in jaunts to Reading, Philadelphia, and New-York, where I occasionally preached.

My knowledge of the printing business has been of great service to me in many ways, especially in its associated sense of independence. I have always felt that if my lungs should fail me, my fingers could pick a livelihood out of the type-case.

Valuable indeed is the education of the hands. Had I a thousand children, and were I worth a thousand millions of dollars, not a daughter should inherit a dime of it until she practically learned every branch of house-work from the cellar to the garret—and not a son, until he became proficient in some honorable department of handicraft. It does not follow that *she* must be the sole home-worker, nor that *he* must be life-devoted to a trade. Knowing *how* to do, would be the condition of inheritance, and my blessing should be crowned by the assurance that ‘useful industry is essential to happiness.’

My visits to Reading were the pleasanter because it

was the pastoral residence of Rev. A. B. Grosh. He entered the ministry shortly after I did—was for fourteen years connected with the Utica ‘Magazine and Advocate’—returned to Pennsylvania in 1845, and was happily settled among a people endeared to me by the friendship and love of many years.

In no place in Pennsylvania, excepting Philadelphia, had I so frequently preached as in Reading, and the memoried incidents of my connection with that city are so numerous, that I fear to make a selection. There is one, however, which may lawfully claim insertion by reason of its peculiarity.

There is a document now before me, dated ‘October 28, 1834,’ which contains the signatures of fifteen persons as applicants for membership with the Universalist Church in Reading. On the back of the paper I find the sketch of a sermon, written with a pencil. It was delivered soon after the time above noted. The precise day may readily be ascertained. It was on Sunday. I preached in the forenoon, reminded the people of the predicted eclipse of that day, and invited their attendance in the afternoon to hear a discourse on the subject.

The text was chosen in Luke xxi. 25: ‘There shall be signs in the sun.’ The use of bold metaphors by the Old Testament writers was first illustrated, and then the context was quoted as a New Testament example. Allusion to the eclipse ensued, and the text was appropriated as follows:

I. There were ‘signs in the sun’ of the wonderful capabilities of the human mind. Astronomical science is not a matter of special revelation. From the simplest elements of knowledge acquired by observation, man travelled into the sublime demonstrations of Mathematics, and accidental discovery gradually led to the construction of the Telescope. By these combined

agencies, and calculations of marvelous exactness, the eclipse of this day was foretold. What a wonderful thing is the human mind!

II. There were 'signs in the sun' of the existence and power of God. Man merely *discovers* the properties and relations of matter: those properties and relations proclaim a *Creator*. Thrown from his hand, the planets would fly into fathomless space were it not for the check-force of his mighty law. Each, revolving on its own axis, travels in an appointed orbit, and all suns and systems revolve around *Him*. 'When I consider thy heavens . . . what is man that thou art mindful of him!'

III. There were 'signs in the sun' of the perfection of God's work. *His* work, and his alone, is perfect. Means are so nicely adjusted to ends, and the order of the universe is so exact, that Astronomers may predict an eclipse a thousand years in the future of time, or map the relations of the planets a thousand years in the past. 'Great and manifold are thy works, O Lord; in wisdom hast thou made them all.'

IV. There were 'signs in the sun' of the glory of God. Dwelling in the midst of light, he can be seen only 'through a glass darkly;' and should his glory be sometimes wholly eclipsed to the vision of Sight, Faith hearkens and rejoices: 'In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment, but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer.'

V. There were 'signs in the sun' of advancement among men. When the sun is darkened, Ignorance trembles, but Knowledge rejoices, for even such darkening demonstrates the perfections of the Creator. The Pagan prostrates himself in blind devotion: let the Christian bow in devotional trust. Consider, O man, the wisdom of God and the capabilities of mind, as illustrated this day, and remember that one soul is of more value than a thousand worlds. Endless progression of the race shall verify the testimony, that 'the glory of the Lord shall endure for ever; the Lord shall rejoice in his works.'

The sketch of that 'eclipse sermon' was one of the 'skeletons' alluded to in the close of Chapter VI. I have several times clothed it with flesh and skin, and the Lord, in graciously breathing upon it, has always revived 'the good old times' in Reading.

Similar retrospection was largely indulged during my winter of idleness in Pottsville. No one will be surprised that memory should be aided by my collection of 'dry bones.' Memoranda of dates and localities, on sermons or sketches of sermons, are among the most interesting records of a clergyman's life. At such a time, and in such a place, he preached at the dedication of a church, or at the ordination or installation of a brother minister, or at an Association or Convention. Intermediate events are lost in the vividness of thought-vision, and a crowd of people is before him, again. Familiar faces smile upon him, and soul-sunshine is seen in every countenance.—The scene changes, and he is again at a burial. He beholds the weeds of woe, and is subdued into deep solemnity. The tears of the mourners are flowing afresh, and the sighs that come up from aching hearts are re-echoed in his own.

O joyful Past! let me recall thy sunshine by recollections of kindred and friends. O sorrowful Past! let me recall thy shadows by associations of cordial sympathy. Only the dead bury their dead in forgetfulness. Thy dead men, O Past! shall live in memory; together with *my* dead body shall they arise. Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust!

That winter of quietness among the Schuylkill mountains so re-invigorated my system, that the opening of the spring did not distress me. The pastoral charge of the First Church in Philadelphia, vacated by resignation, was tendered to me in the most cordial manner, and I resumed my stated ministerial life on the 1st of June, 1848.

CHAPTER X.

Re-settlement in Philadelphia—Changes and Memories—‘The old oak’—Dials—Visit to Pine Barrens—Scenes of recognition—My ‘wig-wam’—Rev. A. B. Grosh—Callowhill-st. Church—Visit to northern Pennsylvania—Beauteous spring-time—My opinion of city-preachers—‘Meeting of the Waters’—‘The Narrows’—Lycoming valley—Rock Run—Death of Rev. James M. Cook—Papal Controversy—Domestic Bereavement—‘Lord, bless my brothers’—Susquehanna county—Seneca Lake—Niagara Falls—Rochester—An incident of ’37—Epistle to Rev. Hosea Ballou—Matin and Vesper Bells—General Convention—Universalism—‘Don’t look into the Bible’—Visit to Iranistan—Mission to England.

IN returning to Philadelphia I was *not* ‘turned around on the steamboat.’ Reason and Feeling had a serious conflict nine years before, but now they were in harmony, and the fibres of friendship which bound me to intermediate localities, were united in ‘the city of brotherly love.’

All the changes in the Society, during my absence, were known to me, but in my re-settlement as Pastor, it was natural that memory should bring them before me in review. I shall not here record the many incidents baptized by my tears in the recollection, yet there are special reasons why I should devote a few lines to two venerable friends who had passed away. They constituted the committee to solicit the withdrawal of my letter of resignation. They had been fathers to me. In both their families I had been closely intimate from my earliest ministry. The one succeeded the other as Moderator of the church, and both were now in the congregation of the redeemed.

JOSEPH BURDEN departed this life in September 1841, in the 72d year of his age. *His* was the first Universalist family in Philadelphia with which I became acquainted. He was a man of remarkable equanimity, and continuously fulfilled the condition of the encomium, that ‘the hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness.’

ELIJAH DALLETT departed this life in June 1847, in the 70th year of his age. For more than 35 years he had been the volunteer ‘alto’ of the church-choir, and was seldom absent—thus exemplifying alike his fondness for *music* and his devotion to *Universalism*. He was distinguished in the practical department of each, and his character was crowned by proverbial cheerfulness and integrity. Never have I known a man who, in every relation of life, was more worthy of unqualified esteem.

Other excellent people, the departed fathers and mothers of the church, also came up familiarly before me, and I thought they smiled upon me in my return to the ancient tabernacle. And as I sat in the pulpit one afternoon, alone, in the silence befitting solemnity of meditation, I closed my eyes and saw all the departed in their seats, in ‘the dim religious light’ of their cherished sanctuary. Only the departed were there, and I bowed down in that worshipful assembly, and wept. And one after another came to me, and laid a gentle hand upon my head, and blessed me in the loving voice of the years gone by.

The vision passed, and I arose and said, ‘How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!’

That tabernacle was none the less amiable in my sight when I looked over the congregation of the living. With few exceptions the countenances were familiar to

N.B. The people, generally, were either olden friends or their children grown to maturity, and it was certainly a singular fact, considering the changes of the world, that all the then officers of the church, fourteen in number, were devoted to its interests during my former pastoral charge.

It must be confessed that a few of the members were not so attached to the tabernacle as others were. They desired to sell it to whomsoever would buy, and build elsewhere, and a formal vote to that effect had been passed in 1845. Nothing however was done beyond inquiry for another location, and ‘the sober second thought’ of the large majority afterwards reversed the decision. I approved that reversal—certainly not because of veneration for material things, albeit there is some reason and more nature in the sentiment of the favorite song,

“Woodman! spare that tree; touch not a single bough:
In youth it sheltered ME, and I’ll protect it now.”

There is also somewhat of religion in the sentiment, and I do not envy the man who can see life-long associations broken up without a pang. There may indeed be circumstances which would justify an overruling of the feeling to which that song so touchingly appeals, but such circumstances did not exist in the case alluded to. That ‘old oak,’ planted in 1793, had weathered many a hard winter. Mighty winds sometimes nearly up-rooted it—but it revived in the Lord’s sun-shine, and invited the weary to its welcome shade. Plant as many trees elsewhere as you please, and let as many resort to their shelter as please—‘but let that old oak stand.’ If the time shall ever arrive when its shade is not needed, it will perish.

Of late years I had done little in the missionary way. To do still less hereafter, while under pastoral engagement, was a determination of prudence, not of coldness. There was necessity at home for all the time and energy I could devote beyond the immediate circle of my duties—for the Callowhill Street Church was closed, the Kensington Church was seriously embarrassed, and both were in imminent danger of passing into other hands. They were severally redeemed from peril in due season. My instrumentality was gratefully acknowledged, and I hope Rev. J. W. M'MASTER pleausably remembers his earnest and self-sacrificing co-operation in Kensington. He was my pastor in Pottsville during my winter of idleness. Four years of industry have since elapsed, and I greet him this day in happy recollection.

Those years of industry have also been years of enjoyment, with such occasional alternations of sorrow as occur in the history of every family. Fidelity requires me to add, that some unpleasant events of a peculiar character transpired in Philadelphia in the early periods of my re-settlement. They originated in evils of long standing, and shall not be recorded in these pages. My book would not indeed be a faithful narrative if, like the dial, it indicated only the hours of sunshine; but I am not disposed to register the black clouds that darken the dials of others, even when the edges incidentally interpose between the sun and mine.

In the remainder of this volume I shall probably find it difficult to interest the reader, outside the circle of personal friendship. Indisposition, in both senses of the word, has excluded me from the exciting abroad-scenes of former years, and 'the even tenor of my way'

in the scope of my pastoral duties, has presented no matter for special record. There is also the consideration, that my Pen has almost overtaken Time. The Past loses its enchantment in its closeness to the Present. History and Memory, in a certain sense, must soon give place to Prophecy and Hope. Nevertheless there are a few intermediate incidents, most of which I recall with pleasure.

In the early part of November, 1849, I visited the Pine Barrens of York. My anxiety had been in that direction for many years, but the fourth of a century rolled around ere I was gratified by re-beholding the localities of my boy-hood Pedagogue experience.

I crossed the Susquehanna at Columbia, early in the morning. It was in delicious 'Indian Summer.' There is a dam a few hundred yards below the bridge, for the benefit of the Tide Water Canal on the western side. The rocks which formerly broke the water into ripples and currents, were hidden by the deep, tranquil river, and its surface appeared to be as smooth as glass, downward toward the dam, and upward toward Marietta. The ruggedness of the hills was screened by the peculiar haze of the season, and the bushes and trees bore the variegated tinge so characteristic of an American forest in autumn. The atmosphere was bland—my thoughts were solemn, both by sympathy with the scenery and in remembrance of its early associations—and yet that solemnity was little else than meditative joy.

Arriving in York at an early hour, I started on foot along the route I had thus traversed more than twenty-five years before, 'seeking my fortune.' For six months I had walked over that route, nearly every First-day, to attend Quaker Meeting in York. After many ups and downs, I was walking over that route again.

Excepting two or three new houses, every object by the way was familiar, until I reached the point where we formerly left the turn-pike and turned into a beaten path through the woods, toward the farm on which my uncle then resided. The trees had been cut away, and a stranger was plowing in the field. Crossing the fence, I approached him. Explanation of my errand was followed by frank invitation to the house, and *that* was peopled again, in memory, by the kindred who welcomed and loved me in my youth. They are scattered far in the west.

My 'wig-wam' was a mile distant, southward. Having learned the history of the neighborhood, I crossed the fields to the farm of my eldest scholar, who was about four years my senior. As I entered the yard, the dogs rushed toward me as an intruder, but the owner promptly appeared on the piazza and called them back. He was worn with labor, and his hair was very gray, but I readily recognized him. The ordinary salutations being exchanged, I said to him, "Do you wish to hire a farm hand?"

He scanned me doubtingly, but responded, "What kind of farm-work can you do?"

"I can do any thing you will set me at," I replied.

Still closer became his observation of my countenance, hands, and reasonably good clothing, but he queried in the same strain as before, "Are you seeking employment?"

"That is what I have asked you for," said I, "and yet you hesitate to give me a few days' work. I did not expect such hesitancy of *you*, John Strebig."

"You seem to know me," he replied.

"Certainly I do," I rejoined, "and yet you seem determined not to know *me*. Look at me in the face,

and think back five years, or ten, if it suits you better. You married Harriet Day."

The farmer called his wife, and a son of twenty, and a niece of about the same age—but there was no recognition of the visiter.

"Look back fifteen years—or twenty—or twenty-five. Can you not remember me now?"

The puzzled family were still in the dark—but a single allusion of mine to an incident in which the farmer and I had shared, instantly lighted up his memory, and forthwith I was in the midst of hearty friends! "You shall not have a day's work on my farm," said he, in all the warmth of youthful companionship, "but you shall be our welcome guest."

O blessed Youth! with its generous impulses, undimmed and unchilled by the selfishness of life! O blessed Memory! rushing back through all scenes of time, and opening the fountains of generosity afresh!

—From house to house I passed, spending a brief space at each, and my scholars importuned me to come back to the Pine Barrens, and teach their children! They had never had such a school as mine was—they had talked about me very often—they did not know what had become of me—and I *must* come back!—Ah, friends, you do not know how richly you are paying me now, for the illy-paid labors of twenty-five years ago.

I saw a man in 'a clearing,' a short distance from one of the houses at which I stopped, and learned his name. He was the youngest of my pupils—the one whose leg was caught under the window at the 'barring out.' Passing to the fence at the point nearest to his operations, I called to him, and forthwith he left a 'brush-heap' on fire, and came to me.

"William Connelly, do you remember me?" said I.

He looked at me very closely, and replied that he could not recollect having seen me before.

“You should certainly be able to remember five years back—or ten—or fifteen—or twenty,” said I, with lengthened pauses, his eyes meanwhile observing me narrowly as he leaned on the iron rake in his hand.

“Twenty years ago I was only thirteen—and I have no remembrance of having ever seen you,” said he, in perplexity.

“Perhaps your memory may be clearer if I grant you twenty-five years,” said I, with an unmoved countenance.

“That is worse still,” he replied. “I was only eight years of age, twenty-five years ago.”

“Did you go to school”——

Quick as a flash he dropped the rake, grasped both my hands across the fence, and exclaimed, “Thank God, I see my Teacher’s face again!” The tears of joy were in his eyes, and they glistened while he talked rapidly of how often he had thought of me, and how glad he would be to send his children to my school, if I would only come back!

“Do you remember,” he added, “how we barred you out on St. Valentine’s Day?”

“And do *you* remember,” said I, “*whose* leg it was I got hold of as the scamps were tumbling in at the window?”

—A new school-house had been erected in the edge of a neighboring grove, and my ancient ‘wigwam’ was now occupied as a dwelling by one of my scholars and his family. I sat down where my table had stood, and my pupils were again before me, in vivid vision of memory. And my worthy friend, Robert Hammersly, long ago departed, was with me in social converse, renewed.

Other pleasant faces looked in upon me in the evening, and the room was decorated with evergreen. One by one the people went out at the door, each pressing my hand,—and I was alone in the Pine Barrens. The Sea of Life! how its memoried waves rolled over me!

Pardon me, if these reminiscences be out of place in this book. Time's shuttle has woven them into that 'drapery of my couch' which I hope at last to 'wrap around me, and lie down to pleasant dreams.'

On my removal from that region to Marietta, the first person with whom I became acquainted was Aaron B. Grosh. On my return to Philadelphia from the visitation above recorded, an invitation awaited me to attend the funeral of his worthy companion. She had tranquilly passed to her rest, sustained by the faith which she had long cherished in her heart and exemplified in her life.

Mr. Grosh had been happily situated in Reading for several years, but his bereavement inclined him to a change of location. In the close of 1849, he accepted an unanimous invitation to the charge of the Callowhill Street Church in Philadelphia.* And thus, after the thither and hither journeyings of many years, we were pastoral yoke-fellows in the metropolis of our native State. Not a link in the golden chain of our friendship had ever been disturbed or dimmed, and proximity of residence was a matter of mutual congratulation.

I could not unreservedly congratulate him on his new position. There had been no pastor in that station for

* His successor in Reading was Rev. JAMES SHRIGLEY. The meeting-house was thoroughly re-modelled in the autumn of 1850, and all the interests of the Society are in a prosperous condition.

the preceding two years. The meeting-house had been closed for more than fifteen months, and was but recently opened by an effort that tested the over-taxed generosity of a few friends. Some of the people were permanently alienated by various causes, others were coldly indifferent, and it required no little faith in the steadfast believers to undertake the work of renewal.

It was nevertheless attempted under the ministry of Mr. Grosh. The connexion was a successful one, considering antecedent circumstances. The people became strongly attached to the pastor and he to them, but he yearned for a settlement of less embarrassment, and removed to Fort Plain, N. Y., in the autumn of 1851. He was succeeded in Philadelphia by Rev. N. Doolittle, who is the tenth pastor of that Church in its history of twenty-seven years. Rev. Stephen R. Smith was the second, and *his* term was the average. Let us hope that the present connexion, so happily commenced, may be of long duration.

The facts of the preceding paragraph are here anticipated to avoid recurrence to the subject in these pages. Returning to my narrative (having respect to the order of time,) I must give a brief account of a recreative trip in the spring of 1850.

Athens, in northern Pennsylvania, was the first point of destination, to attend a session of our State Convention. The speediest route was by way of New-York and the Erie Rail Road. Two worthy young friends accompanied me, and we helped each other to enjoy the pleasant weather of the close of May. How delightful it was to get away from the din of our own city and from the greater din of 'Gotham!' How refreshing to roam in the ornamented grounds in the eastern section of the village of Goshen!

It was beauteous spring-time. The balmy air, whispering among the leaves overhead and through the white lilac bushes on every hand, seemed playing a low accompaniment to the whistling of the birds. Great elms overhung the carriage-way—the curving foot-paths were fringed with early flowers—and we fancied that the glad earth was breathing a hymn through the red tulips—a hymn of gratitude to the genial sun. How pleasant it would be, in the evening of life, to settle down into harmony with such a scene! But it was only morning as yet with my companions, and only noon with me; and a Locomotive shortly disturbed our sentimental dreamings, by whirling us through the world at forty miles an hour.

The speed was vastly greater than we relished, in passing the Delaware section of the Erie Rail Road. The route was new to us, and so continued to be, excepting the general impression of rapid curves among rugged hills, along a live river. But what a scene was opened to us after crossing ‘the summit!’ On the north, the Susquehanna flowed tranquilly through a green valley, and high above it, on the south, the great train of cars went booming over a deep gulf by a long stone-arch-viaduct. Nature had decidedly the advantage in the beautiful river, but Art was triumphant in that ‘giants’ causeway.’

At Athens, we met as social a band of believers, residents and visitors, as ever congregated, and we felt that the session of our Convention could not be otherwise than a happy one.

Our meetings for worship on Wednesday were held in the Academy on the green. It was crowded, and I preferred a station outside, near one of the windows. Inviting the co-operation of a genteel countryman—a

farmer, I presumed—we drew a wagon to the desired location in the shade of the house, and took our seats in full view of the preacher's stand. The services had not yet been commenced.

"I have been told that there is quite a number of ministers present," said my neighbor, to the stranger by his side.

"Yes; I have heard the number stated at ten or twelve," said I.

"I hear that Thomas is among them," he continued—adding a more complimentary report concerning me than truth would warrant or modesty record.

"Some people think so, I suppose," was my reply; "but I have learned to question the large accounts we sometimes hear of city preachers. I suspect that country preachers have quite as much talent, and are quite as useful, though they are not so extensively known. Thomas may be as smart as other men, but in my opinion the people will be disappointed if they expect him to do any great thing."

"Well, that's *my* opinion, too," responded my friend in a thoughtful tone.

Our attention was now attracted by the services. After the congregation was dismissed, we separated, and I did not see my neighbor again, so as to recognize him. Friends who saw us in the wagon together, told me his name, and I told *them* the incident. He probably recognized me in the afternoon of the next day, at our meeting in the Locust Grove; and the sermon, I have no doubt, confirmed his opinion. I should be glad to meet him again.

From Athens down the river was the chosen direction of my journeying. The rocky eminence at the 'Narrows,' immediately below the junction of the Che-

mung and the Susquehanna, affords one of the most enchanting prospects conceivable. Col. Gordon F. Mason, to whom I was indebted for conveyance, stopped his carriage at this point, and as I looked upon the 'meeting of the waters,' the sentiment of the 'Vale of Avoca' arose from my heart to my lips.

Several of the stanzas found musical expression, in an humble way; and I thought the tones of a voice that had been broken by long service, were mellowed into acceptance by the harmonies of the scene. Perhaps it was only so in my own feeling. Certainly the weeping of a widow-lady in our carriage wakened me to reflection on the power of words, and especially on the value of words fitly spoken. The bitterness of recent bereavement had indeed been recalled, and she wept; but faith unveiled the re-union of kindred spirits, as in the peaceful meeting of the waters—and her heart was relieved and refreshed by the overflowing of tears.

I deserved no thanks for this result, because there was no intention in the case—nevertheless the incident has probably recorded me pleasantly in the life-long memories of a soul that needed consolation. The connexions of this thought may be of service to us all, for there are difficult passages in the life of each.

The 'Narrows' furnished a fitting symbol, by way of illustration. High above the river, a narrow road had been cut, the sharp hill on our left sloping very sharply to the water on our right; and if two vehicles should meet, and the parties desired to pass safely, kind words and mutual help would alike be necessary. It is a frightful place to the inexperienced, but I should be glad to pass it again in the same goodly company,—there being the additional reason that the road shortly opens into the beautiful valley of Sheshequin.

I spent a day very pleasantly in the society of Rev. S. J. Gibson and his model 'minister's-wife,' and then passed through another 'Narrows' to Towanda, in social converse with George Sanderson, Esq. Our friendship was of many years' standing, though we had not met for a long time. I was pleased to find him so pleasantly situated, especially as he still maintains that 'the Law is not against the Promises.'

One of my companions went northward from Sheshequin. Being joined by the other, we traced Towanda valley to Monroeton, and found a cordial welcome in the house of Col. Mason. He has been a land-surveyor from his youth, and no man in northern Pennsylvania is better known or more highly esteemed than he. He besought us to remain, and it was difficult to break away from the social and scenic attractions of the neighborhood; but I had promised my lungs a holiday, and so we journeyed westward to Canton Corners, tracing the Towanda Creek. Even when we turned, at that point, to the southward, we faced the flowing of that stream, and we left it only at its source. A few paces distant is the source of the Lycoming. We followed the latter along the surveyed-route of the Williamsport and Elmira Rail Road, and reached Ralston in the evening.

For twenty-two months I had been absent from my parish only two Sundays, besides infrequent inter-exchanges of pulpit service; and a week of recreation amidst the rugged scenery of Lycoming, could hardly be considered an unreasonable claim. That space included one Sunday, passed by my friend and myself in quiet rambling along the creek. Keen heretic-hunters in northern Pennsylvania afterwards announced, in print, that two Universalist preachers had been in Luzerne county, fishing on the Sabbath! It would not

have been a falsehood, had fishing been imputed to a 'fisher of men' and his friend, on the preceding three or four days—for we certainly had been angling. Whatever those heretic-hunters might have thought of the sin of catching, they would have relished the brook-trout when caught—even though cooked on a rock, three or four miles up 'Rock Run.'

This tributary of the Lycoming flows and tumbles down a gorge on the east of Ralston. Mountains, clothed with forest trees, among which the towering Hemlock is pre-eminent, slope sharply to the rapid, cold, crystal stream, which in some places rushes like a mill-race in a steep, narrow, rocky channel, and rests below in a deep eddy of more than twenty feet in diameter. Red Run, on the west of Ralston, is even more picturesque than Rock Run, there being a number of cascades.

Our recreative journey of three weeks is of small account in the narration, but its pleasantness served as a preparation for important duties at home and abroad. Chiefly the latter, during two months of the summer—for our ancient meeting-house, sadly out of repair at the date of my re-settlement, was being improved and re-fitted at a liberal expenditure. It was re-opened for public worship in the early part of October.

In August preceding I was called to Baltimore to attend the funeral of a prominent Universalist—the pastor of the Society, Rev. JAMES M. COOK, being ill. I had no previous acquaintance with him, and it grieved me to be convinced (as I was at our first interview) that he could not recover. A consulting physician was sent for, and *his* opinion excluded all hope. Very sad was the duty devolving upon me, to announce to a husband and father that his wife would shortly be a widow

and his children orphans—but he heard the tidings with the trustful spirit of a Christian. And when I desired to know how his ministry appeared to him, in view of eternity, he replied, “The doctrine I have preached, and loved, has always been the chief theme of my heart. It *is* so *now*—it will be so in death—and in heaven for evermore.”

I was not present at his departure, but many witnesses looked into heaven when he passed away. Death was swallowed up in victory. In the clearness of faith-vision, the realm of immortality was but the scene of perpetual revelation of the love of God, with no cloud to cast a shadow, no darkness to dim the glory of eternal day.

Mr. Cook’s earthly mission, in person, was ended at the age of 32 years. Much successful labor was crowded into his brief ministerial history. His moral worthiness was unreservedly testified wherever he was known; and in the funeral services I endeavored to exemplify *his* delight, by the ministrations of The Comforter, even the Spirit of Truth.

Early in the ensuing winter, my attention was attracted by two lectures on the Papal Controversy, delivered in November. The first of these was by Rev. John Hughes, Roman Catholic Bishop of New-York, entitled ‘Decline of Protestantism and its Cause.’ The second was an Answer by Rev. Joseph F. Berg, a distinguished German Reformed clergyman of Philadelphia. Both were published. Examination satisfied me that Roman Catholicism and Orthodox Protestantism are established on the same principle—the one condemning private judgment, and the other restricting it. Once grant the right to restrict, as vested in any church, or as claimed or implied in any way, and there appeared to

be no limit to its exercise. Its concession was therefore a tacit admission of the principle contended for by the Papacy.

Deeming the question important and interesting, I delivered several lectures in my church, in review of both disputants, as aforesaid. They were largely attended in the delivery, and were immediately embodied and published, with the title of *THE TRIANGLE*—meaning, merely, that the controversy might be expressed by that symbol—the true Protestant Principle, namely, the unrestricted right of private judgment, being *my* position.

Mr. Berg replied in a testy pamphlet, entitled *The Trapezium*, in which he sought to identify that position with many naughty things, meanwhile involving himself more deeply in the Papal Principle. My rejoinder was intended as a *Dissection* of the uncouth yet appropriate symbol of his argument.*

I had many proofs that my labors on this subject were not in vain, and was sensible of individual improvement by the requisite study. This also prepared me for another branch of the controversy, namely, as regards the agency of the Papal institution in furtherance of Civilization. This theme was discussed in Philadelphia, affirmatively, by O. A. Brownson of Boston, in the latter part of January, 1851. In February, I issued a Review of his four lectures.

These publications are here mentioned in connection.

* In March, 1852, Mr. Berg delivered his valedictory to the *German Reformed Church*, for the reason (I was informed) that there is more Popery in its government than he relishes. He has certainly taken a very great stride in the direction of the Protestant Principle, for he has passed to the communion of the *Dutch Reformed Church*!

No one excepting ourselves can know the intermediate sorrow of our house. During December, our three children, all boys, were ill of scarlet fever; and after twenty-four days of affliction, one of them was taken away on the 4th of January, 1851. With aching hearts we followed him to the burial-ground, and laid him in the bosom of earth beneath a covering of snow.

ALBERT PALMER THOMAS.

THE grounds that Spring will shortly clothe in green,
 And Summer deck with flowers of rarest dye,
 Are cheerless now, though clad in snowy sheen,
 And bleak the wind that howls and hurries by.
 And here are laid in Nature's pulseless heart,
 The loved of earth departed in the flesh,
 And friends unveil, by burning tears which start,
 That *our* wounds bleeding, open *theirs* afresh.

How changed to me are all the scenes of earth!
 Late, all was joyous—for I love the shout
 Of Nature's gladness. When is wandering forth
 Her pealing anthem, all my soul is out
 On the wide wind-wings, and my heart is stirred
 To join the chorus, and to cry "all hail!"
 But midst its chords a woe-strain now is heard,
 Subduing all to solemn dirge and wail.

For *he* is gone; and lately radiant sky,
 With clouds and darkness gloomily o'ercast,
 Throws all in shadow where our footsteps lie—
 And O how cold the fitful, moaning blast!
 For *he* is gone; and in that darkling thought,
 Night seems to shroud and triumph over all.
 Alas that earth, with gorgeous beauty fraught,
 Should be Golgotha, made Death's banquet hall!

The aged head, all whitened as the snow,
 Ere long will bow in silence to the dust,
 And kindred utter, as the balm of woe,
 "The young *may* die; we know the aged *must*."

Balm not for *us*. Within our darkened room
 A *child-soul* left us at the dawn of day;
 And *all that died*, within this vaulted tomb,
 With aching hearts we hither come to lay.

O we have wept as one was wont to weep
 By flowing streams for Zion's glory gone,
 That like the dreamings of a peaceful sleep,
 Our brightest vision perished with the dawn.
 Yet at that dawn another dawn we saw
 Beyond the changings of the night to day,
 And felt the heart-chain closer still to draw,
 In one new link of spirit passed away.

O blessed heart-chain, binding us in Time
 In one bright circle, broken now and dim!
 How *that one link* completes the chain sublime,
 Reaching from earth to holiness and *him*!
 Oh noble son! in spirit newly born,
 Late veiled in flesh, an angel from above!
 Our death to life, our night shall change to morn,
 With *thee*, our treasure, in the Land of Love.

There is subdued sun-shine in this trustful anticipation. There is sun-shine also in memory, streaming occasionally through rifts in the dark cloud of bereavement. An incident in illustration was furnished by our sympathetic brother, Rev. MOSES BALLOU. He visited us in the spring of 1850, accompanied by his wife and only son. After their return to Bridgport, the lad thus closed his evening prayer: 'Lord bless me and make me a good boy. Bless my dear ma, and pa, and brothers, and every body in the world.'

"Why do you pray for your brothers?" said the father. "You have no brothers, my son."

"Why, pa," replied the child, "that is my Philadelphia prayer."

The mystery was explained. During the visit referred to, he had knelt with our boys, who always

prayed in unison in that form of expression, and had joined in their petitions; and when he returned to Bridgport he continued to pray *for his brothers*.

“And so,” said the father, “when you think of ‘Our Father in heaven,’ you remember Mr. T.’s little boys, and pray God to bless your brothers.”

“Yes, pa,” responded the child; and he fell asleep with the love of his brothers in his heart, and the angels watched over his pillow and talked of the beauty and excellency of brotherly love.

Our youngest son now kneels where the departed knelt, and every evening each of the two visible ones prays for his brothers; and the invisible one still prays, “Lord bless my dear ma, and pa, and brothers, and every body in the world.”*

In the close of May, my wife accompanied me on a long-contemplated visit to Niagara Falls. The scenic, social, and religious attractions of our entire journey were of the most pleasing order, and served, in some sort, as a relief from sorrowful associations.

We attended the session of the Pennsylvania Convention in Brooklyn, Susquehanna county. I had preached in that town in the cold autumn of 1832, and now in the bland spring of 1851 there were cordial expressions of remembrance. But many of the fathers and mothers who greeted me more than eighteen years before, were sleeping in ‘the old kirk yard,’ and our venerable host, Col. F. Bailey, was laid in their midst within five months after bidding us a fatherly farewell. His exemplary life is crowned by a blessed memory.

* ABNER CHARLES THOMAS, born in Brooklyn, N. Y., Jan. 3, 1844.

ALBERT PALMER THOMAS, born in Pottsville, Pa., Sep. 9, 1846.

FRANK HORACE THOMAS, born in Pottsville, Pa., July 11, 1848.

We spent a day with a worthy brother in Dimock, and two days (including Sunday) in Montrose. Thence passing by way of Great Bend, Binghampton, and Elmira to Geneva, we had the pleasure of a few hours on Seneca Lake. If a more beautiful sheet of water of thirty-odd miles in length, by a mile or two in width, any where exists, we should be very glad to behold it. The village of Geneva is situated on the western side of its northern extremity. In respect of fine buildings and ornamental grounds, the wide street parallel with and overlooking the lake, is one of the most attractive I have ever seen.

We attended the session of the Ontario Association. I trust it will not be invidious if I mention only Rev. JOHN M. AUSTIN among the ministers present. We were both printers in early life; and the 'Christian Ambassador,' of which he is now editor, is a continuation of the 'Christian Messenger,' with which I was formerly connected in a similar capacity.—Besides his eminent editorial and clerical qualifications, I consider him the best type of a press-man for subscribers that I have ever seen. I hope he will never be 'battered.' The 'form' itself is so 'locked up' in 'the chase' of denominational interest that it cannot easily be 'squabbled.' His case could not be plainer, and he always makes a good impression, which is certainly a token of his ability.

From Geneva we passed on through Rochester and Buffalo to Niagara Falls. I might perhaps describe the wonder-works of man on this route, but it would be worse than useless for me to attempt a description of the turning-point of our journey, the perpetually flowing wonder-work of the Creator. I had visited it fourteen years before, and could observe only two changes.

The greater part of Table Rock had fallen into the chasm, but the Rainbow was still there, in its everlasting illustration of the perfections of God. The centre of the Horse Shoe Fall had been broken into an acute angle, but the Lunar-bow that spanned it in the solemnity of midnight, testified the changeless shining of the invisible Sun.

I have frequently regretted the lack of poetical elements in my organization—or rather, my lack of poetical expression. Very keenly do I appreciate the beauty and force of analogies and imagery, and my soul looks out upon the glories and grandeur of nature with a kindling sentiment of devotional awe—but my tongue and pen are usually swayed by the plainest matter-of-fact forms of thought and language. There is compensation somewhere, I suppose; but when I behold such scenes as Niagara, I regret my incompetency to convey to others the impressions made upon my own mind.

We crossed the river on the Wire Bridge,* a mile or so below the Falls. How different from the river-crossing of my early life! Then, all vision of danger beneath and of glory above was excluded by the enclosed and covered passage-way, and I was troubled only by the apparent difficulty of getting through the narrow opening at the farther end. Now, straight-forward all was open, and the radiant sky saluted us with a heavenly smile, but the wire cob-web on either hand permitted vision of the terrific torrent beneath. The giddiness of an elevation of two hundred and thirty feet, was increased by the thought, that the whirling

* The architect, CHARLES ELLET, Jr. is of a distinguished Universalist stock, dating in 1790. His parents united with the Lombard Street church in 1807, and his widow-mother, Mrs. MARY ELLET, is now the eldest living member.

foam was scarcely mid-way between the airy structure and the solemn depths of the raging waters.

Description fails me, and I must not do injustice to my vivid remembrance of Niagara by multiplying words.

On our home-ward route we stopped two days (including Sunday) in Rochester, and had an opportunity to view the upper Falls of the Genessee. It was here the foolishly-celebrated Sam Patch finally illustrated that 'some things can be done as well as others'—that is, a man may drown as well as dive.

It pleased me greatly to see and preach in a noble illustration of the uncouthly-expressed sentiment, in its best sense. I refer to the symmetrical and otherwise attractive Universalist Meeting-house. Considering the unpromising condition of things in Rochester, a few years previously, it was truly surprising that there should now be in that city a beautiful Gospel Temple, filled with devout worshipers on the Lord's Day.—The key of interpretation is in the fact, that Rev. G. W. MONTGOMERY as Church Pastor, Mr. GEORGE H. ROBERTS as Sunday School Pastor, and earnest co-operators, had been at work in Rochester.

My first interview with Mr. Montgomery was in the spring of 1837. His special interest in my then recent Discussion had circulated it largely in Auburn, and I was naturally attracted to him. On my journey westward I called at his residence. He was out of town but would be at home in the evening. So I spent a few hours in viewing 'sweet Auburn.'

The Penitentiary made no pretension to the 'sweet.' It was gloomy in its aspect, but as its object was to induce penitence and thus get the spirits *out of* prison, I regarded it favorably. I could not say so much for the Theological Seminary. It was gloomy in its ap-

pearance, and more so in reality, because it was designed (in *my* view of things) to keep the spirits *in* prison. My letters had been there, and the writer thought he would like to look into the establishment.

My knock was answered by a gentleman in black—a clergyman, I had no doubt—possibly a professor, for he was of middle age. He was at all events a gentleman, for he courteously invited the stranger to view the premises. From room to room we passed, he in black and I in brown, and very pleasantly we conversed on religion. The prevailing theme was the love of God, and never have I more plainly set forth *the principles* of Universalism than I did in that Theological Seminary. It was done in a comprehensive way; no sectarian name was pronounced; and we did not disagree on a single point.

In parting with my friend at the door, I thanked him for his courtesy to a stranger, and his countenance indicated recognition when I announced my name. He had a right to know it, but I fear there was a spice of ‘poor human nature’ in mentioning it. Be assured, however, that my chief aim was to direct his mind to the logical results of *the principles* aforesaid, and thus convince him that he was ‘entertaining angels unawares.’

Mr. Montgomery was pleased with the incident, and *I* was pleased with *him*. It did not surprise me, a few years later, that he should spiritualize Daguerre’s discovery, in the production of the celebrated book entitled “THE LAW OF KINDNESS.”

The summer of 1851 was among the quietest seasons of my life. Pastoral duty was not oppressive, and some of my leisure hours were spent in the rhyming vein. My compositions of the sort usually termed

‘poetry,’ were numerous in my later boyhood and early youth. The like infirmity has exhibited itself, to a greater or less extent, in every period of my history. My pieces have always been euphonious, and occasionally they have risen somewhat above the realm of plain matter-of-fact. Mostly, however, their merit (if any) has been in good and true sentiment, compactly expressed in rhythm and rhyme. A few examples may be inserted without trespass on the objects of this book.

My first interview with the remarkable man to whom the following epistle is addressed, was in July, 1831. Twenty years later, he was still preaching, vigorously and effectively, in various parts of New-England, at the age of four-score. My expression of veneration and love had at least the merit of being sincere.

REV. HOSEA BALLOU.

FATHER, revered these many years
 As one of Nature’s searching seers—
 TEACHER, transfigured in my sight
 By Revelation’s holy light,—
 To thee I come with friendship’s chime,
 Embodied in a rambling rhyme,
 To breathe of thee my high esteem
 And deepest love. Pray, do not deem
 My phrase the strain of flatterer’s art,
 But rather language of the heart,
 Albeit rhymes and reasons too,
 Unfold, as judgment’s vision true,
 Thy hoary head a glorious crown
 Of righteousness and true renown.

The fabled Atlas who of yore
 The heavens upon his shoulders bore,
 Shall evermore a symbol stand
 Of men who in all ages band
 Themselves together, to uphold
 The systems of the times of old.

Conservators of things that are,
 Shall *they* be called. But greater far
 Would Atlas be, in truthful ken,
 Had artist's pencil, poet's pen,
 Described him struggling, working out
 From earth's dark centre, with a shout,
 To feel the thrill of life begun
 In gazing on the noon-day sun.

Atlas of fable stands on clouds—
 And so stand e'er the mystic crowds:
 But thou, BALLOU, art what my rhyme
 Declares an Atlas more sublime.
 From earth's dark heart I see thee break,
 And through all strata upward make
 Thy way with struggling. Glowing light
 Is all around thee—for thy might
 Hath rent the veils and triumphed o'er
 The reign of creed-craft. Not the lore
 Or title of the Schools is thine—
 But glory of that Love divine
 Which through all Nature shouts and sings,
 When truth to sun-light upward springs,
 And RIGHTEOUSNESS from Heaven looks down
 On MERCY with the radiant crown,
 And kisses PEACE in all the streets,
 When TRUTH with these high kindred meets.

Great was the triumph. Other hearts,
 Filled with the yearning prayer imparts,
 (And which itself is holiest prayer,)
 Had uttered on the ravished air
 The hopeful faith of Gospel grace
 Assured in Christ for all our race.
 But those good hearts (God bless them all!)
 Were bowed beneath the olden thrall
 Of dogmas dark. Save *that one thought*
 Of universal good, inwrought
 With monstrous notions were their creeds—
 One *flower* amidst a score of *weeds*.
 They held the systems that begin
 In Heaven's high realm the reign of sin,
 And dream'd that e'en a witless child
 Could be in Paradise beguiled
 But by Arch-angel, self-defiled!

Faith, started with this Pagan creed,
 (Born of old chaos) could but breed
 A host of errors. Man depraved
 By nature, could alone be saved
 From wrath incurred, by Tri-une God,—
One to upraise the vengeful rod,
 And one to bear it—that the third
 Might sanctify the guilty herd!
 Thus sin, transmitted to us all
 Through taint of Adam's fearful fall,
 By imputation and its woe
 Was passed to Christ the Son below,
 That God, now reconciled above,
 Might show the wonders of his love,
 Restoring man to state the first
 By imputation (thus reversed)
 Of righteousness to race accursed!

Broken were all these links amain,
 When once thy Reason felt the chain,
 And knew its galling, O BALLOU!
 And glowing hell was quenched with dew,
 And all things were created new,
 When, in the light of Nature's face,
 Thy quickened Reason rushed apace
 To Revelation's warm embrace.
 How clear the subject then became,
 As viewed by Truth's own eye of flame!
 Adam, in Paradise who smiled,
 Was but an *allegoric* CHILD,
 To dress and keep the garden sent—
 (Not *righteous*, only *innocent*,—)
 And not until o'er earth's domain,
 Subduing wilds of hill and plain,
 Dominion we behold him gain,
 (Conforming to creation's plan,
 Ere yet the garden-scene began,)
 In Adam do we see a MAN.

Not *restoration* then we deem
 The ultimate of Gospel scheme—
 Not restoration to the love
 (Not forfeited) of God above,
 Nor to the station of a child,
 Haply to be again beguiled—

But *Forward March*, by holy aid,
 To *Righteousness* of highest grade ;
 And plainer pathway none may scan
 Than that which Christ the Witness trod,—
 In *Doctrine*, Love of God to Man—
 In *Morals*, Love of Man to God.

And thou, whose word from early youth
 Has testified this simple truth,
 Still preachest stoutly! Years four-score
 Are now upon thee, yet the roar
 And rush of battle, as of yore,
 Dismay thee not—for in the ranks
 Of Christ's elect, a firm phalanx,
 We see thee showing noble thanks
 To Him who called thee into light,
 From deep abyss of doleful night.
 And *we* will gird ourselves anew,
 And show ourselves 'good men and true,'
 That when we lay our armor down,
 Our heads, as *thine*, may wear the crown
 Of righteousness and true renown.

Another Epistle, of about as many lines as the preceding, was addressed to my fellow-tourist of nine years previously. Much of it related to the incidents of that journey, and a portion to matters which would be of little interest to the general reader. The fact was also alluded to, as somewhat remarkable, that *he* had returned from Brooklyn to his first love in Lowell, and *I* from Cincinnati to mine in Philadelphia :

And yet we should not deem it *strange*—
 For howsoe'er o'er earth we range,
 An Angel follows in our track,
 With voice of love to call us back,
 And evermore subdues life's chime
 With earnest tones of thrilling prime.
 And when the stir of noon is gone,
 And evening shades are coming on,
 That Angel blends, in solemn swell,
 The Vesper with the Matin Bell.

Morn, Noon, and Eve. The sweetest tone
 That ever by the heart is known,
 Comes always from the break of day.
 The Pagan Fable (we may say)
 Of Memnon's statue, is a truth
 Pre-figuring the Psalm of Youth.
 The sun up-rises. Viewless wings
 A Seraph spreads o'er mystic strings,
 And music on the air is borne,
 To welcome in the joyous morn.
 The Matin Bell to prayer that calls,
 In Papal consecrated halls,
 Comes also as a symbol rife,
 A symbol of the dawn of life,
 Albeit then the voice we raise,
 Is less of praying than of praise.

Ah me, my brother. Little heed
 We take in youth of what we need
 In life's great battle. Olden rede
 We only laugh at. Strong and stout,
 We entertain nor fear nor doubt,
 And meet the world with song and shout.
 The heart is looking through the eyes,
 And sees its likeness, as the skies
 See stars in calms, and hymns arise.
 But ah, when tempests wildly blow,
 And storms upheave the waves of woe,
 And billows upon billows roll,
 How deep the praying of the soul!
 The harmony of tranquil dawn
 Is broken with the vision gone,
 And Memnon's strains no longer swell,
 Accordant with the Matin Bell.

Yet midst the trials of our noon,
 We still may hear the heart's own tune,
 Of praise melodious, in the morn
 When Youth's SUN-DAY of life was born—
 For Vesper Bell, which calls to prayer
 In evening's calm and solemn air,
 Shall all subdue to spirit-sway,
 And in the sun-rise melt away
 To pæan of ETERNAL DAY.

The session of the General Convention for 1851, was held in Boston in September. Two hundred and twenty preachers were present, being nearly one-third of our numerical force in the United States.

The ‘occasional sermon’ was delivered by Rev. ELI BALLOU of Vermont. It was designed to show that man’s happiness, in both worlds, depends on his progression in knowledge and grace, and that there can be no such progression without the use of means on the part of the subject. The discourse was aimed at the hypothesis of instantaneous, involuntary transformation of moral character, as in the resurrection from the dead, for example. The preacher evidently felt that the adoption of *this* view, and forgetfulness or neglect of *that*, are injurious alike to Religion and Morality; and his earnestly-expressed solicitude reminded me of the record of old, that “Eli sat upon a seat by the wayside watching, and his heart trembled for the ark of God.”

I design no discussion of the question in these pages. The sermon certainly exhibited many important principles in a striking way, and served as an illustration of that enlightenment which is progressive and not instantaneous.

The patriarch of the BALLOU tribe (indeed of all the tribes of Israel) preached the closing sermon of the session—at the age of four-score. He is an exception to the ‘labor and sorrow’ affirmed of those who ‘by reason of strength’ attain that period of life. He was indeed feeble in body, but ‘his eye was not dim nor his natural force abated.’ He saw as clearly as ever into ‘the root of the matter,’ and largely exemplified his peculiar force of argumentation. Was there ever a clearer or more forcible illustration than the one he

presented regarding a mother and her child? There was nothing new in the thought, for the Gospel-Reason traces all beneficent operations to their origin in the love of God for sinners. But it was set forth in a most comprehensive and simple form: "Your child has fallen into the mire, and its body and its garments are defiled. You cleanse it, and array it in clean robes. The query is, Do you love your child because you have washed it? or, Did you wash it because you loved it?"

There was no contrariety between the sentiment thus illustrated, and the sentiment of the sermon before alluded to. The preachers agreed (and all Universalists agree) in the two material points: 1st. The universal and changeless love of God; and 2d. The individual consciousness of that love as the instrumentality of regeneration. They coincided in *the destructive* process, as affecting all opposing elements, and in *the constructive*, as something super-added to the mere demolition of false theories; and destructive down-throwing and constructive up-building met in *the instructive* unfolding of the love of God to man. Whether the soul shall be enlightened and reformed in a moment or in an age, it cannot be doubted that the happiness of the future state, as of this, depends on that 'holiness without which no man can see the Lord.'

My own sermon on the occasion referred to, was designed to illustrate the three classes into which mankind are divisible, namely, the *enemies*, the *servants*, and the *friends* of God—these classes being severally actuated by *bad* policy, by *good* policy, and by *principle*.

I had not found it convenient to attend a session of the General Convention since 1842, nor had I preached in Boston for nine years. In looking over the vast assembly, remembrance of 'the good old times' was alive

within me, but the loving brother who sat in the pulpit on my left, could not know the depth of feeling to which he appealed in a casual reference to pleasing memories. He was very near my heart, but he could not feel, though in sympathetic communion, how its quickened pulsations were registering united thankfulness and prayer in the kingdom of heaven. I delivered the message that the Lord sent back.

—As usual on such occasions, the social enjoyments of that Convention were of the sort to be gratefully remembered. There certainly was perpetual sun-shine in the circle of hospitality into which *I* was invited. Our host belongs to the Gospel Order of Sunday-School Pastors, and our hostess is a Daughter of the Good Shepherd. For fifteen years, often in the midst of discouragement and difficulty, they have been devoted to the children of their Church. The fact may surely be mentioned in the way of honorable renown. To all persons of the like diligent and trustful spirit, the promise is addressed: ‘They shall be mine, saith the Lord, in the day when I make up my jewels.’

My own service in that line, for twenty years, has been only a portion of pastoral duty—for he who said, ‘Feed my sheep,’ said also, ‘Feed my lambs.’ All I claim on that score, is, a right to pronounce an encomium upon such of the laity as practically and continuously exhibit an interest in the Children’s Church.

Many influences, some of them inscrutable, are at work in modifying the style of preaching in New-England, especially in our established Societies. No one will misunderstand me to approve of Nothingarianism or Neutralism, nor of withholding the sublime principles or results of the government of God; but the cultivation of a devotional spirit is certainly the chief

object of the Gospel ministry, and the Sunday-School promotes this end by diminishing the necessity for negative preaching.

Diminishing, not abolishing, even in Boston. Babylon of old was built of sun-dried bricks, and the rains washed it down and the winds covered it with the sand of the desert. 'Mystical Babylon' is built of sterner stuff. Alas, how terribly stout are its walls, baked in flaming fire! How deep is the gloom of its soul-dungeons!

I had a sorrowful illustration of these thoughts soon after my return to Philadelphia from the Convention. A lady of thirty-odd years called upon me for religious conversation, being recommended to do so, she said, by the assurance of a friend, that she would find consolation.

She certainly needed it. Partly by nervous debility, but chiefly by apprehensions of the wrath of God, she was on the verge of insanity. Vainly had she sought relief in the way appointed by 'the blind leaders of the blind.' She felt that she was an unbeliever, in the usually indefinite sense, and her physician (the son-in-law of a distinguished clergyman whose name repeatedly occurs in these pages) had advised her 'not to look into the Bible.' What an expressive condemnation of his creed! What a degrading commentary on the Gospel of Jesus of Nazareth!

'Search the Scriptures,' said Christ to the Jews. 'Do not look into the Bible,' said a Presbyterian professor to a mourning Christian.

"I feel that I am an unbeliever," said she. "I have tried to believe, and I cannot."

You cannot believe *what?* was my reply. Do you not believe in the merciless fury of the Almighty?

“O yes, O yes,” she answered in gushing tears.

Ah, madam, all your trouble springs from that bitter root. You have committed ‘the unpardonable sin, have you not?’

“O yes, O yes,” was her response of agony.

No, madam, you have *not*, for there *is* no such sin. Probably you are thinking of ‘the sin against the Holy Spirit.’ I should define it as the *wilful* sin, the sin against light and knowledge; and every deliberate, intentional act of wrong, is included under that head. It is readily distinguished from sins of ignorance. The distinction was plainly noted under the Mosaic covenant, and no way was provided by which the wilful transgressor could escape just punishment. The same principle is established under the Gospel. This is the sense of Christ’s testimony, that such an one shall not be forgiven, neither in this world (or Jewish era) nor in that which is to come, (namely, the era of Christianity.) He spake with special reference to the wilful sin of the Pharisees, in ascribing his miracles to an improper agency. They sinned against light and knowledge, and thus committed the sin against the Holy Spirit, in an aggravated form. In *any* form, it must be punished: in *all* forms, it is pardonable on repentance.

But he who sins ignorantly does not deserve to be punished. All such an one needs is to be enlightened, as Paul was. He had been a blasphemer himself, and had compelled others to blaspheme, yet he obtained mercy because he did it ignorantly in unbelief, 1 Tim. i. 13, Acts xxvi. 11.

The Pharisees blasphemed by imputing miracles of mercy to the Devil. Orthodox preachers blaspheme by imputing miracles of cruelty to the Lord God. The former blasphemy prevented good by hindering faith in

Christ. The latter blasphemy is certainly worse, because it tortures and wrecks souls. He who preaches endless torment, blasphemes the All-merciful and grieves the Holy Spirit.

“You have taken a load of oppression from my mind,” said the interested inquirer; “but I still feel that I am an unbeliever.”

Yes, madam, you are an unbeliever in the tender mercies of the infinite God. Please look out of yonder window, and upward. It is 12 o'clock, yet you cannot see the sun. Do you believe, or do you doubt, that the sun is now shining in the heavens?

Tears sprung to her eyes, and she bowed her head and covered her face with her hands. After a brief pause, I thus resumed the thought:

The Cloud you saw represents your Creed. The Sun in the heavens, which you did *not* see, represents ‘Our Father.’ The cloud is in the atmosphere that surrounds the earth: your frightful visions of God are only the hideous images of your creed.

—The mourner, be assured, left my house with a lighter heart than she entered it.

I have always felt peculiar interest in such cases as these. I remember, O I remember, how my good mother suffered, when I was a lad, by the awful conjecture that she had committed an indefinable, unpardonable sin. She gradually passed from the cloud-shadow into the sun-shine, and when the glory of Universalism dawned upon me, I solemnly vowed that I would make war upon the fiery serpents that had stung her to the quick.

In fulfilling that vow, my spirit has often been weary and worn, but patience has been revived and strength renewed when the melancholy face that I sorrowfully

truth combined with my individual gratification. They honored me by the judgment that I am adapted to the mission, and they knew that the mission would enable me to realize a long-cherished desire to visit the Old World. I hope they will consider the poverty of language when the soul is truly sensible of obligation, and accept the simple assurance that their kindness is a radiant smile in my Book of Memory.

I should not be doing justice to my happy pastoral and social relations in Philadelphia, should I withhold the fact, that my people reluctantly assented to the proposed arrangement. The two-fold object above mentioned, had much weight, and the scale was turned by the hope that the voyage, out-door exercise, and exemption from study and pastoral duty, would serve to renovate my physical energies.

‘Going abroad for one’s health’ has so frequently been the pretext of idleness, that I am loath to mention it in this place. I trust, however, that those who have known ‘my manner of life from my youth,’ will not include me in the offensive category.

I will only add that I have been deeply moved by the attachment of my Church, and if a committee could read my innermost heart, they would be justified in making report regarding the Pastor, that

“He still has hopes, his weary wanderings past,
Here to return, and die at Home, at last.”

THE END.



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